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[*French Anatomy, page 24*]

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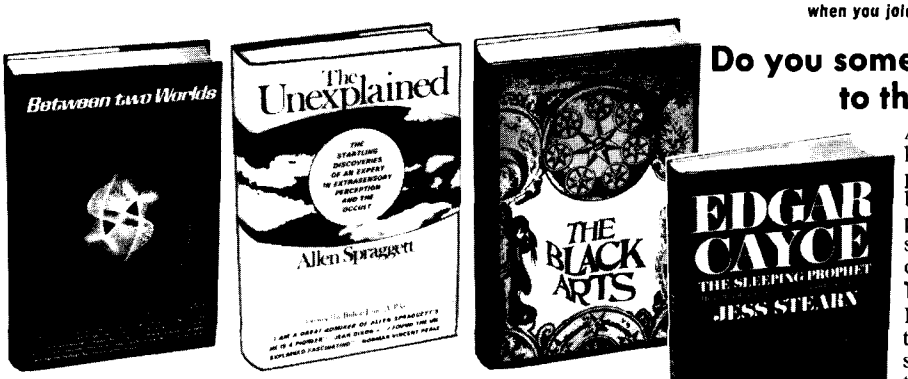

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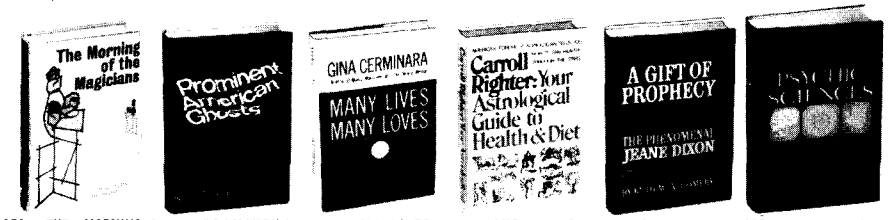
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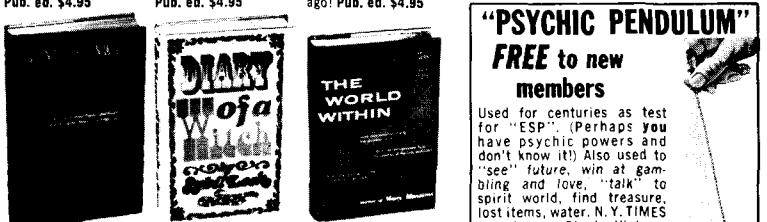

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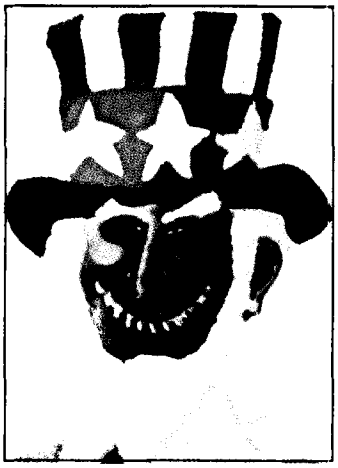
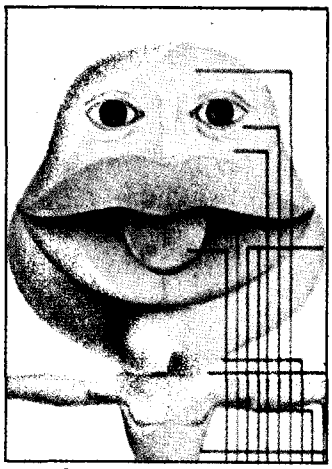


[Page 17] Pornography



[Page 24] Anatomy

[Page 28] Algiers Motel

[Page 56] Beyond Bobby

Apologia:

THE PREDATORY RESILIENCE of the American publishing industry came through like gang busters after Ramparts scooped everyone in sight with the surprising publication of the diary Che Guevara kept during the guerilla campaign in Bolivia.

Ramparts' exclusive US rights to the most sought-after manuscript of the year were obtained by editor Robert Scheer from the Cuban government publishing house Instituto Nacional del Libro, after several trips to Cuba, including a discussion with Premier Fidel Castro. The Institute had obtained full rights to Che's Diary from his widow, Aleida March de Guevara.

The great publishing race began last fall when, after capturing and assassinating Che with the massive direct aid of the American Military mission and the C.I.A., the Bolivian Generals, grotesquely, tried to auction off Che's personal diary to the highest bidder. The disgusting spectacle ensued of large American and European publishers vying to purchase Che's remains from the tin horn Generals who had murdered him. But the Generals ended up without a single piece of silver. The big consortiums feared to go ahead with publication without the sanction of Che's widow – both to clear the international copyright, and to remove from the Diary the cloud of rumors that the Bolivians and/or the C.I.A. had "tampered" with Che's original handwriting.

After the Diary was released through Cuba, Stein and Day Inc. purchased the Generals' "rights" for a reported $5,000 – a great markdown from a reported original asking price of $500,000. Publisher Sol Stein denounced Ramparts and Bantam Books, which was bringing out a mass paper back of the magazine edition, as agents of Cuban "propaganda", because Ramparts had obtained what all the responsible publishing rivals had sought during the last eight months—the approval of Che's widow. Mrs. Guevara acted because she did not want the dignity of her husband's work to be violated by the Generals seeking to profit from his death.

Stein rather comically declared that only he had "rights" to the Diary – garnered from the Bolivian Generals under their ex-post-facto law declaring the stolen property of the man they had murdered, an "asset" of Bolivia.

The generals wanted the Diary to be published by them, with their commentary and their package, in a context that would disparage the efforts of the author. As the former executive director of the American Committee of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, a C.I.A. front, Mr. Stein would undoubtedly prefer that the Bolivian and C.I.A. favored presentation of the Diary be the one accepted by the American public.

The Bolivian Generals themselves tried calling the Diary a fake – even though they hadn't yet seen the version published in Havana. Castro put an end to that nonsense by answering that he would allow any journalists to come to Havana and take a microfilm copy of the Diary to Bolivia to match with the original held by the Bolivians. The Bolivians, as of this writing, have not accepted the challenge.

That leaves Mr. Stein, who is still grumbling, and threatening to publish the Generals' edition anyway. But the only believable fact apparent from Mr. Stein's bluster is that he is in bed with murderers. W. H.

In this issue:

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RAMPARTS is published biweekly except for one issue in August and one issue in February by Ramparts Magazine, Inc. MAIN OFFICES: 301 Broadway, San Francisco, California, Telephone YU 1-4070; NEW YORK OFFICES: 250 E. 65th St., Apt. 4C, New York, N.Y. Business Telephone: TE 8-1830; Editorial Telephone: WA 4-5525; PARIS OFFICE, 86 Rue de Lille, Paris. MUNICH OFFICE: Ainmillerstrasse 1/III, 8 Munchen 13. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $15, one year; $25, two years in U.S.A. and possessions. Foreign rate: $17, one year; $29, two years. Foreign Airmail rates: Mexico, Central America, Caribbean Islands, $30; Europe, South America, Africa (bordering the Mediterranean), $40; Far & Near East, USSR, Australia & remainder of Africa, $50. Single issue, 75 cents.

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Space Odyssey 2018

By Elinor Langer

BY ANY OF THE USUAL INDICES, the Foreign Policy Association qualifies as an establishment institution. It has the right directors who in turn have the right directorships (from Standard Oil of New Jersey to the Export-Import Bank), and it similarly passes the key ideological test: it claims to have no ideology. The FPA does not take "positions" because to do so would bring it into disfavor with those who take opposing positions and would therefore, as its president, Samuel P. Hayes, explained, "compromise its effectiveness." Its job is the propagation of information on foreign policy per se—especially those facts and opinions on all sides of every issue that the establishment deems relevant and permissible.

To celebrate its first 50 years and set the outlines for its next 50, the FPA recently gathered together roughly 800 "leaders" and "future leaders" (categories indicating only whether a participant was over or under thirty-five). The leaders were chosen from obvious places—business, government, education and so on; the young were selected by an extensive "talent search" in equally obvious places—from among returned Peace Corps volunteers, corporation junior executives, former White House fellows and returned Rhodes Scholars. At the strong suggestion of fellows of the Institute for Policy Studies (IPS)—a RAND-like organization for the new generation located in Washington, D.C.—representatives of the New Left were included as well.

The tone of the conference was set by two advance communications sent to all participants. The first was a book entitled *Toward the Year 2018* (the title of the conference), a review by 14 experts concerning likely developments in such fields as weaponry, computer technology, behavioral technology and oceanography. Billed on its jacket as "More Amazing than Science Fiction," the book was one of the few products of the meeting to live up to its promise. Something of its innocence can be gleaned from the passage on weaponry written by Donald G. Brennan, a member of the staff of Herman Kahn's Hudson Institute. Brennan concentrated on the technical developments affecting future weaponry, conceding in passing that, "There are two major sources of influence on the evolution of weaponry that are not technical in nature. The first of these has to do with fashions; the second with prevailing trends and 'temperatures' in international diplomacy." No men. No gargantuan corporations. No economic interests. Only fashions and "temperatures."

In another case of missing the point, Anthony Oettinger, a professor of applied mathematics at Harvard and president of the Association for Computing Machinery, cited an incident a few years ago in which the Prime Minister of Singapore claimed that the CIA had offered him a bribe. His disclosure was followed first by State Department denials and later by an apology for the incident from Dean Rusk. Oettinger quoted another source as saying "a computer would have spared the United States this and many another humiliation." The mistake, he evidently believes, lay in not checking the record—a function for machines—rather than in offering the bribe—an act of men and policy.

The initial questionnaire exhibited similar peculiarities of outlook. A respondent could classify himself as a "Liberal Democrat," a "Conservative Democrat," a "Liberal Republican," a "Conservative Republican," an "Independent" or "Other"—in which case he was asked to specify particulars. To register dissent, one had to take the initiative—a condition which characterized the entire proceedings. Form and content fused to prevent objection, either political or procedural. Participants spent most of their time listening to experts—a variety of authorities on technology and foreign affairs—who were questioned only by other experts with similar views.

THE REVOLT WAS IN PART a "conspiracy," in part spontaneously provoked. In the form it eventually took, it was utterly spontaneous. The "conspiracy" came from a group of New Left participants centered around the Institute for Policy Studies. Their advance preparation was limited to reprinting a leaflet on the FPA prepared last fall by the New York regional chapter of Students for a Democratic Society. But they had known each other before the convocation and had agreed more or less informally to act as a bloc.

The group consisted of returned Peace Corps volunteers (led by John McAuliff, an IPS student who formerly served with the Peace Corps in Peru) and assorted radical professionals (led by IPS Fellow Arthur Waskow). When what became known as the New Left caucus took shape, the initial handful was joined by about 40 others, previously unknown to the organizers or each other, who fell into roughly the same categories. The provocation was supplied by the FPA's somehow imagining that it could invite to the convocation young people with a tradition of writing, speaking, demonstrating and going to jail to register their radical dissent from American imperialism, and expect them to listen docilely to experts planning more of the same for the next 50 years.

Spontaneity and considerable fuel for the rebellion were supplied by the surprise emergence of a new faction—a

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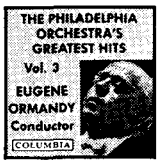

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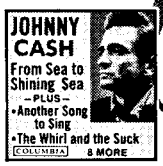

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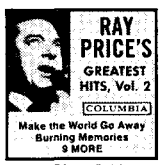

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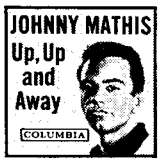

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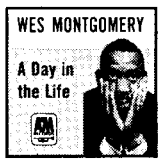

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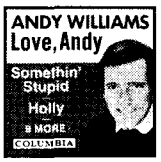

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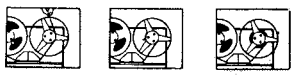

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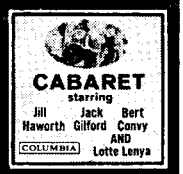

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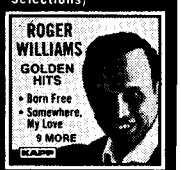

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caucus of activists, most of them under the age of thirty-five, who were neither New Leftists nor current members of the establishment but who shared to some degree the conviction that U.S. foreign and domestic policy must be radically reformed. To a surprising degree, these successful young men—who work in industry, in the State Department, and in the lower reaches of politics—also shared with the New Left a commitment to activism and a willingness to be disorderly if that became necessary to obtain a hearing for dissent. They began functioning in opposition to the New Left on the premise that they would be as unrepresented by the structural changes the New Left was proposing as they were by the conference conceived by the FPA. By the end of the meeting, however, they were in near-complete solidarity with the New Left, sharing most of its gripes about the style and intentions of the FPA.

CATCHING WORD FROM luncheon speaker Kenneth Boulding that something was afoot, FPA officials tried to preempt trouble by inviting Arthur Waskow to join the afternoon panel as an interlocutor, a function assigned throughout the meeting to Daniel Bell of Columbia (whose best known prognostication is *The End of Ideology*) and Emmanuel Mesthene, head of Harvard's program on technology and society. Waskow accepted reluctantly, using the occasion to denounce the structure and meaning of the conference: "This is like a conference on equality with blacks confined to the audience."

Waskow also attacked the meeting's assumption that only experts could plan for the future: "The future is not a profession like astronomy," he pointed out. "It belongs to the people who will live it." At the same time, Waskow announced a mass meeting that evening for all participants interested in "restructuring" the conference. FPA President Hayes was generosity itself; he agreed to supply the main ballroom for the event and urged people to attend. For a time he treated the plans for the dissidents' meeting as if he'd been an instigator.

At least a third of all participants in the conference came to the meeting—perhaps out of curiosity about the New Left, out of boredom with the regular proceedings, or stimulated by the presence of a nearby bar. The evening began with a series of statements, some prepared only a few hours earlier, concerning what the conference was ignoring—chiefly people, not only those outside the conference, but those inside it, invited guests who were marching in lock step from room to room, from questionnaire to questionnaire, with nary a chance to use their heads. The substantive questions were important: the conference was ignoring the search for human support for technological advances; it was ignoring the revolutionary change already in motion in the world; it was, in fact, ignoring the crucial connection between the shape of the United States' domestic society and its role in international politics. But the main issue was how to turn the conference about so that the questions could be looked at.

The chief suggestions, endorsed both by the New Left and by the embryonic under-thirty-five-but-not-New Left caucus (named the "radical moderates"), were: (1) young interlocutors representing both caucuses should be added to the panels' questioning speakers; (2) representatives of both groups should be added as speakers in all remaining conference programs; (3) there should be a freshly created panel in which the young (again, of both groups) could have their say; and (4) speakers should be questioned from the floor.

The response of FPA President Hayes shifted between cooperation and suppression—depending, it appeared, on some mysterious barometric reading of how far he had to go to appear liberal, and how dictatorial he could be and avoid disruption. Publicly he made several concessions to the insurgents. He accepted the addition of representatives of the two caucuses as questioners on a morning panel and on the final summing-up, a closed-circuit TV performance originally slated to include only Bell and Mesthene. He agreed to let speakers be questioned and eventually okayed a separate panel for New Leftists and radical moderates, edging out some valuable computer-report time to make room for it.

But Hayes refused at all times to let representatives of either caucus present to an open meeting their full accounts of the caucuses' demands; he refused to alter the prearranged talks to allow the newcomers to make full presentations to the whole body; he privately denounced as "garbage" the results of the separate panel; and he attempted to discourage its truncated morning discussion of Vietnam from continuing in the afternoon, lest the regular proceedings be disrupted. In sum, scarcely any time was allotted for alternative views to be coherently presented, while considerable time was preempted to denounce these views. Imagine, then, Hayes' discomfort when his *pièce de résistance*, former LBJ protégé Bill Moyers (now publisher of Newsday), made his final address an explicit defense of the members of the New Left, whom he termed "hypocrisy-spotters" at the very "nexus of the democratic process"!

ULTIMATELY, THIS RATHER low-key confrontation amounted to a draw. For one thing, the net effect of the New Left efforts was to save the FPA from wallowing in its own self-congratulations. Without the counterpoint of the left to give it meaning and place, the rhetoric of the establishment is self-evident prattle. Despite months of planning, the FPA on its own had been able to produce only a few speakers who could keep the majority of the audience even awake, much less responsive.

On the other hand, it must be said that the left's performance contained considerably more motion than substance. This was in part because the opportunities afforded for lengthy exposition were kept to a minimum. Carol Brightman, editor of Viet Report, and Michael Zweig, an economist from Stony Brook, did a valiant job of trying to encourage alternative perspectives. So did Arthur Waskow and Gerald Kaufman, a young state representative from Pennsylvania who spoke for the radical moderates on the final TV panel. And so did Paul Booth, research director of the Packinghouse Workers and former SDS national secretary, who, delegated to appear on a panel, was at least able to mention the concept of imperialism—the only time that the notion of U.S. economic interests was discussed.

As an attempt to seize power, the confrontation was pretty much of a dud. But anybody who was listening knew that something was happening. If it did not exactly duplicate the political forces at work outside the Hilton (the factions were differently arrayed), it at least approximated them. And, that, compared to what would have occurred otherwise, has to be designated as "progress."

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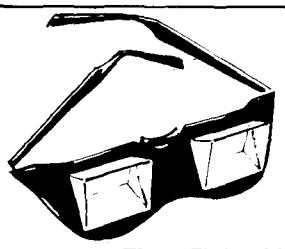

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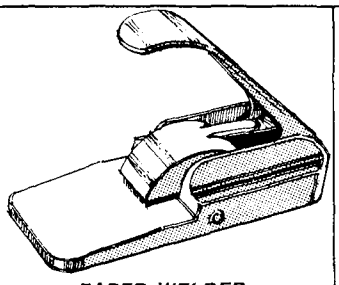

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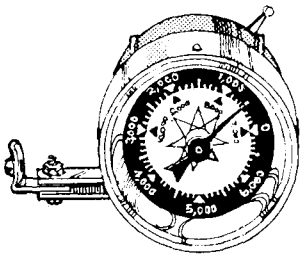

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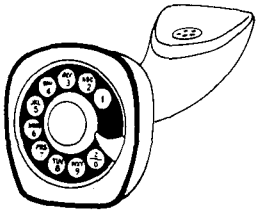

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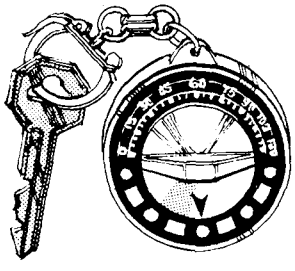

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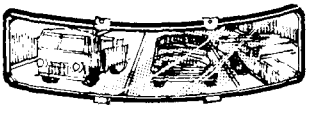

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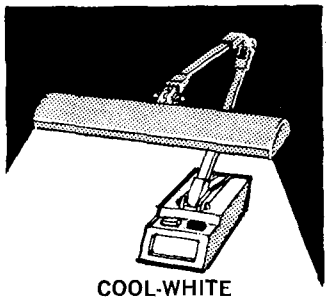

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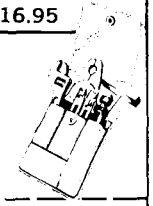

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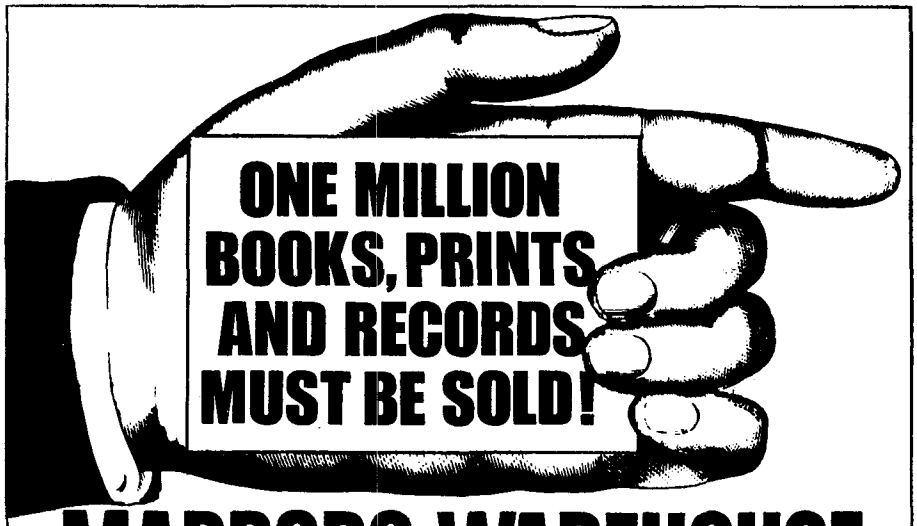

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Return to Vietnam

by Donald Duncan

We approached Saigon high and then came in fast. The rivers were swollen but still between their banks, and huge monsoon clouds were gathering a few miles from the war-torn city. The jet was reaching for the end of the runway, almost at touchdown, when the wheels retracted, the flaps came up and it lifted under full power. The plane had to make a tight turn, which it did standing on its left wing (probably to avoid sniper fire at the edges of the airfield). Pan Am, tactful as usual, gave no explanation. We landed on the second approach.

I rode from the airport to the hotel in a 1956 Oldsmobile taxi which overcharged by about 300 per cent. The ride puzzled me. I could see many physical changes in the city—more barbed wire, more traffic (especially scooters), scars from past offensives, soldiers everywhere—but none of these things explained my feeling of strangeness. Was it because I was returning to Saigon as a civilian with a few more years behind me since my Special Forces days, and thus had a different perspective?

Then it hit me: the trees. The lush trees which once lined the streets of Saigon are gone. Street after street, row upon row, all that remains are trunks with the limbs amputated to short, bare stumps. The trees are another victim of the war: victim of the fumes from the exhausts of countless military trucks, rundown taxis and the ubiquitous scooters.

The GIs on the streets are in jeeps or trucks now, wearing battle dress and carrying loaded weapons—not displayed cowboy fashion as in bygone days, but held openly by men whose set mouths and searching eyes give them a businesslike air. The volume of vehicle traffic suggests normalcy but it's only an illusion; most trucks carry either tools of destruction or goods for new construction. The yellow stripes, the silver and gold bars and stars, the multicolored organization patches, the black and gold "U.S. Army" tags and the shiny belt buckles are gone from the GIs' uniforms; belts are hidden and all insignia are black, muted against the olive drab background. The vehicles in which the soldiers ride look worn; the OD tarps are stained dull orange from the earth they travel over.

The "white mice"—the hated police of Saigon—are not nearly so much in evidence as they once were. Most of them, I learned later, are now busy guarding their own police stations, special targets for NLF attacks. The Front knows that the people aren't alienated by attacks on the "mice."

Most of the bars are closed, and the few that are open—except the ones at the larger hotels—seldom house more than two or three bored customers. Many of the curio and service shops are closed for lack of trade.

Seven p.m. is the curfew hour. By 7:30 the streets belong to the garbage and military police patrols, and all those in hotels are prisoners until 7:00 the next morning. There is little to do except read, drink, or eat an uninteresting meal and watch flares drop around the perimeter of the city.

The flares reminded us, in our air-conditioned sanctuary, that out there in the dark, people were dying. After the initial silence of the curfew, we could hear the crump of falling bombs and feel the rooms gently vibrating from the shock waves. On my small porch overlooking the Saigon River, I puffed on a last cigarette and stared at a sudden orange glare: a napalm strike to the northeast. Under the flares to the north, where roads lead in from Bien Hoa, red tracers drifted across the black sky.

A few days later, in the company of a Vietnamese-speaking American, I visited three refugee camps within the city limits of Saigon. A complete description of these camps is impossible; there is nothing in the United States with which to compare the stink and filth of from two to six thousand people literally eating, sleeping, pissing and shitting on top of each other. Potable water was available in only one of the three camps; outside another it was being sold for five *piastres* a liter. Latrine trenches, where they existed at all, had long since spilled over. None of the camps had any place where a bodily function could be conducted in privacy. Clouds of flies hovered impartially over feces, rotting garbage, dead rats, food and open sores.

When dealing with the suffering of people, numbers become meaningless after a certain point. The situation in Saigon is tantamount to the entire population of Santa Ana, California, being moved homeless and impoverished into Los Angeles—but even that is only a numerical comparison. Saigon is comparable to Los Angeles in population but not in density or facilities. In terms of congestion, it might be more meaningful to imagine the population of Los Angeles crowding overnight into Santa Ana.

Also, numbers are meaningless because they cannot be trusted. Since many of the refugee camps have come into existence on an *ad hoc* basis, there is even doubt as to how many camps there are. In one four-day period during Tet, three different agencies reported 26, 55 and 85 *new* camps respectively.

The government's official estimates are based on the number of "official" refugees: those registered with the government and—theoretically if not in practice—entitled to certain compensation and subsistence. A refugee may be "unofficial" for a number of reasons. Those in camps with a government administrator may receive unofficial status because the administrator received no kickback, or because the official arbitrarily decided that certain refugees were politically suspect, or because he just couldn't be bothered with registering them.

There are refugees who can move in with already overcrowded relatives or friends, and who either don't know about the compensation or feel that it's hopeless to apply for it and so do not register. And there are refugees like Phuong, who is eighteen and in her final year of high school.

During the Tet offensive, Phuong and

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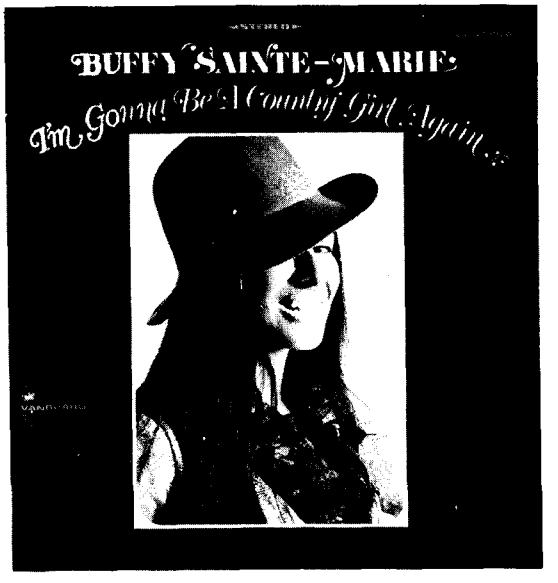

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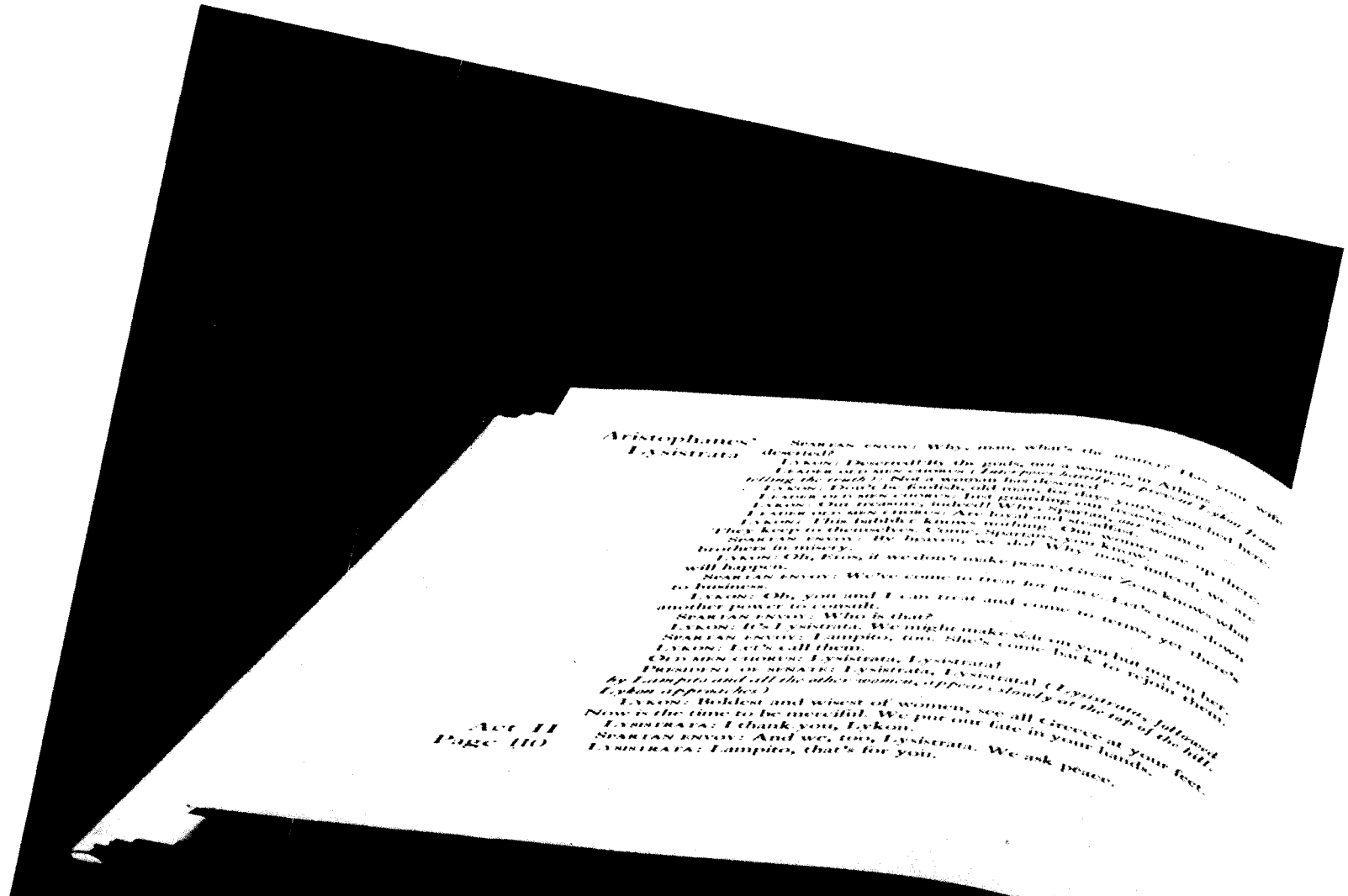

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her family lost their home, possessions and what little money they had been able to hoard. The father, unable to work, would have taken his family to a refugee camp—but Phuong took a job to pay the inflated rent on a one-room "apartment." Hence they are not technically refugees. Phuong is a "hostess" in a Tu Do Street bar catering to Americans; her father pretends he doesn't know how the rent is paid.

EVER SINCE THE TET OFFENSIVE, the United States Mission Press Center has come up with a steady and impressive array of statistics, all intended to prove that the blame for the refugee problem lies squarely with the NLF. "Viet Cong terrorism" is stressed, while the figures play down reports of civilians killed during "normal military operations." The refugee statistics are a delicate problem for the Mission; care must be taken to keep the figures from indicating that the government is completely incapable of protecting civilians, even in the cities, or that refugees' needs are going unmet.

I am not trying to imply that all refugees are created by, or are the result of, US/ARVN military action. But while the Mission insists that the NLF is responsible for bombing most of the Vietnamese homes which have met destruction, the nearly 100 people I've interviewed so far—most of whom are Vietnamese—disagree. Teachers and medical personnel from Can Tho in the Mekong Delta estimated that on the first day of the Tet offensive 50 per cent of the casualties were NLF-inflicted, but that thereafter the casualties (in the neighborhood of 2000) were almost 100 per cent US/ARVN-inflicted. One American with whom I spoke witnessed ARVN soldiers systematically putting houses to the torch, forcing residents out in order to facilitate wholesale looting. Time and again I heard descriptions of how whole blocks were cordoned off to isolate a couple of snipers, after which planes were called in to level the area.

No one with whom I talked denied that extensive damage and many casualties had been caused by the NLF; on occasion the Front itself admits to this. Last September many civilians were killed as a result of an NLF mortar attack at Can Tho; some time later a Front cadre was sent into the town to apologize to the people.

Nor did the people in Saigon with whom I spoke attempt to justify the seemingly random mortar or rocket attacks which, with the counteraction they precipitate, daily produce more casualties and more refugees. There are only theories.

One explanation offered is that the NLF is really trying to hit military or political targets and is missing. Certainly there have been such targets—the hated "white mice" and the National Police have been under steady attack, for instance. A similar theory is that the NLF's weapons are new and the gunners inexperienced. An American soldier stationed near Bien Hoa said that while his unit was on a sweep, they came upon a squad in the act of aiming and firing two rockets. He claimed that the Front soldiers were firing the rockets by propping them up on two crossed sticks and "eyeballing" the range and direction.

Another theory has it that the damage is done by pro-Chinese elements trying to sabotage the Paris peace talks. But whatever the reason for the apparently random attacks, they are not driving the populace into the arms of the government. Said one professor: "To save us from two, 20 are killed; to save us from 20, 200 are killed, and it is all justified by calling the 200 'Viet Cong.' "

When I asked whether the attacks during and since Tet had cost the Front its popular support and rallied people to the government, the response was always negative. The attacks and counterattacks have, for the Saigonese, produced an enormous disgust with both sides. They are disgusted with the Front for launching attacks that can resolve nothing and result only in massive retaliation, the destruction of everything caught between the forces; they are disgusted because the NLF cannot protect the people from the government. And they are disgusted with the government for its retaliation and because it cannot protect the people from the Front.

To the government falls an additional share of disgust because of its inability to cope with the aftermath of the attacks. There are too many stories of compensation funds or emergency food or medical supplies simply disappearing, of refugee baggage being shaken down and valuables removed. I heard about one night at Nhi Dong Hospital when the doctors —fearing plague or cholera because of the arrival of thousands of refugees—asked the U.S. Agency for International Development to send a sanitary team; USAID refused because of a lack of military security.

Americans and Vietnamese alike tell of heroic, almost superhuman tasks performed by individuals and independent organizations such as IVS (International Voluntary Service), youth and religious organizations, doctors and nurses—but for the government there is only disgust.

All of this is having sad and strange effects on the Vietnamese and their culture. At a camp near Guy Hoa, where the endless hours and days are spent sifting twigs and dry grass from the barren sand dunes in order to prepare a frugal fire for cooking rice, a military truck came by and without stopping dumped a load of cardboard boxes. There was a near riot as men, women and children rushed to the area. A venerable old man with a long, white, wispy beard was by chance almost in the path of the truck and a box dropped at his feet. He picked it up, his ancient eyes following the dust trail of the truck in wondering gratitude for the sudden treasure. But just as suddenly, a boy of ten or eleven ran at the old man and snatched the box from his hands; the man's eyes followed the boy with sadness and bewilderment. A few years ago such an act would have been condemned and punished by every youngster and adult in the community. Now it's the norm.

One of the strongest manifestations of all that has occurred since I was last in Vietnam is the willingness of people to talk and to be critical. The Vietnamese with whom I spoke had only to be assured that I would not use their names; then they would start giving answers even before I could ask questions. And while most dislike the NLF—at least in Saigon—and the intellectuals leave no doubt about their negative attitude toward communism, the people's hatred of the government and of the United States troops who aid and support it is boundless.

Three or four years ago, when killing and death were more personal and selective, survival in Vietnam depended on telling strangers and government people (any Westerner was considered pro-government) only what they wanted to hear. Now there is no security in silence; the people want the realities known no matter what the risk.

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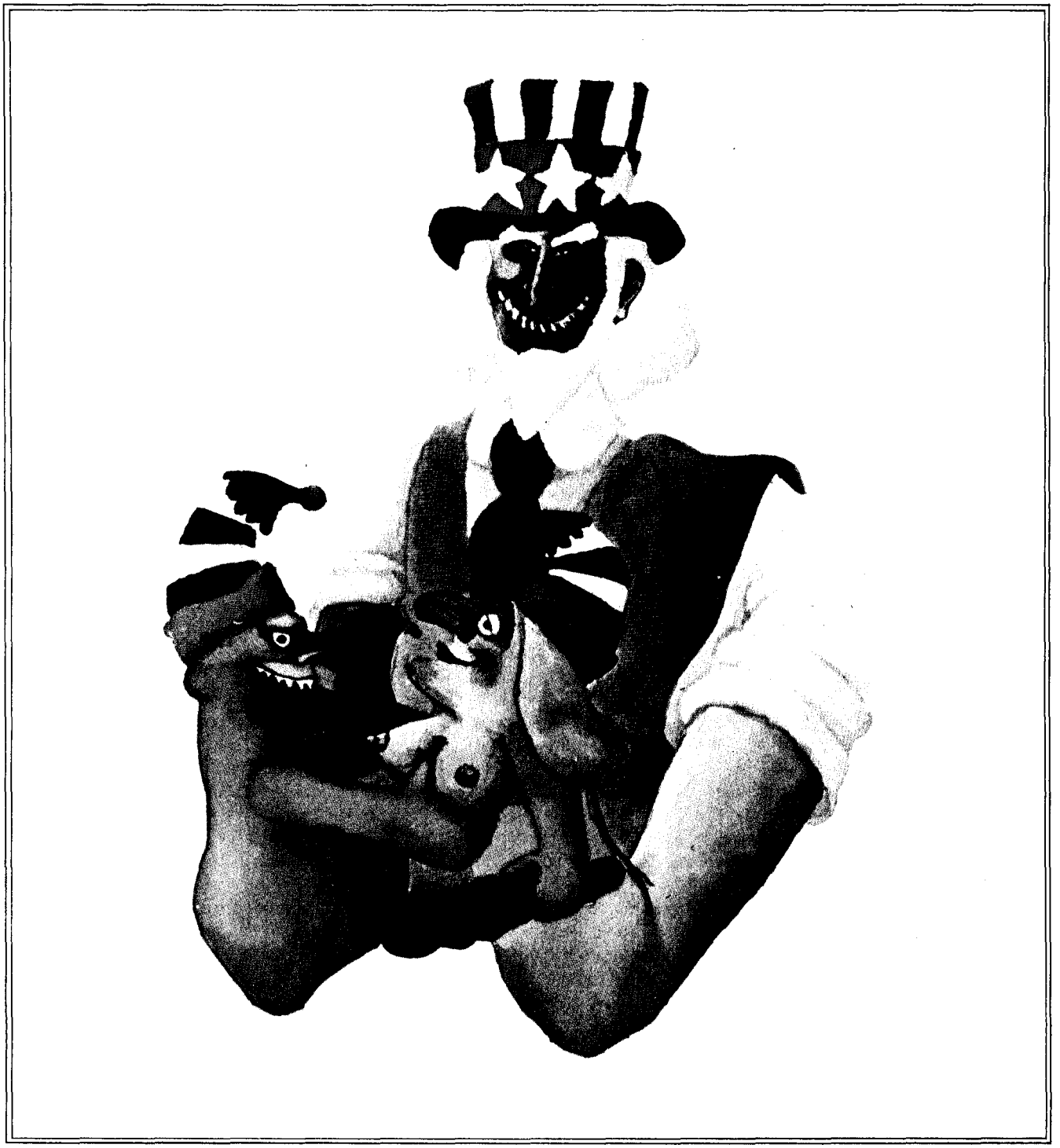

by Peter Collier

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[I. PILGRIM'S PROGRESS]

FOR YEARS MAURICE GIRODIAS exported from Paris what he affably calls "dirty books," via the tourist underground. He made a good living at it, becoming the Prince of Pornographers, honored and reviled throughout the English-speaking world. But in the late 1950's, things began to go badly. Business started to decline, and the French government was keeping his Olympia Press tied up in endless lawsuits. It was time to find another market.

When Girodias finally decided to leave his small shop on the Rue de Nesles, it was only natural that he should come to the United States. The U.S. had always been a prime smugglers' market, but by the mid-'60s, it had become the dirty book capital of the world, much friendlier to the publishers of soft-cover hard-core than France had ever been—and far more lucrative. Eros had been both domesticated and democratized; for the first time in history pornography was no longer the prerogative of an elite but was being mass-produced.

In fact, when he set up shop in America a little over a year ago, Maurice Girodias met serious competition for the first time in his career. In Southern California alone, paperback pornographers are bringing out over two million copies of between 70 and 80 new titles every month. Formerly small-time, marginal publishing operations have suddenly become big businesses. Even so, the sex rush is just beginning.

The market is active to the point of frenzy. Every major U.S. city has its street of pulp sin: Main in Los Angeles, Market in San Francisco, and the nonpareil 42nd Street in New York. Reflected in the shop windows are magazines catering to every sexual whim—from fetishism to pubic hair watching, from homo to bi; neighboring theatres feature lavishly advertised adaptations of these themes; and the hard-core pornography that once provided a good living for book-runners is now available over the counter in cheap editions.

One of the upshots of this erotic renaissance is that sellers of soft-core—Hollywood moviemakers, ad agencies and middle-brow book publishers—no longer have exclusive cultural rights to the sex market. It belongs to anybody who can scrape together the capital and the imagination to retail it. The new breed of pornographer isn't at all hung up with the paradox of trying to titillate and still stay respectable. Why should someone who only wants a little vicarious pleasure have to suffer through page after turgid page of a Harold Robbins epic, say, or a book like Bernard Geis' *The Exhibitionist*, just to get at a sex scene or two that is ultimately about as exciting as a filthy sock?— especially when there is a whole treasure-house of erotica that has the real thing on every page. The answer is that he doesn't have to any more.

GIRODIAS INHERITED HIS ROLE as publisher laureate of erotic literature from his father, Jack Kahane, who was also an important figure in the international publishing underground. After migrating to France from England in the early '30s, Kahane founded Olympia's ancestor, Obelisk Press. He discovered Henry Miller, publishing the first version of *Tropic of Cancer* in 1934, and also printed Lawrence Durrell's first published work, *The Black Book*, four years later on Miller's recommendation.

While Girodias was growing up, his father was publishing a variety of erotic literature as well as the early works of Anaïs Nin and Cyril Connolly, a fragment of Joyce's *Work In Progress* (later *Finnegan's Wake*) and Frank Harris' *My Life and Loves*. Obelisk was an historical if not a financial success by the time Kahane died on the eve of the Second World War—"stricken," Girodias says, savoring the melodrama, "by the horror of it all."

Having taken his mother's maiden name to conceal his Jewishness during the Nazi occupation, Girodias tried to follow in his father's footsteps immediately after the war, and failed. "I would never have launched into the next phase of my publishing career," he says rather grandly of his reasons for beginning Olympia in 1953, "had I not acquired over the years the urge to attack the Universal Establishment with all the means at my disposal. To fight one head of the beast rather than another had no real importance; to fight French intolerance or Anglo-American moral conventions really came to the same thing."

Girodias has a taste for the ironic. Because his books were designed to appeal to sexually repressed English and American tourists, he titled Olympia's major line "The Traveler's Companion Series." He began by bringing up-to-date the books his father had printed and cultivating friendships with some of the writers with whom Obelisk had had relationships. He also printed a few erotic standards like *Fanny Hill* and the works of the Marquis de Sade.

But Girodias' real stroke of genius was the establishment of a coterie of writers and translators all his own, a group which eventually built Olympia into a major pornographic house. He cultivated primarily the group centered around Merlin, a small literary quarterly edited by Alexander Trocchi (who has been characterized as one of *the* members of the international cultural underground). Trocchi, who did a "straight" novel for Grove called *Cain's Book*, wrote a whole series of pornographic tales for Olympia under his feminine pseudonym, Frances Lengel: hard-core best sellers like *Helen and Desire*, *The Carnal Days of Helen Seferis*, *White Thighs* and *Young Adam*. He was one of the most talented of the writers who haunted the offices Girodias shared with Jean-Jacques Pauvert. Another was Iris Owen, who turned out several novels for Girodias under the name Harriet Daimler. She is one of the few modern pornographers able to recreate the mood of Sade's blood-and-semen-flecked fantasies. There were several other regular writers, using the fanciful pseudonyms Girodias claims to have created: Akbar del Piombo, Count Palmiro Vicarion, Marcus van Heller, as well as several other Olympia trade names. Girodias bought exclusive rights to their books for between $200 and $400, making no provisions for royalties.

But pornography, however classic, doesn't fully account for Girodias' niche in contemporary literature, although printing it did alienate him from the "responsible" publishing world. And being beyond the pale of literary respectability is what eventually enabled Olympia to put out avant-garde novels that no other company would touch. This, as well as basic good taste and keen business instincts, led Girodias to print a series of novels that were later grudgingly given their due: *Lolita*, *The Ginger Man*, *Candy*, *Naked Lunch*, *Pinktoes*, and early works of Genet and Beckett.

Generally, the authors of these works were paid the same flat fee as the pornographers, and Girodias didn't bother to protect them financially any more than he did his own hard-core works. The ironic result is that much of this literature

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became part of the public domain and was later picked up by the "respectable" companies that had originally rejected it. When Putnam finally decided to print *Candy*, for instance, it didn't have to pay anyone fees or royalties. Girodias says that Terry Southern earned from his coauthoring of *Candy* only the $500 that Olympia paid him.

[II. THE MAKING OF A PORNOGRAPHER, 1968]

AT FIRST GIRODIAS UNDERESTIMATED his American competition. After settling permanently in America in 1965, he began a couple of quick ventures, but they failed. In search of potential partners, he approached dozens of publishers—many of them now his competitors—but was turned down because his demands were too high. Thus he decided to go it alone in a major do-or-die effort to get in on the action others had had to themselves for over a year and a half while he was trying to get started. This accounts for the atmosphere of urgency in his new offices and explains his attempts to hastily publish "authoritative" editions of his Paris books—all of them pirated several times over by his competition—and to commission a new line of Traveler's Companion books at the rate of eight new titles a month.

Finding potential pornographers and teaching them the tricks of the trade has always been Girodias' major talent. In Paris, his source was the small colony of hungry expatriates, mainly clustered around Trocchi and Merlin. He hasn't yet found such a centralized source in America, although he is now beginning to tap the legion of marginal writers in this country who always seem to have trouble getting into print. This is the talent he hopes to bring into Olympia's American renaissance. And if Girodias' new venture succeeds, Norman Singer will only have been the first of many.

Norman Singer is a small, rather plump man with black-rimmed glasses and a struggling mustache who lives in a comfortable apartment near San Francisco's Golden Gate Park. Conservative in almost every respect and slipping quietly into middle age, Singer doesn't fit the popular image of the pornographer. He is very efficient, dedicated to his work, and hardly appears to be working out sexual obsessions in prose.

Singer has been writing for years without any notable success. Early in his career he published a few animal stories and some children's tales, but nothing much since then. Still, he has managed to eke out a fairly good living as a ghost writer. "I've been what you might call a manuscript clinic," he says. "People would go to my agent with memoirs and other stuff that they wanted rewritten or heavily edited so they could submit it to publishers. This is what I did, although I never saw anything I had worked over finally get into print."

In between ghostwriting jobs, Singer completed a novel, *Curtain of Flesh*. It took him about a year and a half to write. "I think that it's a good study of nymphomania and marital cannibalism," he says intently, the look flickering over his face inviting one to wonder how much of it is based on personal experience, "but my agent sent it to several publishers—nine I think—and although they all seemed to like the writing, I guess it was too honest a treatment for them. I didn't really know whether to start over on it, or just to forget it. Then my agent happened to send it to Mr. Maurice Girodias. Mr. Girodias liked my book. He asked me to put in some more, really outspoken sex scenes. I did, he bought it, and it was just recently published."

Norman Singer has become a full-time pornographer for Girodias since his first success. "I don't know if *Curtain* is hard-core or not," he says. "It has other things going for it. But I do know that the ones I'll be writing from here on in sure will be. Mr. Girodias has sent me a lot of his old books to read and get acquainted with. I've promised to do a book every two months for him." He sits back, a little puzzled over what may or may not be a stroke of good fortune. "You know, it's kind of strange, all of a sudden writing scenes of gang bangs, group congress, and all other sorts of weird sex stuff. But I get $2000 a book—I just finished a Marcus van Heller book [one of Olympia's old pseudonyms] that took me six weeks in all—and six per cent royalties on the sale. I've heard some bad things about the way Mr. Girodias has treated his authors in the past, but we have writers' organizations in this country to take care of things like that."

Girodias is busy rescuing several Norman Singers from the full-time obscurity of occupations like ghostwriting and trying to mold them into a new stable of pornographers. The overabundance of everything in America provides him with no lack of talent, and if he had time to coax business along slowly and naturally, as he would like to, the Norman Singers would probably pay good dividends. But Girodias is already far behind his Yankee competitors. This influences his business decisions and also makes him very angry. "The only material so far for all these so-called dirty book publishers in this country is provided by me," he says with true patrician scorn. "If it wasn't for me they wouldn't be in business. All these little fly-by-night operations—Brandon House, Greenleaf, that Marvin Miller character—all of them are existing only by pirating my Olympia books, done in Paris years ago. What authors have *they* discovered? I haven't gotten a penny out of them for all my books. I'm just not protected by the American corporate system. These small-time operators are just regular gangsters, and they'd steal their grandmothers' teeth if they could."

"Sure he's getting screwed on his books," says Brian Kirby, an editor at Brandon House, one of Olympia's hardiest imitators, "but don't forget that he made a living screwing people for several years—his own writers and everybody else. Also, he came in here when he first got to this country, asking us if we'd like to go 50-50 on his books, in a partnership operation. We refused, of course. Why pay for something that's free?"

[III. "NOW THIS IS ONE OF OUR ORIGINALS"]

"AMERICA IS A GOOD PLACE for publishing right now," Girodias says, reclining behind his desk and searching the ceiling, "but there is always the possibility of reaction, although if it comes, one would hope that it wouldn't take publishing back beyond what was established in the cases of *Lady Chatterly's Lover* and Miller's 'Tropic' books. But the fact is that the small-time, gangster operators in this country—publishing everything they can lay their hands on like a pack of mad dogs regardless of its quality—could bring down the wrath of the public, first in Southern California, then all over the country."

Although his own career is not marked by a great deal of restraint, Maurice Girodias always enjoys an opportunity to attack his American enemies, who are making all that money from his own earlier efforts. But there is also some truth in

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what he says. Olympia's American competitors are publishing just about everything, although they realize that their position is precarious and are generally as skittish about incipient crackdowns and busts as a group of Shriners smoking marijuana for the first time. The watchword of the pornographic community may indeed be: "Anything can be published here now." But if so, it is spoken in hushed tones, as if the speakers are a little afraid they will be overheard.

Yet, like all good entrepreneurs, these pirates are by and large quite sensitive to the kind of traffic the market will bear. They are professionals in every sense of the word: each spends a good deal of time kibitzing over the others' shoulders, noting new ideas, editions and sales techniques. They are not unlike a business fraternity, and borrow from each other as generously as they all have from Olympia Press. Each of the pirate companies is, in the great American tradition, diversified, putting out something else on the side, like girlie or gay magazines or mail order nudes, and thus functioning as a sort of erotic complex. Each hard-core publisher has a lawyer or two on retainer, and they watch recent court decisions and trends in local law enforcement as closely as if they were the latest stock market quotations.

Greenleaf Classics is probably the most prosperous of the Southern California pornography houses. It radiates security, occupying a handsome suite of offices in a large, modern building just outside central San Diego—a building which could just as easily house medical offices.

Peter Cooper, managing editor at Greenleaf, is a mild, genial, bearded man who formerly taught journalism and English literature in a La Jolla high school. He still maintains his interest in newspapers, keeping a hand in by editing his church's weekly newsletter in spare moments. He liked teaching and came to Greenleaf in answer to a want ad in a San Diego newspaper only after interminable hours of grading student essays became too tiresome. "I've been here about three years now," he says, "although the company has been in business a lot longer than that. And I enjoy the work. I won't say that my prurient interests get excited or that anybody else's do. On the contrary, I've noticed that they've tended to get a bit dull and jaded."

Cooper, like Norman Singer, is a mechanic who services the needs of a clientele. He confesses to not being much of a scholar of erotica. "We put out about 32 books a month here, and after a while it all starts looking pretty much the same. It takes something pretty good to make an impression on you. Really. Mainly we're interested in the 'classic,' the 'long-suppressed item,' the book with that intense, building, pressure cooker feeling that the best of Girodias' stuff at Olympia had. It's pretty hard to come by, so we've relied a good deal on his books."

Cooper picks up a book with a cover that pictures a lean, youthful man in buckskin framed by a mountain setting. The figure is staring intently at an Indian boy sitting in the grass beside him, playing a flute. "Now this is one of our originals," Cooper says, "and it seems to me—although like I say, I don't know this stuff all that well—that American pornography began, insofar as there is any kind of native tradition at all, with the superstud stuff and since then has slowly but surely developed in other directions, the main one being homosexual. We have a line of the superstud—mostly of the sexy James Bond variety—but this book here, *Song of the Loon*, is better in every way. It's part of a trilogy about the American frontier—don't ask me why that setting. It has done extremely well for us, going through several printings already. I think that the writing is comparatively good, as far as this stuff goes, but obviously what sustains the book is what you might call 'flagrant homosexuality.' "

"Classical" pornography of the kind that Girodias created in Paris in the '50s involves characters who either are or learn to be *bi*, or better yet, *omni*sexual. The literature is based on a power ethic (perhaps on the assumption that the guilty need a power figure who is beyond good and evil to identify with), and the protagonists are obsessed with the power of their sexuality, with the power of pain, the power of huge, imagination-splitting erections and unending orgasms. Usually the means used to explore and relieve the itch are unimportant, although the farther out the better: people, with all their orifices; groups, with a multiplicity of orifices as well as fun and games through pain; animals; even inanimate objects.

Within this scheme of no-particular-preference, the homosexual novel is, as Cooper suggests, our contribution to the genre. But there will probably be other American variations. Girodias, in fact, has already observed another tendency. "There is, of course, what the French term *la vice Anglaise*—the taste for flagellation and punishment," he says urbanely. "There were even special rooms in the French brothels to accommodate their British clients' strange taste for beatings and the like, although the French themselves wouldn't dream of such a thing. I was rather surprised to notice how well the literary part of all this has caught on here—the painful dirty books—although I suppose it is part of your well-known fixation on violence." Possibly with this in mind, Girodias' Traveler's Companion Series has just brought out a novel called *Crazy Wild*. It is a rather well-written fantasy filled with descriptions, like the following of a gang fight, which do justice even to the American Grand Guignol:

"The air was rent with screams. One of the boys drove a knife into Ivory Baby's shoulder and twisted it viciously. Blood spurted from the wound and ran down his chest. Chilli God stabbed the boy in the ear with a stiletto. The point went through the canal and rolled his eyeballs white. Chilli God was then cut across the face from behind with a switchblade so that his mouth was open from ear to ear. . . . Odin grabbed the boy and pulled him around, shoving a gravity knife into his right testicle. The blade ran under the penis and into the scrotum. He twisted and dragged the knife so that the nuts popped out. . . . The boy followed him with a bayonet raised high, but a ducktail . . . brained him with a sawed-off baseball bat. . . . Then suddenly a bullet struck the ducktail in the rectum and laid him flat."

Greenleaf admires Girodias' ingenuity in coaxing *Crazy Wild* out of whomever the pen name Jett Sage represents, but it tries to stay away from the theme. Cooper says, "Basically, there's nothing Greenleaf wouldn't consider as publishable as far as sex itself goes. But you've got to watch out for the brutality and bondage stuff. You know, the far-out sado-maso material with the blood and gore and the weird sex murders and all. We keep an eye on it." He adds, as an afterthought, "In fact, a lot of times, depending on the particular circumstances, of course, we'll decide to farm a book out to some M.D. or Ph.D.—we have a few that do work for us—to write an introduction. It's important that he have two things: one is the cre-

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dentials, of course, but the other is the basic intelligence to back up the book in court, if it ever comes to that. But with books like this one, *Song of the Loon*, we don't have to bother."

[IV. THE AESTHETICS OF THE HARD-CORE: AMERICA'S *Song of the Loon* VS. FRANCE'S *The Carnal Days of Helen Seferis*]

LIKE THE COMPANY'S OTHER BOOKS, *Song of the Loon* has what Greenleaf's editorial director Earl Kemp calls "good packaging"—a handsomely designed cover, clever and provocative cover lines, and careful internal editing, if not for content at least for coherence. And the story of *Song of the Loon* is, as the literary standards of the genre go, also fairly good. Basically, it is a pastoral idyll about a young man, Ephriam, who migrates to the opening frontier to escape the bad, destructive homosexuals in his eastern past, and finds in the west a paradise of good, redemptive homosexuals among the trappers and the Indians. The frontier is, as in the non-homosexual myth of the West, a Garden of Eden; but it is just enough of a womanless Peyton Place to be interesting—and to be profitable for the publisher.

Like pornography in general, this book is a wish-fulfilling fantasy that is self-contained and strong enough to resist any claims that reality might have on the subject. There is nothing on this frontier that is even remotely female. The forest primeval abounds in penes, however; they are everywhere, popping up (as it were) in the most improbable places and at the strangest times. Each penis has a careful, caressive description lavished on it; each of them, to use one of the novel's pastoral similes, is as huge as an oak tree.

Song of the Loon is also typical in that it wastes no time developing characters or conflicts. Pornography, like science fiction or the western, has its own built-in set of expectations and limitations. One of them, obviously, is that each episode has to be good, but the book as a whole must get

Maurice Girodias by Carl Fischer

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better and better, going further and further out to keep the reader's attention and satisfy his special reading needs. Girodias' Olympia books are quite good at sustaining this snowballing effect. In Trocchi's *The Carnal Days of Helen Seferis*, for instance, one of the much-pirated Paris books, the heroine's sexual explorations become more and more sophisticated, more and more extreme, as the book progresses (although they remain fairly modest in comparison to much of the hard-core). But the best is saved for last; toward the end of the book, Helen recapitulates what happened to her while she was held captive by a sadistic band of Bedouins:

"One of the men took me—I was naked—and held me roughly across his knee, rubbing a ball of mutton-fat into my sex for a few minutes. I was frightened of the horrible donkey standing nearby. It was a ghastly grey color. I think it was old. . . . One of the men stood behind the animal, leaning his weight on its haunches, presumably to make sure that it didn't back away once its huge black member with the mushroom-shaped knob had been inserted. Then I was laid underneath its sagging belly and raised by one man on either side until my mutton-fatted sex touched the beast's. . . . A moment later, I felt as though I had been riven apart. The huge black thing almost split my pelvis. . . I felt myself bleeding under its thrust and closed my eyes and tried to feel pleasure . . . I felt my ankles gripped like the shafts of a wheelbarrow by the man who stood behind the donkey's rump and I was pulled deeply onto its member like a stocking . . . I heard the donkey whinny and then it came."

Song of the Loon doesn't depend so heavily on climactic revelations at the conclusion, but it still has nothing like a plot. The important thing with all this literature, of course, is the immediate dividends it offers. But there is a hint of suspense in Ephriam's agonizing decision as to whether or not he will have anal intercourse with his trapper friend, Cyrus, who has the biggest penis of them all. Ephriam's involvement with Indians along the way is just sport; the possibility of a complete union with Cyrus is all-important. And Ephriam's problem is resolved happily in the end, in keeping with the whole idyllic mood of the novel:

"Slowly, Cyrus pulled off his breech cloth and leggins. His cock was hard; they stared at its length, its thickness. Ephriam lay on his stomach and waited, apprehensively. He felt Cyrus' finger in his anus; he took a deep breath and waited. The head came in suddenly, and he stifled a gasp. . . . That night, before going to sleep, Cyrus pulled Ephriam to him and muttered fiercely, 'Now I am yours and you are mine—I'll never let you go, never—' "

Earl Kemp notes with satisfaction that Greenleaf has done extremely well with *Song of the Loon* and the other two books that make up the trilogy. Indeed, the company has done well enough to print its own parody of the trilogy, *Fruit of the Loon*, no doubt relishing a pun on the men's underwear manufacturers. "We consider a book a success if it sells between 50,000 and 100,000 copies," Kemp says. "*Loon*, of course, has done much better than that, and we wish that we could get a few more books like it."

Greenleaf feels that it is the aristocrat of the hard-core world. "Our biggest competition," says Kemp, ignoring the Traveler's Companion Series, "is bound sooner or later to come from the big New York houses. They know what the potential is here, and they are getting more and more active. *Myra Breckenridge* by Gore Vidal and Updike's *Couples* are just the beginning."

Like Girodias, however, Kemp is a bit apprehensive about the way the *other* pornographers are handling themselves. He picks out as a special target, as do almost all the other Southern California pirates, the publisher of Collector's Publications. "Mr. Marvin Miller has done things that bewilder me—and gotten away with them," Kemp notes. "Not only does that man pirate books with perfectly valid copyrights, but he deals in all kinds of other strange stuff—dildos and the like—in his mail order business. I've been trying to get our attorneys to tell me how he gets away with it."

[V. "THE HOMOSEXUAL MARKET IS HIGHLY OVERRATED"]

A SHORT, DAPPER MAN with graying hair and a salt-and-pepper beard, Marvin Miller has a Dickens character's penchant for involvement in litigation. "Here, look at this," he says, holding out a mimeographed page listing a series of pornographic titles and their publishers. It is headed, "Books on Which Complaints Should be Filed," and is handed out by Citizens for a Decent Literature, the national censorship organization that is particularly strong in Southern California. (Which is no accident: as Girodias once said, ". . . pornography is simply a consequence of censorship. Suppress censorship and pornography will disappear.") With something akin to pride, Miller points to the fact that Collector's leads the list with 49 Books on Which Complaints Should be Filed; his nearest competitor, Greenleaf, is a poor second with seven.

If the gossip of his colleagues in the business is to be believed, Marvin Miller is more often than not under federal indictment for conveying obscene materials. "He prints the shoddiest books of all of us," says Brian Kirby of Brandon House. But Miller pays little attention to the strictures of the other prophets of hard-core. He is all business, interested only in doing his own thing. "I used to deal in movie-type magazines," he says, peeking over a desk piled high with a variety of books and numerous homosexual magazines. "But like most of the guys putting out that sort of stuff, I was getting clobbered. The competition was really stiff, and it was a good way of losing your shirt. But I had a pretty large collection of erotic literature myself, and when I realized that the pendulum was swinging in this country, I just went ahead and started to publish them."

In the little more than a year it has been in the pornography business, Collector's Publications has put out 170 hard-core titles, just recently cutting back to ten new books a month because, as Miller notes with some concern, "it looks like the market is leveling off, temporarily anyhow." This solid business sense is characteristic of Miller. And compared to the elaborate rationales of some of his competitors in the trade, many of whom claim to have an interest in unshackling America from sexual repression and guilt, he is quite candid: "I enjoy what I'm doing. People like this stuff, and I like giving them what they want."

He also realizes that hard-core is a business of escalation, and that increasingly stiff dosages will be required to keep the readership turned on. So he plans to diversify his catalogue somewhat and get away from novels. "Now your homosexual novel isn't what it's cracked up to be," he says sagely. "In fact, I think that the homosexual market is highly overrated.

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Take us. We put out this book of male nudes in various poses a little while ago and its sales took a nosedive. Right afterwards we put out one of female nudes, and frankly, we can't keep enough in print."

Shrugging his shoulders contentedly and allowing his thumb to twirl the silver ring on his little finger, he says, "In this business, you just can't tell what's going to hit." Then his eye lights on a book just off his presses. It is titled *Intercourse*—which, one realizes after leafing through it, has to be a champion euphemism. Miller caresses it with proprietary pride: "Now this one is probably going to be the biggest item we ever put out. The whole thing was done right here in this building."

Intercourse is a *tour de force*, even for the redoubtable Miller. It is a series of posed photographs showing a man and a woman—each with the wasted good looks of sometime Hollywood movie hopefuls—in 34 coital positions: the bridge technique, various modifications of the "classic," in the saddle. There are the more exotic positions too: man standing, woman almost on her head with feet to his shoulders; man standing, woman clasped and impaled at his waist; woman spread-eagled on a dresser, man hovering nearby.

Miller says of his work, a slight smile at the corners of his mouth belittling his words, "Well, you might not believe it, but there are some people around who don't know how to screw. And a book like this one could help them."

At the ends of the Collector's Publications books are advertisements for its mail order business. Pictured are a variety of magazines, joke books and other novelties. There are also some interesting sexual devices—for instance, "The amazing new improved UTHAID!," an artificial penis with straps that tie "anywhere" and "special raised nodules at the base for increased stimulation." It has a "life-like texture, achieved by the use of a new, miracle material! Combines lightness and thinness with necessary rigidity." Included are instructions for measuring the size needed or desired and a blank for ordering UTHAID at three for $45. Functioning as a sort of all-around pornographic pharmaceutical house, Miller is equipped to fulfill his clients' orders for goods.

[VI. THE PORNOGRAPHIC SOCIETY]

IT IS BUT A SHORT STEP from Greenleaf and its "flagrant homosexual" novels to the respectable eastern publishers and their crypto-sexy, middlebrow fiction which always hovers close to the best seller lists; from Marvin Miller's *Intercourse* to Playboy's monthly female fold-out device. What binds hard- and soft-core together is a common goal of making money from porno-voyeurism, which is both cultivated and taken advantage of, and the fact that none of these publications really have much to do with sex, at least not in the way that Sade did, say, or the anonymous Victorian gentleman who wrote *My Secret Life*.

Trafficking in the erotic is as American as cherry pie. But a prime cultural injunction is that appearances must be preserved, and thus the Marvin Millers are constantly beset by censors and potential book burners, while the world of the soft-core goes about its business serenely. While Collector's Publications is harassed by a series of federal indictments, nobody becomes seriously agitated over the fact that Playboy's success is based on connecting its version of sexuality and sexual prowess with the materialistic paradise advertised in its back pages; nobody questions television commercials showing, for instance, a luscious woman lying on a leopard skin rug, lips moist and hair in a sensual waterfall over her bare shoulders, whispering with throaty insistence that a certain gasoline is better than all others.

Maurice Girodias has stepped into America's confusion of Eros with Mammon with urbane grace. His finely-featured face quite composed, he picks his way through the litter and confusion of his recently opened offices in a pleasant part of Manhattan's East Side, often pausing to say a few words to the secretaries and anonymous writers who wander in and out of the rooms. He has the confidence of an old hand, an expert. "What we do," he says, the words filtered through a thin French accent, "is give dirty book readers a sort of erotic kit, then they go ahead and do with it whatever they can. That's up to them. We do our part and give them what they want: the means of getting a hard-on." Looking languidly for a moment out the window at a small park across the street, he adds, raising the discussion to a higher level, "But in the future, of course, I'd like to see a new kind of romanticism created around sexuality, something that might rehabilitate the erotic as a valuable form of mental—as well as physical—activity."

There is no doubt that Girodias likes to think of himself as a gentleman revolutionary whose lifework has helped to punish the constrictive world of bourgeois morality. His status as the man who introduced authors like Nabokov and William Burroughs is his strong suit and he knows it. He tends to minimize his role as purveyor of the pornography which was his staple commodity at Olympia and often implies that dirty books were simply *jeux d'esprit*, his way of harassing the system. "Those literary orgies," he calls them, "those torrents of systematic bad taste were certainly instrumental in clearing the air and cleaning out a few mental cobwebs. The imbecile belief that sex is sin, that physical pleasure is unclean, that erotic thoughts are immoral—all these sick Judeo-Christian ideas were exposed for what they are."

True enough, but like all other pornographers, Girodias has a stake in the vitality of the Judeo-Christian tradition as it is manifested through official censorship and informal book burning; he has a reciprocal relationship with it, in fact. "You may eat of any fruit but this," the Judeo-Christian censor says. And it is part of Girodias' genius that he has always known his response in the litany: "Yes, that's quite true. Here, have a bite."

The pilgrimage of Maurice Girodias, most celebrated of pornographers, to his true spiritual home in America seems to be a momentous event in our erotic history. It has always been assumed that it was Olympia Press that took a saying by the French writer, Mirabeau, and patented a way of making a good living off it. *Eh bien, lis, dévore, et branle-toi*, Mirabeau wrote in an aside to the reader in one of his pornographic novels—"And now, read, devour and masturbate." But Girodias may well learn more in the United States than he teaches. His new competitors are backed by a culture which has known all about selling masturbation for some time.

There are many things that could be said about America's hard-core contest. But it is well to remember that it is not a battle of Titans. There is perspective in a remark by Jean Genet: "Insofar as my books are pornographic, I do not reject them. I simply say that they lacked grace."

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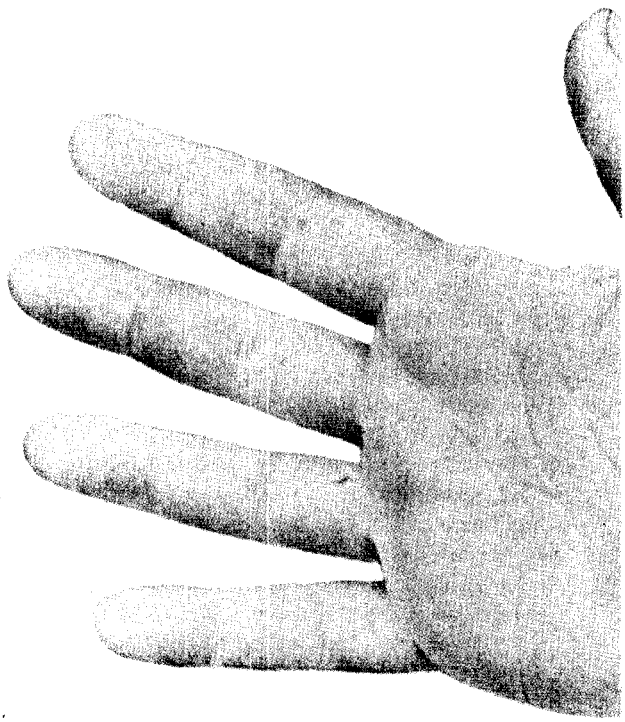
The living-machine

The body is only a machine—but a superb and infinitely complex machine. From the days of Leonardo da Vinci artists have delighted in the hidden intricacies of bone and muscle, nerve and vein, as well as in the body's surface appearance. Since the days of the body-snatching anatomists, the natural and the man-made world have been racked for similes. The body is a city, its members dependent one on another; the arteries are rivers brimming with hostile and benign life; nerves are telephone wires, the brain a computer. Here we show illustrations from a series of books on physiology newly-published in France. They give a fresh picture—part caricature, part diagram, sometimes lifelike, sometimes surreal—of man as the machine in which he lives. Commentary by Dr. Anthony D. Haeri, Department of Physiology, St. Bartholomew's Hospital Medical College.

Switchboard

THE NERVES, SPINAL CORD, and brain are like a telephone system feeding into a computer. Impulses are produced in receptors found in the skin, joints, and muscles, and pass in along the nerves, up the spinal cord to the brain. Here they are analyzed, sorted, stored and the appropriate action decided. New impulses now pass from the brain along "motor" nerves to muscles. When a muscle receives such an impulse it contracts. Each movement the body makes is dependent on a particular group of muscles contracting and another group relaxing.

The nervous system is composed of millions of special cells, "neurons," which may be as long as two or three feet. Each neuron connects with many other neurons and it is through these connections that impulses are transmitted. The speed with which an impulse travels is proportional to the thickness of the nerve fiber; the thickest nerve transmits impulses at about 60 feet per second, so it doesn't take long for information to get into the spinal cord and up to the brain, and for a message to go out for action to be taken.



Nerves, shown here as a wiring diagram, carry sensations from various parts of the body to the brain. Each area of the body is linked to a particular area of the brain cortex, but the brain area involved is in proportion to the fineness of sensations which the nerves can pick up, and to the complication of movements possible in part of the body, not to its size. Brain areas concerned with the legs, trunk and arms are quite small; brain areas for the feet much larger; for the lips, tongue and especially the hands, relatively enormous.

"Le Livre de la Santé" Editions Rencontre © André Sauret—Monte Carlo

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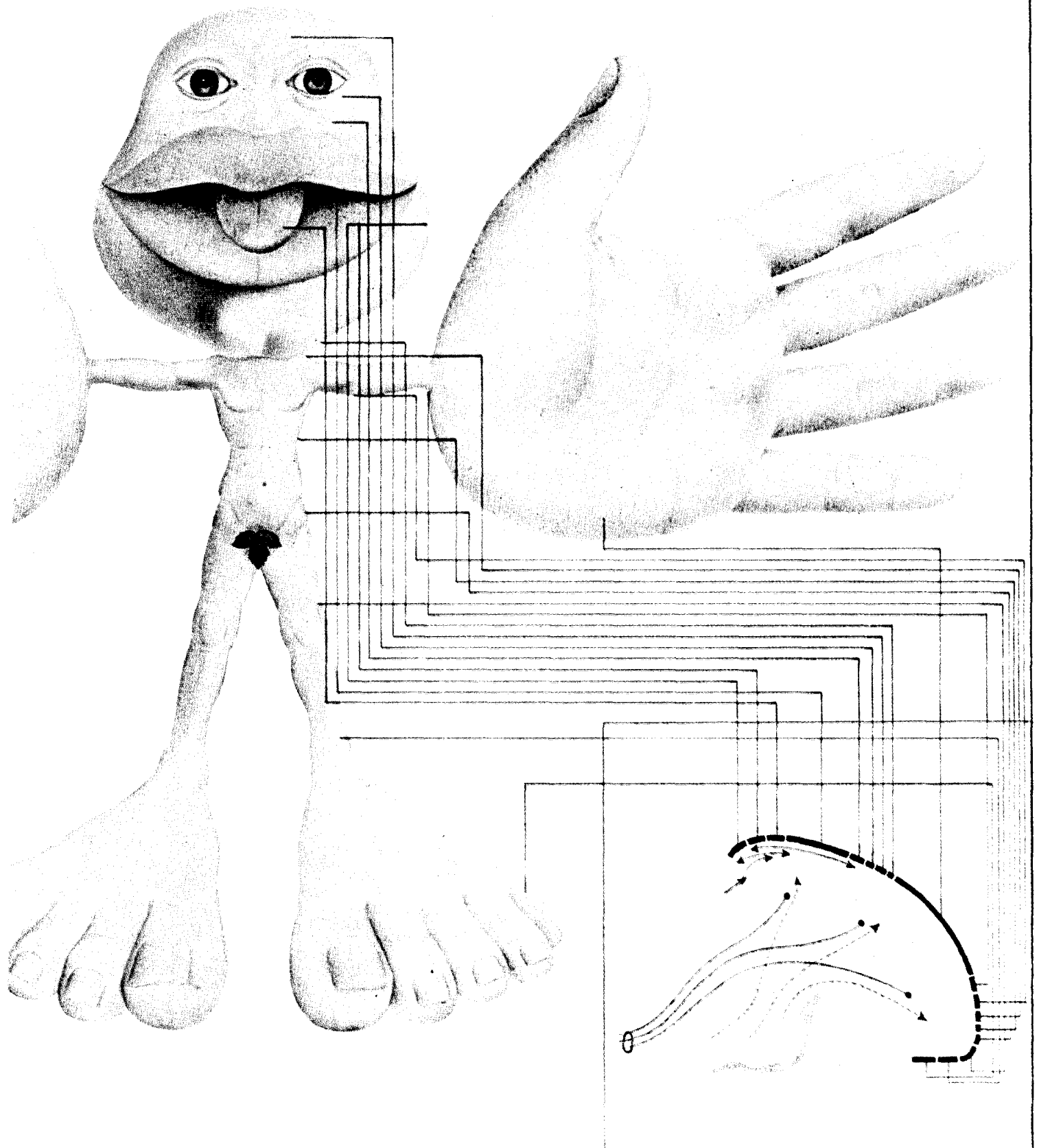

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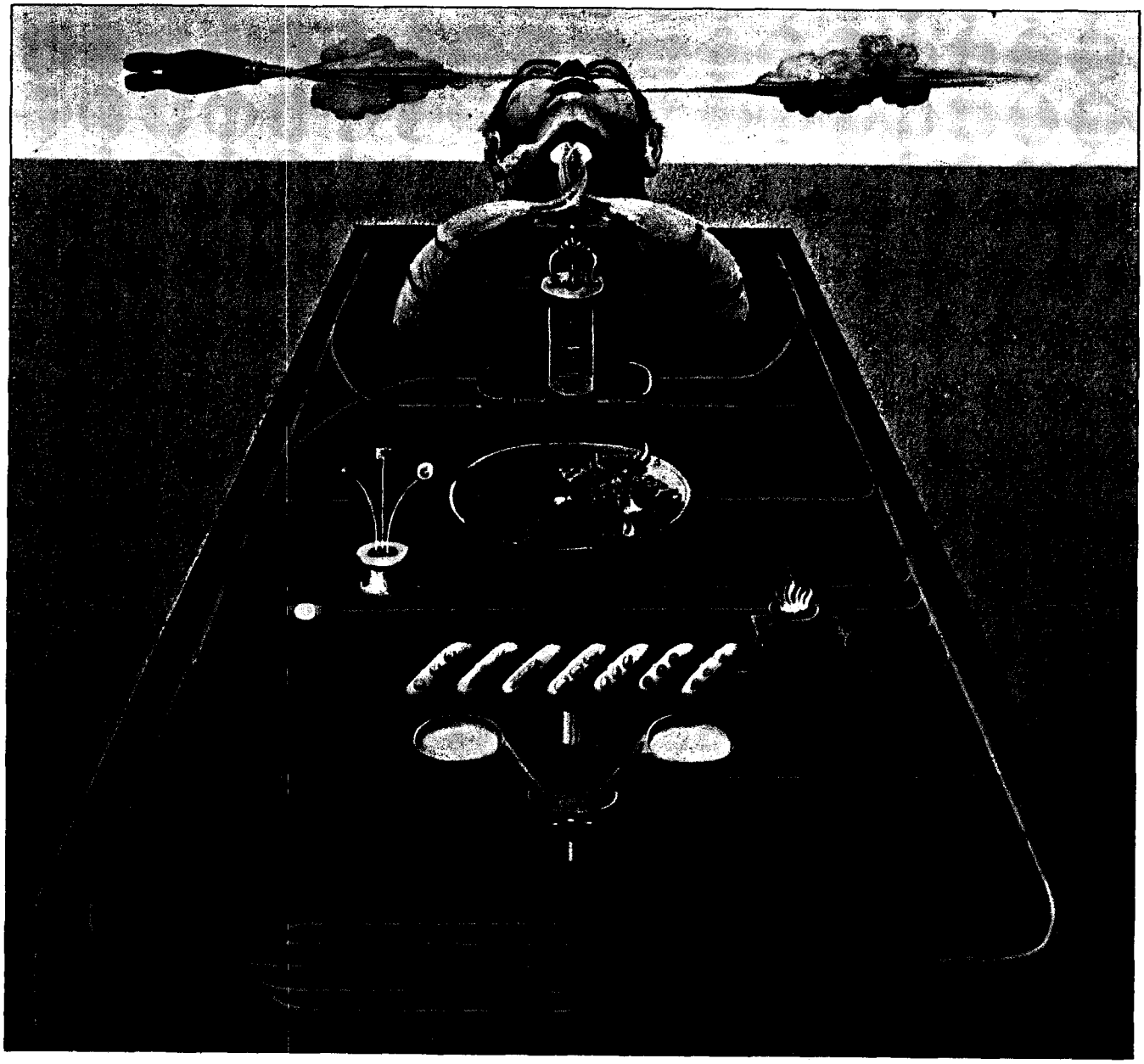
The pump house

MAN IS THE BREATHING-eating-pumping living-machine: air is drawn into and blown out of the lungs, which are sponge-filled bags; the heart is a pump; the stomach a plate of food. Below them, the liver is a fiery cauldron, cooking food into a form the blood can use; opposite it sample pieces of the blood-manufacturing bone marrow and the blood-nourished muscles. Below again, the food-extracting intestines and the waste-purifying kidneys and bladder. The pipework represents the circulation of the blood: red when it begins its journey fresh-charged with oxygen, blue when its work has been done and the oxygen used up.

Each minute the heart pumps 10 pints of blood around the body, and during exercise this may rise to 30 pints a minute. In a lifetime a normal heart does enough work to lift a ton weight 150 miles into the air. The rise in pressure with each stroke as the heart pumps blood into the arteries can be detected by gently pressing on an artery—the pulse—and blood pressure is expressed as the maximum and minimum pressures of the pulse—120/80, for example. If arteries are narrowed by disease, high blood pressure may result.

The arteries lead into capillaries—tiny blood vessels with very thin walls, through which nutrients can pass into the tissues. The branching capillaries join together again to form veins along which blood returns to the heart to be pumped through the lungs and replenished with oxygen before passing around the body again.



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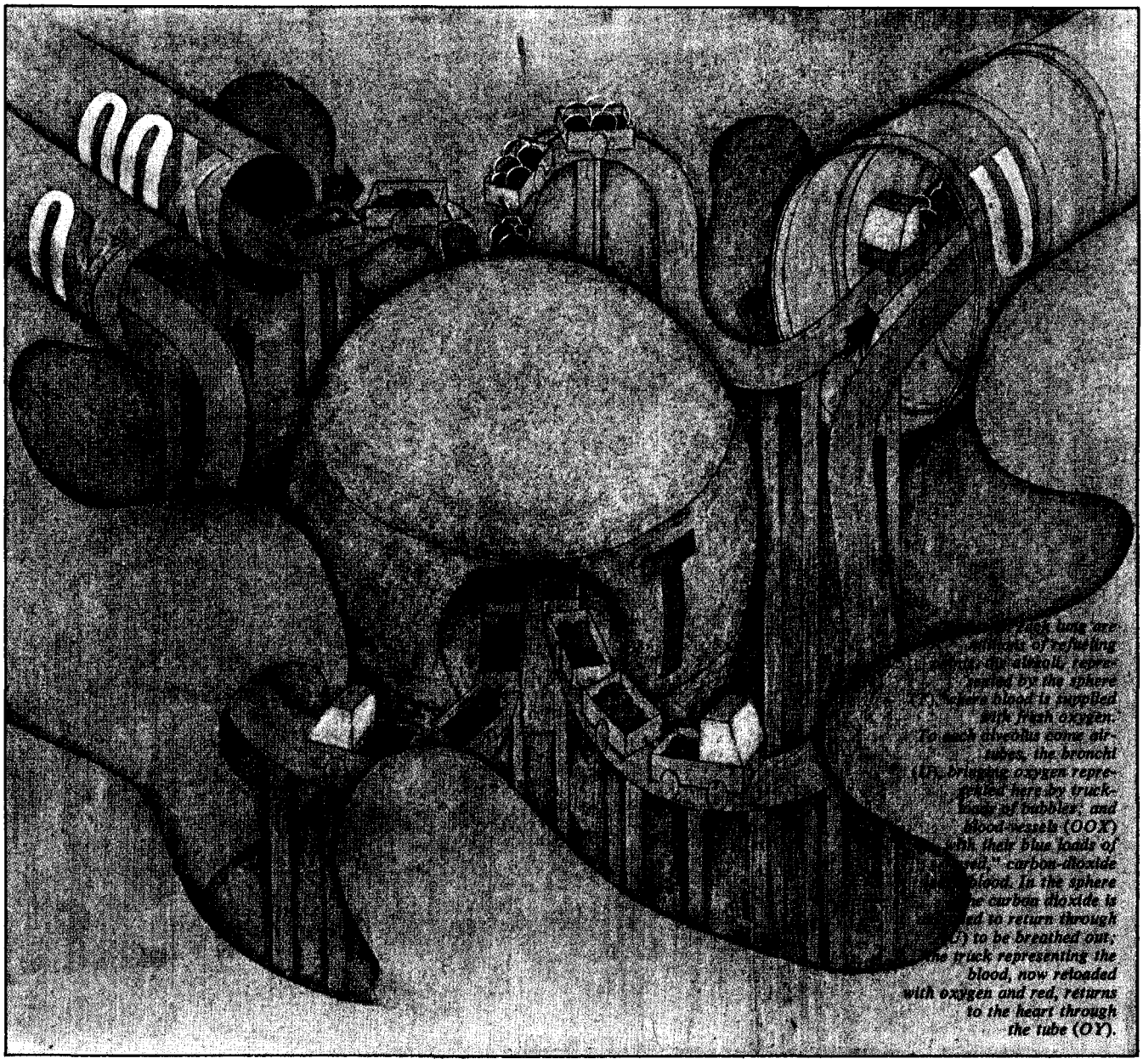
Breath of life

THE AIR WE BREATHE IN contains roughly one-fifth oxygen and four-fifths nitrogen; nitrogen is not used by our bodies and passes out unchanged when we breathe out. Some of the oxygen, however, is absorbed by the blood that passes through the lungs. At the same time the blood gives up another gas, carbon dioxide, which is a waste product, so the air we breathe out contains approximately 80 per cent nitrogen and 16 per cent oxygen, and four per cent carbon dioxide replacing the oxygen we have absorbed.

Most people breathe about 12 to 14 times a minute. Each breath contains about 100 ml. of air, roughly a pint. During exercise the need for oxygen, particularly by the muscles, increases and we automatically breathe faster and deeper. The speed of breathing is controlled by the level of oxygen and carbon dioxide in the blood.

When blood arrives at the lung from the heart it is dark red. Passing through the lung it absorbs oxygen and the color changes to a bright red. The oxygenated blood is now returned to the heart and from there pumped to all parts of the body. The heart-lung circuit is known as the pulmonary circulation; the round-the-body circuit is the systemic circulation.

The composition of air remains the same everywhere in the world, but the pressure of air depends on height above sea level—higher up means lower pressure. Diffusion of oxygen from the lung alveoli into the bloodstream is dependent on the outside atmospheric pressure. If the pressure falls there will be less force to diffuse oxygen from the lung.



...lung are ...of exhaling ...the alveoli, repre... ...by the sphere ... ...sphere blood is supplied ...with fresh oxygen. ...to each alveolus come air-tubes, the bronchi ... ...(B), bringing oxygen repre... ...by truck-... ...loads of bubbles, and ...blood-vessels (OOX) ...with their blue loads of ...," carbon-dioxide ...blood. In the sphere ...e carbon dioxide is ...ed to return through ...) to be breathed out, ...e truck representing the blood, now reloaded with oxygen and red, returns to the heart through the tube (OY).

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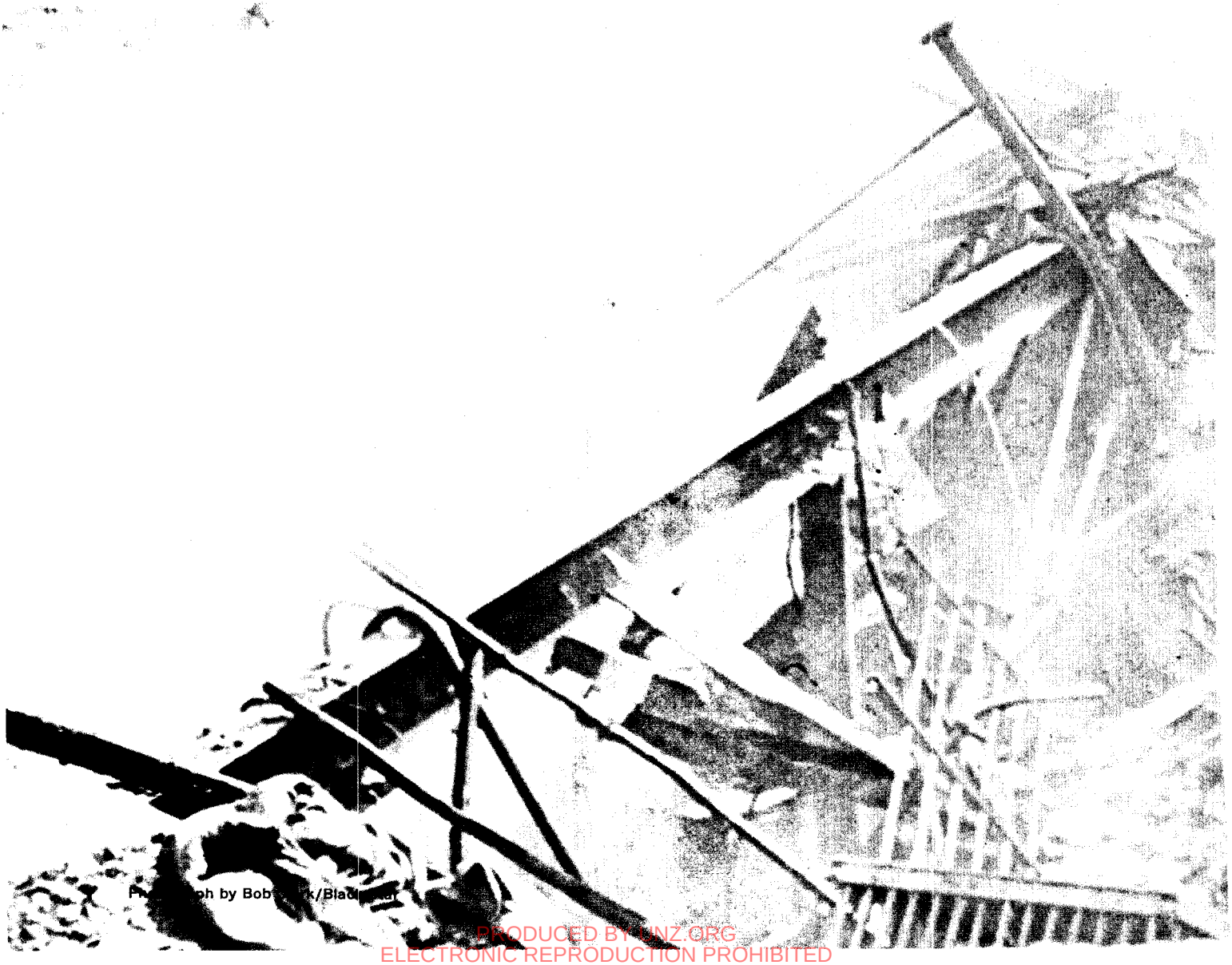
The Algiers Motel Incident

by John Hersey



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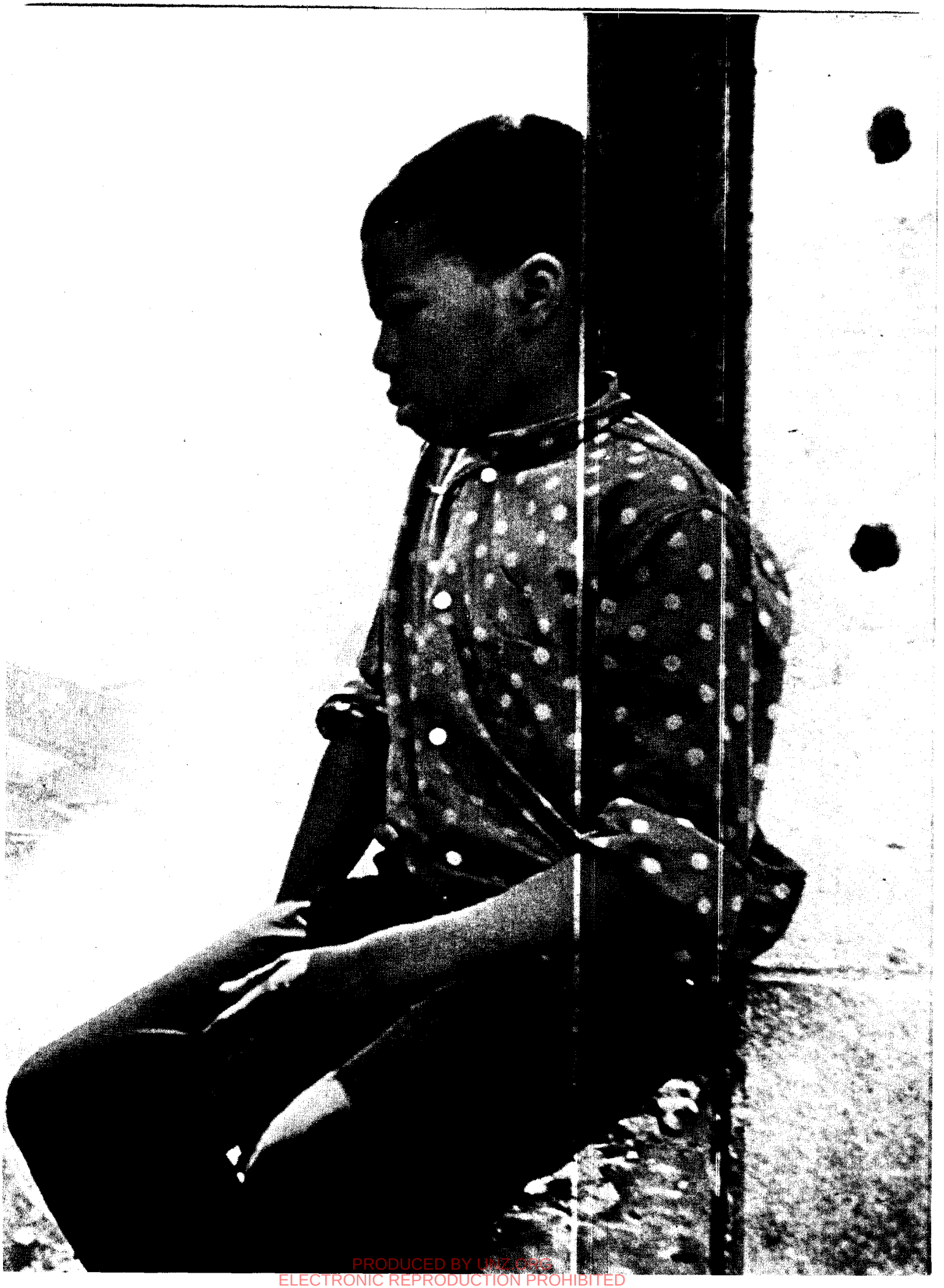

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[INTRODUCTION]

WE HAVE DEVOTED an unusually large part of this issue of RAMPARTS to the following selection from John Hersey's *The Algiers Motel Incident* (published by Alfred A. Knopf on June 28) because we feel that it is both an immensely important addition to the dialogue on race and racism in contemporary America, and also a work of the highest artistic integrity, as much a classic of reportage as the author's earlier book, *Hiroshima*.

There are similarities between these two studies, in style and also in the resonance of the subject matter. In *Hiroshima*, Hersey chronicled the final, terrifying act of World War II and the world's sad initiation into the postwar era by reconstructing the nuclear attack on Japan through the words of its victims and survivors. Now, in *The Algiers Motel Incident*, he sifts the ashes of last summer's Detroit insurrection, focusing on a tragic sequence of events that took place at a motel on the outskirts of the riot zone, painting a miniature of the violence in which the city was engulfed.

Uninvolved in the riot raging a short distance away, the central characters in this book are several young black men, two white women, three Detroit policemen, a small contingent of national guardsmen, and various people drawn into the vortex of the drama that unfolded at the Algiers as witness-participants. A great deal is mystery, but this much is fact: three of the young blacks—Carl Cooper, Auburey Pollard and Fred Temple—were savagely beaten and then killed by short-range shotgun blasts; and in the aftermath of the incident, the three policemen—Officers Senak, Paille and August—were suspended from the Detroit force and involved in lengthy—and continuing—courts of inquiry. Through painstaking investigation and analysis of the circumstances surrounding these murders, Hersey is able to reconstruct the last, horrifying hours at the Algiers, and discover, insofar as the legal ambiguity of the incident will allow, how and why they occurred. The sequence of events he recreates becomes a metaphor for the racial violence spreading like a plague across this country.

We have not attempted to condense this book; it is far too dense and well-crafted to allow condensation. Rather, we have printed those chapters which we feel are self-contained and valuable in themselves: Hersey's reasons for deciding to write exactly this sort of work; his brilliant portraits of the two men who became antagonists—David Senak, one of the suspended policemen, and Auburey Pollard, one of the murdered youths; and finally an excerpt from the action which took place when they met in the Algiers.

In his apologia, Hersey says that any white man with a pretension to racial understanding must read *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. Much the same could be said of his own book. We feel that anyone who wants to understand fully the nature and extent of American racism must read *The Algiers Motel Incident*.

—THE EDITORS

[A Dangerous Account]

I HAVE ALWAYS, BEFORE THIS, stayed out of my journalism, even as a manipulative pronoun, having believed that it sufficed for a writer to "come through" to the reader—by the nature of his selections from the whole, his filtering of all that had gone through his eyes and ears and mind; by the intensity of feeling that might be read in the lines; by his "voice." But this account is too urgent, too complex, too dangerous to too many people to be told in a way that might leave doubts strewn along its path; I cannot afford, this time, the luxury of invisibility. For the uses of invisibility, as Ralph Ellison has made so vividly and painfully clear—an inability or unwillingness to see the particularity of one's fellow man, and with it a crucial indifference as to whether one is seen truly as oneself—these uses of not-seeing and of not-being-seen are of the essence of racism.

In August 1967, soon after the Detroit riot of that summer, David Ginsburg, who had been appointed executive director of the President's Commission on Civil Disorders, asked me if I would write part of the commission's report. After much thought I declined, on the ground that I did not want to attach my work to a document over which, as a whole, I would have no control at all. In the aftermath of that decision, however, I came to feel that I owed some sort of debt of work to this, the most intransigent and fear-ridden issue in American life, and I broke off the writing of a novel in order to undertake a piece of reportage on one of the summer rebellions. I went to Detroit, with a general intention of writing overall about the devastating uprisings there, and I began to interview various officials, starting with Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh and Police Commissioner Ray Girardin and certain Negro leaders and some young black militants.

As I explored Detroit's riot in those first weeks, the incident at the Algiers Motel kept insisting upon attention, and eventually I determined to focus on it. This episode contained all the mythic themes of racial strife in the United States: the arm of the law taking the law into its own hands; interracial sex; the subtle poison of racist thinking by "decent" men who deny that they are racists; the societal limbo into which so many young black men have been driven ever since slavery, in our country; ambiguous justice in the courts; and the devastation in both black and white human lives that follows in the wake of violence as surely as ruinous and indiscriminate flood after torrents.

It was not easy to get started. It took weeks to build bridges into the still-seething ghetto. I simply could not barge in on the homes of the bereaved and injured, like a carpetbagging lawyer with cash in hand to purchase witnessings; I needed friendly

The Algiers Motel Incident © 1968 by John Hersey. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

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introductions, and I was fortunate, at last, in finding a young woman who was a close friend, not only of one of the families that had lost a son, but also of the black militant who organized the tribunal about which, if you go on, you will in due course read. She opened doors for me, and then I was on my own.

My own education in the course of the researches that followed was a staggering one. At the outset I learned how little I knew. I learned that experiences that I might have considered as credentials for this task had not given me sufficient insights for all that I was to confront. I had been born in China, had felt as a child the puzzling guilt of being pulled through the streets in a rickshaw by a yellow man; I had witnessed death and pain in war; I had tried to learn something about racism while writing several novels with racial themes; I had lived for part of the anxious summer of 1964 in the home of a black farmer (*I* was anxious; it was truly dangerous for him) in Holmes County, Mississippi; and for the past two years I had lived in intimacy with college students, the most open, most threatened, most serious, most generous people I had ever known. But these were not enough. Now I learned all sorts of new things, both about reality and about myself, and I learned how much more I have to learn about issues of race in my country.

At first, when I moved at night through streets of the scattered ghettos of Detroit, I felt the foreignness I had experienced as a child in China; the sense of apartness, of being alien and in a minority. I was afraid. My fear was indiscriminate. The people I came to know helped me to rid myself of that fear. Like them, I am prudent now when I move through the night streets, but I am no longer afraid in that particular way. In dealing with them I was obliged, in order to reach out all the way to their trust, to confront myself with a searing honesty, and at times, I must now confess, I was deeply chagrined to discover that stereotypic thoughts lurked in corners of my own mind, which I had hoped was more or less open, and that some of my own fears had been tinged by the irrational in our history.

I was immeasurably aided in the ventilation of my mind by that surpassingly remarkable document of our time, *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, which every white American with any pretensions to racial understanding simply must read. (If you have not read it, close this book now and read that other and come back to these premises, if you will, later. I also wish, by the way, that some of our black friends who revere Malcolm X would read again with special care the last chapters of his book.) I had, besides, over the years, made it my business and pleasure—sometimes—to read the works of Ellison, Richard Wright, James Baldwin, John Williams, Leroi Jones, John Oliver Killens, Eldridge Cleaver, and other authors of their race, and I had found, indeed, that life imitated their art, when they achieved it, and that they had prepared me for my work.

In the end my new friends gave me such trust as to tell me secrets I wish I had not heard, for I must, or be a monster, withhold attributions of them from the book, and I had really wanted to avoid all holding back, all distortion; I heard murmurings of incest, of crime-breeding hatreds within families, of urges to kill outside families and across the dreadful color line. But I heard—apart from some ritual salutes from a few young militants I met—no word of hatred of me because of my being white; I was taken into black homes and was made to feel serenely at home; I observed at first hand manifold examples of courage, loyalty, and family closeness; particularly moving were the sweet consideration of the tough young men for their mothers and their extreme loyalty to each other at all hazard; I had with these families and young men a sense of the importance of every moment of life much like that imparted to me by student friends.

Eventually I had to face the problem of how to write about what I had learned, and I made certain decisions which I want to share with you, at a risk of being (as is my habit) obvious, before we go any farther. There was a need, above all, for total conviction. This meant that the events could not be described as if witnessed from above by an all-seeing eye opening on an all-knowing novelistic mind; the merest suspicion that anything had been altered, or made up, for art's sake, or for the sake of effect, would be absolutely disastrous. There could be no "creative reconstruction." Doubts about chronology could only be revealed, not resolved. No names could be changed, because when you change a man's name you change the whole man. The story would have to be told as much as possible in the words of the participants; and because I was all too aware that the truth had not always been told me, and indeed had not always been spoken under oath in court, I would have to let you, the reader, know at every step of the way exactly who was speaking, and to whom, and under what circumstances; and I could only use quotation marks when I had actually heard words spoken with my own ears, or was quoting from testimony given in court, or could give a clear attribution of a source which you could evaluate for yourself. An able Detroit newspaperman, Ladd Neuman, helped me run down some details; I will tell you when he quotes others. In a story involving such a large cast of characters and such terrible cross-currents of jeopardy and of desire for justice and safety and revenge, I am bound to have made some mistakes, no matter how scrupulous I may have tried to be. I can only hope they will have been small ones.

Let not any of this suggest to you that I have been trying to persuade you, in the fraudulent tradition of American journalism, that I have been, or shall be, "objective." There is no such thing as objective reportage. Human life is far too trembling-swift to be reported in whole; the moment the recorder chooses nine facts out of ten he colors the information with his views. I trust this chapter will have revealed some of my bias for discount.

There were limitations within which I had to work. Trials of this case were being prepared, and some participants could not, and some would not, openly speak to me. I was unable to see three important witnesses. Nevertheless, I think you will find that a great deal was disclosed by those who did talk to me and did testify, for their very speech—the cadences, the images, the texture of their telling, the conscious and unconscious subterfuges they used—was, in my view, profoundly revealing.

Why did I not wait for the trials to be spun out? Was there not a risk of distorting or adulterating the legal process by such exposure as this? There was. I was fearfully aware that jail sentences, reputations, and perhaps even lives were at stake in the trials that were pending from this case. But I was also aware that lives had already been lost in it; that trials and appeals might drag on for several years (one Constitutional issue at the first murder hearing might well be destined to go to the Supreme Court of the United States); that time does not stand

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still in the crisis of black and white in our country; that the families of the slain boys perceive the justice of a Northern city—one that was supposed to have been particularly enlightened—as being barely distinguishable from that of Mississippi. The assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr., which occurred during my writing of this book, demonstrated that white racists had learned nothing from that great preacher of nonviolence and less than nothing, even, from the instructive violence in the summers in the cities; and it gave me, along with a sense of despair, a sense of great urgency about the completion of this book. I am not so foolish as to believe that my telling of these events will change the course of history, or even of justice in this narrow instance; but I do believe that every scrap of understanding, every door-crack glimmer of illumination, every thread that may lead not just to survival of the races but to health—all should be shared as soon as possible. There is so much to be done in so little time.

Perhaps I should say at this point that I will not take any money from any source for the publication of this story.

If this declaration suggests to anyone that part of my motive in writing it may have been guilt, sobeit. There is plenty of guilt lying around for the taking. Perhaps the whole point of this book is that every white person in the country is in some degree guilty of the crimes committed at the Algiers.

The report of the President's Commission on Civil Disorders, which was published in March 1968, blamed the explosive conditions in our cities that gave rise to the summer rebellions of recent years upon white racism. In its tone of frankness this was a remarkable document, and the spectacle of President Lyndon B. Johnson, who had not hesitated over the months to suggest, by epithet and innuendo, that anyone who disagreed with his Vietnam policy was a coward—the spectacle of this man running for cover from the conclusions of the commission which he created, and which he charged with the high task of seeking truth, was not only disgusting; it was positively inflammatory, for it denied the very thesis of the report. The Texan seemed to want to deny the charge of white racism. Only with the death of Dr. King did he stir himself to piety, and then his words proposed much too little much too late.

Remarkable as the commission's report was, it did not face up to the implications of its own historic accusation. All of its recommendations were in the nature of palliations, and they did not attack the root problem of racism itself. There was not a whisper in all its pages about sex, which I believe to be at the very core of racism. If real progress is to be made, it cannot be made simply by expenditures of funds, even in great sums, on "programs"; racism must be educated or coaxed or wrenched or stamped out of the centers of injustice and grievance—namely, out of police forces, courts, legislatures, unions, industry, schools, the civil service, and the bureaucracy of welfare.

There are four main causes of racial violence: unequal justice, unequal employment opportunities, unequal housing, unequal education. This book, to put it in perspective, deals only with the first. I believe that is the one that should be attacked first, because it is at the cutting edge of irritation in the inner cities; because it is the prime cause of the deep anger of those without whom there would be no summer rebellions, the young black males; and because, to be practical about it, its remedy would cost not a cent. The remedy is in the minds of men. Unequal justice is experienced by the black populace at two points: what happens with the cop in the street, and what happens with the prosecutor and lawyer and judge in court.

The men and women involved in the Algiers incident were caught up in processes much larger than themselves. This does not mean that they do not deserve compassion or punishment or, in one or two cases, both. It means rather that their fates—for fate intervenes precisely when the individual is helplessly caught up by cyclonic forces of history and of human nature—their fates, far from being commonplace, are elevated to something close to the tragic. I do not think I am overblowing. Though the principals of the Algiers incident may not be heroic figures and so may not be entitled to the fullest measure of tragedy, I bid you to read on about them and see whether you are not pretty well purged of pity and terror as you follow this tale of humble citizens to its unresolved ending.

Senak's Peninsula

ALTHOUGH, BECAUSE OF INSUFFICIENCY of evidence, David Senak was not arrested with the others, he had been suspended from the police force on July 31 on the basis of what accused officer Robert Paille and others had said about his role in the incident.

"After that," Senak told me, "I spent a lot of time on Belle Isle"—the city-owned island park in the Detroit River. "Just reading. I had a special peninsula over there. There was a tree on the end of it. I'd just go over there almost every day, and take a couple of books along and read. I was reading a series of books, *The Art of Clear Thinking* and *The Art of Clear Writing, Clear Reading;* I like law materials; I read some books on cross-examination. I got involved with novels. *Crime and Punishment*. I started *An American Tragedy* again, second time I started it and didn't finish it. That went on till it got cold. Till one day I came over to the island, and they chopped my peninsula down. This girl used to come out there with me, every once in a while when she had a day off, and we were going out there one day, and we came along and I was looking for my landmark, the tree, and the thing wasn't there. Couple of hundred feet down there was this big DPW truck, and they had this big tree in the back. It was because of erosion, it was undermining the roots of the tree, and it was going to fall into the water eventually, so they figured they'd just cut it down. I don't know what kind of tree it was, it was just a shade tree; but it was a nice spot. I was really upset at the time. I wasn't upset because of the circumstances of my suspension, because every time I saw [accused officer] August I tried to comfort him, in the fact that we were innocent—that's beside the point—I was despondent because of the fact that I wasn't on the job. I was no longer in a scout car. And to this day when I see the scout cars, you know, I get upset."

[1. SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO]

David Senak's grandparents on both sides were immigrants

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from Czechoslovakia; his paternal grandfather settled on a farm near Memphis, Michigan, and his maternal grandfather moved to Detroit, to a small Slovak community centered on Carrie and Strong Streets, with its own church, Harper Baptist; he worked for Henry Ford. Senak's father became an accountant (at the time of these events he helped keep books for Holley Carburetor), and his mother worked, too (at Chrysler, as a key punch operator).

David was born in Detroit on June 18, 1944. He attended A. L. Holmes School, Osborn High School for one year, and Cass Technical High School until his graduation in January 1963. He took architectural drafting and building at Cass, and he designed, among other things, he told me, "a house of my own. It pretty much suited my idea of what a perfect house was. Had a master bedroom that was eighteen by twenty-four feet, quite large, and it had a built-in range downstairs, and it had my private den, which gave adequate space for mounting trophies and the like." However, in a class in cost estimating he found that the house would have cost, not counting the price of the acre of land on which it was to stand, $175,000. "So I gave up the idea."

David was active in the church, he told me, "from infancy." He attended Sunday school and church "and the different functions" at Gratiot Baptist, and through his church organization he became affiliated, when he was sixteen, with the YMCA, and soon he was employed there—part-time as long as he was in school, full-time afterward. "Within about four years I probably covered just about every minor position in the Y"—attendant for the Youth Department, teacher of gym classes, swimming instructor after he got his life-saving badge at eighteen, and locker-room attendant and "various positions." "This gave me," he told me, "a general liking for the public, and I still have it."

While he was working full-time at the YMCA, David began part-time studies at Macomb Community College, in the liberal arts curriculum; but shortly afterward, a friend of his who was a junior executive with Hamilton Carhartt Overall Company told him that the firm was in the process of moving its inventory from Detroit to Ervine, Kentucky, and that the company needed a man in its shipping department. "I cut my classes at school down to a minimum," he told me; he served the firm for about six months as shipping clerk and then, for six or eight months longer, as shipping superintendent. He returned to Macomb for one semester full-time.

In May 1965, he told me, "I put my application in for the Police Department. This was something I've always wanted to do, and it became more evident after I'd worked with children at the YMCA, and it's just been a more or less natural thing for me to want. Instead of being a doctor or lawyer, I chose the Police Department as a profession." He was told that he would have to wait for his twenty-first birthday. "So I kept in touch with them, and it was the day after I turned twenty-one that I took the entrance exam." Screening took about three months, and on August 2, 1965, he enrolled at the Police Academy. On October 28 he was stationed, in uniform at last, at the Thirteenth Precinct.

A week later, however, he changed uniforms: he enlisted in the Air National Guard for a four-month stint. "I had an obligation to fulfill," he explained to me, "and I didn't want to take two years from the police force to go into the service, and so I took the Air National Guard because it was a means whereby I could serve my obligation and at the same time continue my Police Department work." Most of his tour was at Detroit's Metropolitan Airport, and four months later, at the beginning of March 1966, he was back on the force.

[2. IT REALLY IMPRESSED ME]

"The first week in March," he told me, "I was reassigned to the Thirteenth Precinct and probably the second or third day there I was assigned to the cruiser. This was a four-man scout car, three plain-clothes men and a uniformed man, and they were assigned to the general precinct to do only the most important runs, like hold-up runs in progress, and the like, and they had occasion to help raid a blind pig"—it was a raid on a blind pig that touched off the Detroit riot of 1967—"and it was Sergeant Vic DeLavalla and his crew that busted the pig, and we were assigned to just back them up. Well, it really impressed me, and the crew chief, Patrolman O'Kelly, took a liking to me, so he introduced me to Sergeant DeLavalla, and shortly after that he recommended me to go on clean-up. And so that started a sort of a career within a career, and I've had many experiences on clean-up."

[3. I REALLY LOOKED BAD]

"Clean-up basically deals with blind pigs and prostitutes and numbers men in daytime. In my very first week, we were working on night crew, and we were called in by the inspector, who was Inspector Loftus at the time, and he was notified by a colonel of the Salvation Army, I believe it was, on Rivard, that they had a blind pig that was operating only on Sundays. These men would be paid on Saturday night, and the colonel would see them by eleven o'clock Sunday morning, and they'd all be drunk, and he said the only thing that could be happening would be that they'd be visiting this blind pig in the morning. So these are very secretive, basically. There was no way of him finding out through his sources where this blind pig was, so he wanted one of our men to more or less infiltrate his ranks and find out where it was, get a drink and bust the pig. Well, the inspector really wanted the place, so they asked me if I would join the Salvation Army and try to find out where it is.

"For a week prior to the time I went to the place I wore a white sweatshirt and white Levis and didn't change at all, didn't comb my hair or shave, and I really looked grubby about Saturday. I was to go there Saturday night and get acquainted with the men and the following morning try to get one of them to take me to the pig, and then get my drink and somehow contact my crew. This was all sort of makeshift because we didn't know exactly what we were running into. The arrangements were made for me to have a cot in there, and the only thing was to convince these other fellows that I was just one of them.

"So I went over to a buddy's house and told him what had happened. Him and I bought a case and a half of beer, and another couple of friends came over, and I just started drinking. About nine thirty or so I was quite inebriated, so it turned out that my friends had to drive me to the place and just drop me off, and I stumble in to the Salvation Army, and this fellow wouldn't even talk to me—they have a policy of not admitting drunks. I tried to explain to him that the colonel had told me to come here, but the words just seemed to be a little incoherent, and it took me about fifteen minutes to explain to him that I was a friend of the colonel. So finally he did admit me and take me to a cot.

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"It was really an experience. I was in such a state that everything was a little exaggerated. I walked into this big auditorium-like deal, and they had cots in rows, and on Saturday nights these men, you know, drink a little bit; they bring bottles in with them, you know, and sneak them. And so they were laying all over the place. Some of the men were vomiting, and stuff like this, and everything just seemed to be overemphasized. So he took me to a cot, and I laid down there, and I think the situation, more than anything else, made me a little sicker than I would normally be, so it was a very disgusting night, as a whole.

"I got up the next morning, and my eyes were bloodshot, and I really looked bad. I don't even think my mother would let me into the house. So I stumbled downstairs and I couldn't eat breakfast with the guys, so I just started talking with a couple of the fellows, and during my conversation with them I had established the fact that I was just a fellow in transit, I was from Ohio, I hitchhike around the United States, and because of my clothes and my general appearance, they believed it, and this one fellow, he was about fifty years old or so, it just so happened that this was how he got started on the road, and so he took to me, and in about an hour and a half or so we killed a bottle of wine that they had, which didn't help my hangover any, and they invited me go to with them to this blind pig.

"Well, I went inside the place. They gave me a drink. I'd had wine, and the guy gave me a bottle of beer. I couldn't stomach it, and I vomited on his floor. After vomiting on his floor, the fellow didn't want to serve me any more, and according to court procedure you have to have evidence in your possession, to establish the fact that you did make a purchase inside of a blind pig. Everything was great except for the fact that I had no way of notifying my crew; he wouldn't trust me to use his phone. So finally he told me if I'd leave his premises, he'd sell me a bottle of wine. This was beautiful, because I could leave the premises and call my crew and go back there. So I did, I paid for the wine, left the premises and walked three or four blocks to a pay phone, called my crew and met them. Then I went back inside the pig, and as soon as I was in the premises and drinking there, they busted the place. At the time I was told by my sergeant to go and lay down in the back seat of the car, because I couldn't even participate in the raid. . . ."

[4. WE SUBDUED HIM]

"My first citation was just after I got on the job, March 20, 1966. Two elderly people came out, and they were really terrified, because there was a man that had attempted to break into their house, and they lived on the ground floor; he'd smashed their window and was halfway in when they started screaming so loudly that he left. When we got the run we got a description of the man. So we started patrolling the area. Usually when you get a run like that and you can't get the fellow right away you go back to the station. Well, what we did was just a little out of the ordinary, we figured he may be in the area yet, waiting for us to go, so we circled the block, maybe five or six times. This one time we circled I saw this fellow between the houses in the shadows, just caught a glimpse of him. So I yelled at my partner, 'Slam on the brakes.' My partner pulled in to the curb, left side to the curb, rolled down his window, and yelled to the guy to come out of the shadows; he didn't get out of the car. I was still a rookie, so I was told in training in the Department to always get out of your car when you're investigating anyone. So I got out of the passenger's side, which was toward the middle of the street, and walked around the car. And this guy was coming toward my partner, who had his head stuck out the window, Roy St. Onge was my partner's name. I saw that the guy had something in his hand, so I yelled to Roy to get his head back in there. And I grabbed the guy, and he had a rock in his hand, and he was real close to smashing Roy and taking off, see. So we subdued him, arrested him, and got him back to the station. They had a line-up. Turned out to be the same guy. So they wrote us up for a citation."

[5. SOMETHING I WONDER ABOUT]

One day I asked David Senak, "What makes a good policeman?"

"A police officer," he said, "is probably a unique person. Most police officers with a little experience could probably tell you within a few months of a new officer's tour of duty whether he would probably make a good police officer or not, and whether he's going to stick it out. In the late forties it was sort of difficult to get a job, and a lot of people resorted to being a police officer, simply because it was an easy way of earning a living. I think these are the police officers right now, as a whole, that give the general public a bad opinion of all of us."

Then I asked, "What do you think are the qualities that a man needs to be a good police officer?"

He paused, and finally answered in a low voice, "Perseverance." Then he added, "You've got to be dedicated." Then, as if still answering my question, he said, "I think one bad aspect of my life as far as the Police Department goes is that I never really fell in love with any girls up to the point where I joined the Police Department. And then afterward, the type of work I did on the force reflected a sort of bad attitude toward women in general." Here he gave a slight laugh. "And I have a tough time, you know, bringing them up to the level of a police officer's aspects of a woman."

"How does that work out? How do you mean that?"

"Well, see, I've arrested maybe close to a hundred and seventy-five, maybe a hundred and eighty girls, and taken them to court and gotten convictions for Accosting and Soliciting. These girls come from all different backgrounds. You couldn't name a background that a girl hasn't come from. I've had many different situations where girls would, after the accosting is made and the arrest is made, they would try to give you a background so you'd be a little softer on them. I think not so much being a police officer as doing vice duties has on the whole given me a bad outlook on women in general. I know a lot of vice men that are married, you know, and have married after vice squad, that seemingly are happy, so I just probably never have found, you know, maybe the right girl. It's something I wonder about, whether I will, and, you know, whether it is because of my vice duties or not, or my police background."

This subject came up again another day. "I know the problem myself," he said, "and I say half the battle is knowing the problem, but in my case I know the problem, and I know all women aren't prostitutes, and I know all women don't have a checkup with everybody they come in contact with, but I think subconsciously it affects me. I go out with a lot of real nice girls, and I just can't seem to, you know, get really attached to them. I like to be friends with people a lot more

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than I do—girls tend to want to become attached right away, and I'd rather have them as a friend. You know, it sort of makes for conflicts. It's hard to say what I feel inwardly. I know the problem. I just can't—I'm not even sure that's why, maybe I just haven't found a girl that I want to settle down with. Maybe she just hasn't come along yet. But I figure, you know, that there's got to be someone. I've gone out with quite a few girls, you know, you—maybe everyone feels that way when they—for different reasons. It may not be the police experience that has governed that."

"Do you think," I asked him, "that this has made you think of women as essentially evil, or more apt to be criminal than men?"

His answer was: "Who gave who the apple?"

[6. SELECT AREAS]

"Eighty per cent of the work on the clean-up squad," he said once, "is colored. At least. The only time we get white girls probably would be Third Street, Second Street, select areas where a lot of white people go, you know. Where they're not conspicuous."

[7. A TYPICAL ACCOSTING]

He opened a drawer of his file, rummaged awhile, and drew out a write-up. "This is a typical accosting," he said. "This is what I'd say in court in front of a judge." And he read: " 'On March 22, 1966, at approximately 4:10 a.m., while driving my private car north on Brush at Canfield, defendant waved me to the curb. I pulled to the curb and got out of my car. The defendant then approached me, unzipped my pants, and attempted to put her hand on my privates. As she was doing this, she stated she would give me a straight lay for ten dollars, plus the cost of the hotel room. I then identified myself as a police officer and placed her under arrest for Accosting and Soliciting. Date of trial was adjourned to April 12th, 1966, by Judge Marhar. A plea of Not Guilty was entered. Sentenced by Judge Marhar to ninety days in Detroit House of Correction.' It's interesting the reason that she adjourned was that Judge Marhar was on the bench, but she knew why she was trying to adjourn it, because the judges change by the month, she was trying to get another judge. See, he was taking the place of another judge, he's a traffic court judge, normally, and he's real tough over there, he believes a criminal should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. These prostitutes were really getting zapped!"

[8. SOME JUDGES LIKE IT]

"In an Accosting and Soliciting, which is the charge you take a prostitute under," he told me, "the court requires the initial accosting to be done by the prostitute. There can be no overt act on your part to solicit anything from her, so all you can do is drive down the street and hope that they signal you in some way to pull to the curb. If they don't do that, you know, there's nothing you can do about it. The way most of these prostitutes work is they'll stand at a curb and wait for the people to stop for a light, or something like that, or just after a light where they're just speeding up, and then they'll call them to the curb, they'll call them or they'll wave them.

"The second half, the soliciting, it's a two-part deal, where they have to give an act and a price. On the act, I usually, in my cases I stick to the exact wording of the prostitutes, and a lot of my partners go to court and the whore'll say, 'A suck and a fuck for fifteen dollars,' see, or 'A half-and-half for ten dollars,' and the officers when they go to court will say, 'An act of oral perversion and an act of sexual intercourse with the defendant for the sum of such-and-such.' I don't know whether it's better or worse, but I usually just stick to the exact wording of the prostitutes. 'Around the world.' 'A suck and a fuck.' 'Sixty-nine.' 'A half-and-half.' 'A French.' Some judges like it and some judges don't.

"Often they'll say, 'How much can you spend?' The courts will allow you to say whatever price you give. And then they can say, 'Okay, that's good enough.' I hear the prices are a little higher now because the trade is a little less after the riots, but when I was working you could get just about any price you want, depending on the area you choose—the lower-class colored girls, higher-class colored girls, lower-class white girls, higher-class white girls, the colored call girls that'll come to your room, the white call girls. Generally on the street it would be five or ten dollars."

[9. REAL CLEAN-CUT-LOOKING]

"There are special places to work queers," he said to me, "and special police officers, too. Like I used to be a whore man. The whores would take me because I sort of more or less have an innocent-looking face, and I can dress real clean-cut-looking, and a lot of their conception of a police officer is a slovenly-looking guy. They look at them in a bad light to start with, see. I worked with prostitutes, but my partner Bill used to work with queers mainly. As easy as it was for me to get a prostitute, I had a heck of a time getting a queer, talking a queer into believing that I was trying to solicit him—or, you know, make him solicit me."

[10. ON BEING A FANATIC]

"A lot of times we'd pick up a prostitute coming in, back into the station. That's what I mean about my crew. We're fairly unusual. We work almost all the time. My sergeant was a fanatic. He's such a good officer that you can overlook some of the faults, like going for months and days without eating—you just don't take lunch. We used to eat in our car; we had a place over on Canfield that we'd get self sandwiches, you know, real large sandwiches. Well, when it came time to eat, if we were in the area, we'd swing over there and buy some sandwiches and go back into the productive numbers area and just circle around there looking for numbers as we were eating. We were doing two things at once.

"We worked nights on blind pigs—days we usually worked eight, eight-and-a-half-hour days—but nights on blind pigs we used to work from eight at night on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday night all the way to eleven o'clock in the morning. Because we'd get these blind pigs right at the end of the day, right at the end of our evenings, and then we'd have to process all these people, and make reports for court, and then one guy'd be elected to take the person to court, or the people to court, and it would be hectic.

"Bill and I, one time we were due to get off duty at two o'clock in the morning, and we were drinking in this one bar on Woodland—we also investigate liquor complaints in these bars—so we were drinking in this place, looking for something or other. It was about a quarter of two, we were coming back into the station, and these two prostitutes accosted us, and normally, I know a lot of guys would just pass it up, because

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it was too close to quitting. But we didn't. We had no idea of passing it up, and we got two of the best cases we ever got, they just laid everything on the line because we were a little high, and they just let caution to the winds, so to speak, and we took them in, and it turned out we had to work two hours overtime making out the paper on them. We missed our bowling that night; we were supposed to bowl with some people out at an all-night bowling alley. But we did it! When you have dedicated police officers, they *work*."

[11. THE TEACHER]

"I was quite pleased," he said, "that I had an opportunity to learn from my sergeant. He's a dedicated man, he's the most dedicated man in the precinct, or in the city as far as I'm concerned. He's taken more abuse than any one police officer I can think of, and he's still a working sergeant.

"Sergeant DeLavalla's been on the force for twenty-three years. This man is a fantastic police officer. He's gotten three departmental citations. (I got two regular citations, and I was supposed to be given four more, when the riots came; naturally they can't give a person a citation if he's suspended.) Very few people get departmental citations; very few get one in a lifetime. He's gotten three of them, and he's gotten so many just regular citations that I couldn't even give you a rough estimate.

"I wish I could tell you some of the stuff Vic was in. He got his stomach slashed from end to end by a queer in his younger days as a police officer. He stands a good chance of dying from hemorrhaging if he gets hit in the stomach. That hasn't stopped him one bit from being out there. If any one of us gets in trouble, he's the first guy helping us. Last year he spent a month straight in the hospital because he helped one of my more ignorant partners with a drunk. The guy was in plain clothes and he jumped a drunk before identifying himself. What you're supposed to do is put your badge in front of the guy's face, let him see it, identify yourself verbally, and then place him under arrest, and if he fights you, then, that's it. And this guy jumped his drunk and then said he was a police officer. The first instinct of the drunk was to start fighting. So Vic grabbed him, got him in a bear hug. And he was laid up for a month because of that. He cracked a narcotic ring when he was in the Narcotics Bureau, that extended over to Europe. And it was all due to his work. That was one time they gave him a citation; they gave him a citation for the queer; they gave him a citation for going into a burning building."

[12. HOW A GIRL GETS STARTED]

"They say society can't get along without some prostitutes in order to satisfy some people," he said. "They use the excuse that if there weren't prostitutes to satisfy these people they'd become sexual degenerates and start attacking children and stuff like this because they couldn't get their sexual desires appeased. But I don't think a sexual deviate goes after prostitutes anyway. Because I talked to prostitutes—just talking—and they say there are some people that have really odd sex drives in different ways, and they want them to do unusual things; and most prostitutes will go along with it as long as it doesn't hurt them, but they say the number of people who do this are very insignificant. Most of the Johns are businessmen from all walks of life that for some reason or other—I mean, their wife is pregnant, or something like that—they feel that working their anxieties off on a prostitute is a lot better than hurting their wife in some way. There are a lot of reasons they can give you that make you stop and think and say, 'Well, some aspects you could look at and say, "That's all right. You know, it has its place." ' But then you look at the prostitutes from my angle, and as far as I'm concerned they're just as bad criminals as rapists and anything else, because they contribute to any crime that you can name.

"There isn't a crime that I can think of offhand that you couldn't involve prostitutes or pimps in some way. Rape. Rape! Just thinking about rape you would say, 'Well, how could a prostitute or a pimp be connected with that?'

"But how do most prostitutes start out?

"You know, you don't just say, 'Well I'm going to be a prostitute.' Because you get women from Grosse Point, which is a very wealthy section of town, and they become prostitutes —and why do they become prostitutes? Not because they need money, but they want to please some guy, some pimp. They go to a bar downtown, and they meet this guy. He's smooth, you know. So she falls in love with him, and pretty soon he doesn't have enough money for something or other, and she wants to buy him something, and he says, 'On my bed.' This is common to him, you know, this is like drinking a cup of coffee in the morning—to know whores and everything. So she says, 'Well, it may not be that bad.' So he fixes her up with a real high-class guy—at first—and then he breaks her in, and he's shacking up with her all the time, so sex isn't that immoral to her any more as it used to be, and after a while it becomes just a chore. And after they get enrooted in the thing there's no way of backing out, because the pimp won't let them back out. They've been had, see? They've already given their money to him, they've already started, and most of the time they love these pimps. It's hard to believe, because the pimps beat them with clothes hangers. They'll take a clothes hanger and double it up and beat their backs, see, because the backs don't matter, the back isn't going to bring in any money. Johns don't look at the backs anyway, so they can beat them black and blue. I've seen a lot of prostitutes'll wear a real low-cut dress in the front and high-cut in the back because their backs are all bruised up. And they show us this stuff, they show us where the pimps beat their backs.

"So it initially starts with a rape. A pimp will rape a woman, and a woman will—well, it's a rape. A virgin is molested and she doesn't want to be. She comes from a halfway decent background, a lot of times; but it's done, see. And then he says, 'What if we have a kid? You going to turn me in? You going to send me away to jail?' These people have lives that you wouldn't believe.

"This one pimp, he owns a bar, down on Woodward, now, or not Woodward, on Gratiot—this guy started out in our precinct. Little punk, eighteen years old when he started out. Right now he's twenty, two years from there now, he's got at least ten girls working on Third Street, black and white, and he's got girls working in his bar down on Gratiot, in an all-white neighborhood, prostitutes, and he owns this place. And he owns a Cadillac and a '67 Malibu convertible. And he paid cash for both of them. He's got his own private attorney that just works for him. Twenty years old. And he's not even a citizen, as far as I know. He wasn't then. He was a citizen of Canada.

"Some of the girls that you meet when they first start out are clean, respectable girls, they're in transit, a lot of them are

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in transit and they go to Wayne State University. They start going with some shady character who takes them to a couple of bars downtown like the Roxy, they meet these hoods down there, fall in love with one of them, and then it's only a couple of steps down. It's like narcotics, when they start out with marijuana and go to smoking opium—it's so *stupid.*"

[13. FOSTERING THE FLAMES]

"How much do you think that prostitution and pimps have to do with race difficulties in general?"

"I think that if it weren't for them to foster the flames you wouldn't have anything."

"Why is that?"

"Because any trouble I've ever seen that they've attributed to racial trouble in the city, like officers in trouble where they're trying to arrest a person, and he starts screaming, 'Brutality!' and the people come outside—they've always been due to either prostitution or pandering of some sort. Illicit practice. We have most of our trouble with white Johns coming into the colored neighborhood. Most of the time they'll look for prostitutes on John R. or Brush, and there are certain sections that are predominantly colored, and prostitutes in other sections are white. Just by the corner you can almost pick your kind of person. And I can remember many a time where guys will come into the station, and they're just beaten to a pulp and cut up. You wouldn't believe the extent that they're molested. And it's due to them cruising these areas for prostitutes, see, not knowing what they're doing, and either going into a house of prostitution and waiting for their tricks and being molested either by several prostitutes ganging up on a John, or the prostitutes' pimp, who sizes the man up as being worth taking. And they'll have prostitutes that'll have their pimps inside the closet of the room that they take the Johns to. And it's a rather precarious position once your pants are down and you can't do a whole lot of struggling. You're at their mercy. I wouldn't even venture a guess as to how many Johns get themselves beat up and in trouble and just don't want to report it."

[14. THE MURPHY GAME]

"The Murphy game," he told me, "is a big crime in Detroit." (Police Commissioner Ray Girardin had described the Murphy game to me: "I think it came from Boston originally"—and he began to talk with an Irish accent—"where the fellow would say, 'I know a lovely woman, name of Mrs. Murphy, who's dyin' to give it to you. Just pay me. She's waitin' for you up on the second floor.' The Murphy man collects. There's no woman there." All rolling of Johns by pimps, using their prostitutes as lures, is now loosely called Murphying; so even is stealing by gangs of prostitutes.) "Every weekend without fail," Senak said to me, "there's at least one man that come in to the Thirteenth full of blood and saying that he was looking for a girl and they jumped him. You'd be surprised how six or seven girls can work over a really tough guy. They could be on the street and do it. In fact they had one instance at Palmer and Brush, where the whores would wait till four or five o'clock in the morning, you know, when there was just barely a few cars on the street, and they'd line up right across the street, ten or fifteen of them, and the guy would be so petrified that he'd slam on his brakes and stay there, and the girls would stay in front of him, because they knew that the guy wouldn't run them down; the other ones would swarm around his car, open his doors, they went so far as to break the vent windows to open the doors—they'd have hammers with them—beat up the guys, steal their clothes and their wallets, and let them go."

[15. TROLLING ALONE]

"I had a prostitute one time," he told me, "I got a case on her on a Sunday morning as I was coming in to work. I used to go down Chrysler Expressway, and then come down Brush, just to see if there were any prostitutes on the street. Well, this one happened to be a new one to me, and so I made the move then. She was colored, this was a colored neighborhood. I drove by her, and she waved at me, so that I pulled in to the curb. She gave me half a case, she gave me a price as I recall but she wouldn't tell me what she'd do, she said, 'We'll talk about that inside.' According to procedure I wasn't supposed to go inside with her because I didn't have a back-up crew.

"This turned out to be one of the most notorious houses of prostitution in the precinct. She took me to her room, and she told me what she'd do, and at that time her pimp jumped out at me and knocked me down to the ground. He had no idea I was a policeman; they have more or less of a policy, the pimps do, that is—the prostitutes will fight you, a lot of them are known for fighting—but if the pimps have any idea there's a police officer around they won't come anywhere near the area. He thought I was just a John, and it was going to be a Murphy.

"So he knocked me to the ground, and he started, he kicked me a couple of times, and as he kicked me, my gun fell out. I usually carry it in the back of my trousers without a holster, because a lot of the prostitutes will frisk you before they give a complete act. So the gun fell out, and I grabbed for it, and as soon as he saw the gun he just took off.

"I got the prostitute on that deal. He ran out the door, and I got the prostitute and ran after him. And a cruiser was coming by, and he ran down the alley, and they caught him later. As I recall, the warrant was denied on that, because they took him for Attempt Robbery Unarmed, and he made no overt act other than an assault, so they kicked the case. This is something that police officers contend with every day. Most judges go on the premise that police officers are paid to risk their lives, and a robbery against you as a citizen isn't the same in any respect as a robbery against a police officer, because a police officer is supposed to have the means to protect himself, so the judges feel the person shouldn't have to pay so highly for it.

"I was reprimanded later by my sergeant for going into the place. We have a policy, only to protect our own men, to have back-up all the time; normally we work in twos or we work in two cars, where one car will back up the other car while we're trolling, that's what we call it, 'trolling for whores.' The sergeant, he was just concerned with my safety more than anything."

[16. NICE COUPLE]

"We used to stop for coffee in this one place on the night shift," he told me, "and it was about two-thirty or so, we were drinking coffee upstairs. I had to go to the bathroom, so I went downstairs, went to the john, I was coming out, and this fellow bumps into me. He says, 'Hey, I haven't seen you around here before.' I said, 'Well, we just stopped in, I'm with a couple of boy friends of mine upstairs.' He says, 'Is there anybody in the men's lavatory?' I said, 'Yeah, there are a couple of people in

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there,' He said, 'Well, let's go into the women's lavatory,' and we were right next to it. I said, 'Okay.' So we go inside, and as soon as we were through the door, he backs up against the door and starts pulling down his pants—and gives me a case. And it was kind of funny, because there were a lot of queers upstairs, see, in this one place—it's known for police officers going there for coffee, it's centrally located, plus it's near some queer bars, see, and this was after the bars let out. So I didn't want the other queers in the place to know I was a copper, because I used to play the bars. So I told this guy that we were going to walk through this area and to keep his mouth shut, and—you know, you've got to be forceful with these people, you can't count on them. So I went through there, and I had him by the arm, you know, like a lot of these queers walk hand in hand, well I was walking into there, so it was perfect; walked right by those queers, and not a one of them—you know, they looked up and they'd say, you know, 'Nice couple,' and all that stuff. They had no idea, you know. We did it so well, my sergeant didn't even know I went by with him! So I ended up waiting in the car for about twenty-five minutes, till he got suspicious from me not coming back for my cup of coffee."

[17. IT'S NO PROFESSION]

"Queers," he said, "fight a lot more than prostitutes. You can see why, if you look at it. A prostitute earns her living at this trade. If she's busted, she just takes it in her stride, more or less, most of them, this is generally what happens. But a queer, it's no profession to him. He could be anything from a ditch-digger to the vice president of General Motors Corporation—not saying that the vice president of General Motors is a queer. But there have been very high and well-thought-of people that were convicted, or at least went to court as queers, and on morals charges. So you got a different batch of people, and these people are going to—boy, they'll do just about anything. You can't trust them, see. A lot of them are family men, they have a lot of them that are married, and this one guy I got happened to be a fireman. This is another thing, that maybe my crew and my sergeant are different from a lot of police officers in Detroit, maybe, but a lot of police officers felt that because he was a fireman he shouldn't be convicted or taken to court for accosting. Well, we didn't think that, you know. I got a case on the guy, and that was it, and that's the way we feel with prostitutes, you know. Some prostitutes curry favor with a lot of police officers—or not a *lot* of police officers, but police officers—and you know they figure they should have favors done to them, and we just didn't feel that way. And this fireman, we took him to court."

[18. THE RIGHT TESTIMONY?]

"I had a case with a queer," Senak said, "with a judge from Dearborn. He was sitting in because we had a few of our judges died close together, and we couldn't have an election, so they brought these judges in to take their places. And this queer I brought in, I read the testimony—to get a case on a queer, you need everything but the cost factor; it's the same charge, Accosting and Soliciting—and in the testimony the man offered to fuck me, and I had 'fuck me' in quotes, and the judge looked up and said, 'You sure you're reading the right testimony?' Because a lot of times these officers, a lot of their cases will be almost about the same, because it doesn't vary that much, with prostitutes, and you get a general trend the way you work and you can usually write them up similarly, so the judge figured that I had got a prostitute the night before also and got the cases mixed up, see. I said, 'No, your honor, this is what they call it. They usually refer to it either as a fuck or a brown.' And when I said 'brown' he knew what I meant. The queer's attorney was all hopped up about that, too, because he figured that there was going to be a mistrial, that I'd used the wrong wording—but the guy himself knew that it was true, because he used it!"

[19. PRIVILEGE IN COURT]

"You know," he said, "you can't send a policewoman out on the street and let her have a John accost her, because the John might be influential. And if you take him to court you may find out that the John is high in society, so they don't want to step on anyone's toes."

[20. PREJUDICE AND FEAR]

"This," David Senak said, "is a kind of a bad subject. I don't know how you can take this. A lot of police officers aren't really college educated, and, you know, they haven't the greatest vocabulary in the world. You couldn't ask them to give you a definition of prejudice and expect a real dictionary definition. Over the years, see, after so many people say, 'Well, you're prejudiced because you believe in something,' they don't know that prejudice means 'a prejudiced conclusion.' So right off, their definitions are wrong—policemen's conclusions are anything but prejudiced in the first place. But they use the word, because people say, 'You're prejudiced.' Or 'bigoted.' If you could find a word in the middle that would express 'drawing a conclusion based on fact and personal experience'—well, that is what police officers generally feel. But they would tell you that police are prejudiced.

"Of course, these are dangerous grounds, and I'm giving you what I think. You take me. People say, without knowing me, they'll say, 'You're prejudiced, you know, because you're a police officer, so you're prejudiced.' Well, we're not prejudiced, I'm sure of that. But we do have certain conclusions, but they're based on fact, and they're not conclusions singling out any race, or anything like that, even though police officers will say, as a general statement, 'I don't like coloreds,' or, 'I don't trust coloreds'—because they happen to work in a colored area.

"I talked with some New York police officers, and depending on the area you're in, you're going to get a different opinion of who he dislikes. Some police officers in New York that work in all-Puerto Rican areas are going to be all anti-Puerto Rican. Most police officers can't realize that they're not anti-Puerto Rican or anti-colored, or anti-any-group-in-specific. They're anti-crime.

"This is hard for a lot of people to believe, and I did a lot of thinking about it, and this is my conclusion. They are actually anti-crime. Because you deal with a certain people—and I've had a little psychology, and conditioned responses to me are the center of the whole problem. And if people can believe that police officers have no way of knowing that they're being propagandized by their surroundings, they'd probably look at them in a little different light, a little better light. Policemen have no way of deciphering from just incidental things whether it's right or wrong, or whether it's going to lead to their being prejudiced or not.

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"A good instance is: A few weeks ago I read in the paper where the people in Brewster projects were saying that the police officers in the area—now this is a different precinct, the First Precinct—they were saying that police officers were shirking their duty and being prejudiced. And they use this 'prejudice' so loosely it's pitiful. But they said they were being prejudiced because they weren't coming to runs in Brewster projects as fast as they were in white areas.

"Well, police officers, one, are colored as well as white, they work integrated crews, so what one police officer does another police officer does, regardless of color. [At the time of the riot, there were approximately 250 Negro police officers in Detroit out of a total of approximately 4400.]

"I happen to know, from personal experience, of one example of why police officers may not bust lights to get to a run in the Brewster projects. More examples of this could be evidenced if you wanted to talk to other police officers. This one instance was where we had a run over there, it was a Friday or Saturday night, it was real crowded out, a lot of people, and too many runs for just one precinct to cover, so we had to go in there from Thirteenth on a run. It was an Attempt Robbery in progress—I can't remember whether it was Armed or Unarmed. So we got over there real fast, we just went down Mack, and we were there in a matter of seconds. Got over there and the guys were fighting in the middle of the grass of one of the houses. Jumped out of there. Got the guy—he had attacked an old man. They were two colored people. This old man backed off so we could deal with this guy. Well, we were wrestling all over that ground with him. After a little while we got him cuffed. We had five thousand people out there, screaming 'Police brutality!' and rocking our scout car. Wouldn't let us leave with the guy. And this man, this colored man who was standing there, he couldn't do a thing, the colored man who was being attacked. They didn't care about him. It was police brutality against the robber! For subduing him. In a colored neighborhood.

"Well, a lot of police officers, they'd just—it might not be evident, they might not say, 'Well, next time, I'm going to slow down and I'm not going to go over there very fast. Maybe the guy'll run away and I won't have to take this abuse.' But in the back of his mind he realizes this, whether conscious or otherwise, and the next time, if he's a little ways away and there's a red light, well, he'll stop for it! And he'll know that he's stopping for it because he doesn't want to go there. He may not realize the reason, and then when he tells someone else, 'Ainh, I don't have any trouble there any more, because I don't get there so fast. I wait till the trouble subsides.' And then the people say, 'Well, you're shirking your duty.' He's not shirking his duty because he doesn't know it.

"We have colored neighborhoods in our precinct where men will respond just as fast as any other neighborhood in the city, and this is the truth. I wouldn't lie at all, and I don't have to, you can ask other police officers. The people never give you trouble, very seldom have a run there, but when you have an emergency there, you get there. There are other areas, on Third Street, that are full of white people that do nothing but give you trouble—not to the extent of the Brewster project, because they're not as united in white areas as they are in the colored against the police officers, but they still do give you trouble, and police officers in that area will do the same thing they do in the Brewster projects. They're afraid. They're inwardly afraid."

[21. I CAME CLOSE TO SHOOTING HIM]

"My other citation," he told me, "was for an incident I had on Garfield and Brush. I was trolling for prostitutes at the time, and I turned the corner, and this prostitute waved to me, and so I was going to pull in to the curb, but it was all parked up, see, so I went slowly and motioned her to follow me around the block. So I turned the corner.

"Apparently she had some other John that tried to pick her up, and she got detained. Then in the meantime I was waiting for her, and these two guys came walking down the street, toward Brush, going west, and they saw me, and it's obvious, in a colored area like that, if a white man stops he's looking for a prostitute, so they opened the door and got in, and said, 'You want a girl?' I said, 'Yeah, that's what I'm here for.' They said, 'How about that girl walking on the other side of the street?' And I knew her, see? I said, 'Okay sure.' I could still get Accosting on them if I can't get the girl. So I said, 'All right, good.' So they said, 'Well, how much money do you have?' 'Five dollars.' They said, 'Well, give me the five dollars and I'll go get you the girl.' I said, 'Oh, no. Oh, no. I've had this before. You'll just run off with my money.' He said, 'How do I know you have the money?' So I kept my money in my left-hand pocket, wound up, so I pulled it out, and I had me ten or fifteen dollars there. I said, 'Here, I got the money. You get me the girl and I'll give you the money. I'll give *you* five dollars, too, when you come back.'

"I guess the guy got greedy, then. What I figured, their normal intent was just to get me a broad, or, if they could, get the money, and disappear. But he got shaky, and he pulled a knife and said, 'I want all your money.' And as he said that he hit me with his one hand in the face, and he went to grab for the money. The money was wadded up, see, and I could get a better grip than him. I had my hand on it. My left hand was occupied with him. And I was reaching back for my gun, so the first guy got out of the car, and this other one followed right behind him. The first guy, I imagine he had thought he was blameless in the Attempt Robbery Armed, see, because he tried to block me getting the guy that actually pulled the knife on me.

"So I pushed him aside, and he started running into an apartment building. I took after this man, the first man, so he started running down Brush toward Canfield, and I pulled my gun, and I stopped, and I told him to halt, I was a police officer. It was real lucky for him that he halted when he did. I came close to shooting him. I was kind of shaken up there. I think I would have shot him if he wouldn't have stopped."

[22. A GIRL FROM THE ALGIERS]

"We were in the Seven Seas Bar, across from the Algiers," he told me, "and my partners and I were drinking there separately. I must have been in a business suit, for a reason I'll tell you in a minute. Sometimes I'd be in a suit, as a businessman, as a college student—I wore a beard at one time. I used to play the beatnik. A lot of the areas these girls work, a certain type of person comes through. And on Brush and John R. they're mostly colored girls, and you could be anything. You know, they'll take on almost anything. If you go into some of the colored hotels, they have a clientele of businessmen; maybe there's a big office building near the place, where these guys know about this hotel, and the only people that frequent this

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place are from this one business. So they pretty much know if I come in in a sweatshirt and a beard that I'm not from this business. So I got to dress accordingly, in some places. Some nights my partner will dress well and I'll dress like a slob, and other times we'll switch off, or we'll be working together often, and we'll dress alike.

"So I bought this colored girl a drink, and she gave me the case in the car, and I said, 'Well, where are we going to go, then?' And she said, 'Well, we're going to go into the Algiers hotel. I got a room there.' She wanted twenty dollars—because it was unusually high. I said, 'Well, am I going to have to pay for the room, too?' And she said, 'Oh, no, I have my own room in the hotel, that's included in the price.' So I said, 'Okay,' so we walked over there, and as we were walking my partners came up, and we arrested her.

"She mistook me for the sergeant, when we finally made the arrest on the girl, so I must have been dressed pretty good. My partners were both kind of perturbed. So that's why, as I look back on it, I was probably wearing a suit and they were just wearing shabby clothes, so she just took me for the sergeant—and these other two fellows were older than I was, see."

[23. IT TAKES A SPECIAL GUY]

At different times I asked Ronald August and Robert Paille what they thought of David Senak as a policeman.

Paille said, "I can't speak too much for David Senak there but I feel that he's young and he could stand some more experience. He had been on the clean-up squad quite a bit. He was probably pretty good in that. But I don't think he's been out in the street too awfully much. In fact, I think he hasn't almost as much time as I do. I don't know, to me it seems that he could stand some more experience. I think every officer has to make a decision, you know, which could be deliberated for hours in court and everything else there, you know. But you've got to make the right decision. Something like that, when you get the riot and everything else there, you know, you know it's imperative that you make the right decisions. But everything happened so fast, you know, it was hard to really keep track of things."

"Dave," August said, "is a hell of a good police officer. They don't come any better than Dave. It takes a special type of a man to be a policeman, I think. They don't just come out of the thin air. If it was an easy job, which I think most people think it is an easy job, all you do is drink coffee, they tell me. But he has ambition to fight crime, so to speak. He was a good vice man, or a good clean-up man, so to speak. You put him in plain clothes and put him out there on the street, and he knew the tricks of the trade. Now when I talk about tricks of the trade, he knew how to mix with the queers, with the homosexuals. Now me, to give me a job like that, I'd shrink down to this big"—a thumb and forefinger an inch apart. "I just don't want nothing to do with it. But Dave was a—I worked a little clean-up myself, trying to make a sale on a Sunday, you can't buy whiskey anytime on Sunday, but buying beer before noon is taboo, so I worked clean-up for a week. I don't know, you go down there and you talk chummy-chummy to the bartender, and then you turn around and slap him on the back with a summons. I didn't care for that kind of work. It takes a special guy—I'm trying to explain to you what it takes to be a good police officer, and then it takes something else to be a good vice man. It's just a different experience altogether. But Dave Senak is—well, let me stack him up against myself. I think he's a better police officer than I am, because he's just got the knack, let's say."

Auburey and His Circle

[1. THE FORK IN THE ROAD]

THIS IS THE HARDEST PART of this book to write. I want to bring out before your eyes and ears some aspects of the life of a young black man in a city, in the circle of his family and his friends. My own being has been at a distance from being black, and I want, if I can, to narrow that distance here, at least, by a careful looking and listening. This will be but a substitute for the reality that a black writer could give you at this point; I am what I am.

I have chosen Auburey Pollard as the one for us to try to get to know. Of the three young men who were killed at the Algiers, Auburey was somehow in the middle. White society confronts every black youth in this country with a fork in the road when he is about ten or eleven or twelve; one path takes him on through some schooling, to some jobs, to living more or less "straight," to a never easy accommodation, or to a running conflict, with the rules and demands of the white world; the other path takes him apart, into fighting the system without perhaps even knowing, at first, that he is doing so, into scraps and scrapes, into trouble with the police, into jail, into a hustling life, and at last into a constantly harassed alienation from which no turning back had been devised in Auburey's time, though Malcolm X seemed just before his death on the verge of such an invention. Carl Cooper had a police record; Fred Temple had none. Auburey, very late indeed, was still teetering. He had been in trouble with the authorities once, for hitting a teacher in school, but he was struggling against both the bitterness of his existence and his own combative nature; struggling, at the same time, to have a little fun, and to be as bold, as open, and as attractive as Carl. He might have gone either way.

Blood brothers could go divergent ways. One of Auburey's brothers, Chaney, the Marine, was clearly on the "straight" path; another, Robert, who was in prison when Auburey died, was on the path of estrangement. Auburey, as his father said, had yet to find himself.

[2. HE HELPED ME]

When I first asked Mrs. Pollard to tell me about Auburey, her reflex response had to do with health. "Really what bothered me when he was real little," she said, "he was so sick till I had to take him to Ford Hospital. And when he was thirteen I had to have him operated on at Harper Hospital; he had a hernia. When he was real small, he couldn't keep nothing on his stomach, he didn't have too much of a stomach. But they used some chemical drugs, built him up a lining, and after his

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operation he was pretty strong, a pretty well boy, he helped me around a lot."

[3. I BEEN MAKING IT]

Concisely, Mrs. Pollard told me the story of her life. "I been living in Detroit since '43"—the year of the Belle Isle race riot. "Before that I lived in Tennessee, Knoxville. I left home after my mother died, I didn't want to stay home, so I run off. So I been making it on my own. I worked from one job to another job, but I was figuring someday I could marry and have my family here, which I did; you see I wanted to have my own home, which I did, and I said I wanted to have a nice car for them, which I did. That's just it. Me and my husband was together, over twenty-two years we been together—till this happened.

"I go out and do day work. I work from one family to another. I worked for one family for ten years, and their kids feel just like a part of me, you know. I been there since they was real small. They treat me very nice. I'm a laundress for them. I keep all their clothes done up. Recently they gave me two days, usually I had just one day. They knew when this happened; I called them, you know, let them know I couldn't come, you know, my boy getting killed like that. I don't much feel like working now. I just can't run away from it. I feel if I could just go on, leave, and go this place and that place, maybe I could forget about things. If I could feel that I could go, you know, from one town to another town, I think I could feel much better. Just see something different and be around different things, you know; I think I'd feel better. I'm not going in my house over there, it makes me sick. I don't want no part of that house. I lived there ever since '55."

The Pollards had five children: Chaney Clay, who was twenty-one when his brother died; Auburey Dows, who was nineteen; Tanner Lorenzo, eighteen; Robert Jewel, seventeen; and Thelma Florence, sixteen.

[4. AN ARTIST]

"Auburey went to McMichael," his mother told me, "and he was good on art. He went to Pattengill first. Then he went to a school where they could learn him how to read and write good, because he was sort of hard to learn. Then after he learned that they put him in McMichael; then from McMichael he went to Northwestern.

"He loved to do art, which he was a very good drawer. He was a very good artist, he had papers to go to Woodward Avenue somewhere to a school there, where he could do professional art work. He won two certificates. He made a book of all American ships, I have a certificate to show for it, which it went to New York City and then they brought it back to Wayne State University and put it on exhibit down there.

"My husband was in the Navy, he used to take Auburey to see the ships and show him the different ships he was on, like out to Belle Isle when they had them parked, you know, he'd take him down and let him see the ships he was on. My husband was all over in the war; he was overseas for three years, three years and four months I think he stayed overseas. And he always wanted his boys to go in the Navy, and Auburey said, 'Dad, I'm going into the Navy, I want to be a Navy man.' And Chaney said, 'I'm not going in the Navy because I want to be in the toughest outfit they got, the U.S. Marines.' "

[5. DO FOR YOURSELF]

"We were just a common family," Mr. Pollard told me. "We laughed, we talked. Sometimes I was liable to go out and buy some shrimp, barbecue them all in the shells, stew them down with butter and pour a barbecue sauce over them, and we sit in the middle of the floor and put newspapers there, and nobody but the four boys and myself, and we'd sit there and jolly-bo gig, because my daughter, she wouldn't eat them; we'd sit there and jolly-bo gig, floor show, get up and go swimming—I swim as hard as each one of them! Get out in the back yard and shoot marbles—I shoot marbles as hard as any one of them! I shoot for keeps, I don't be playing; but you know, after I'm through with them, I'd give them back to them. And we'd play ball, I taught them how to play football, I begged them to play football, I had only one would play football, and he only played in one game; that was my baby boy. But now far as sports, boxing, or being rough, I'd tell them you cannot grow up in this world depending on the other fellow. Know how to do for yourself. Don't take advantage of nobody, but know how to do for yourself. Regardless if it's to make up your bed, fix a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich, or clean up your room, shine your shoes, or wash your underwear, know how to do it for yourself. See what I mean? Because you'll go a long ways like that. There's nothing dishonest about that. The good book says, 'God bless the child that has its own.' They don't have to be nothing big, nothing like Rockefeller, now, or Henry Ford. There's an old saying, see, that's like this:

I cannot do the big things that I should like to do,
To make the world forever fair, or the skies forever blue,
But I can do the smaller ones that help to make it sweet,
Through tempests that rise and clouds that pass.

Now, I got it portionally wrong, but it's really a true fact: Everybody cannot do the big things, but you can do some of the small things that help to make it sweet."

[6. LIFEGUARD]

"He loved to swim," his mother said. "He was a lifeguard one while—YMCA was one of the places, and at Kronk Recreation Center, he was a lifeguard there. He had a card, he was very good, he was a lifeguard."

[7. RIGHT IN A CIRCLE]

"Auburey, Tanner, Robert, Chaney and myself, we all used to go swimming," Mr. Pollard said. "We used to go swimming at Northwestern there, and the guys used to say, 'Is that your daddy?' 'Yeah, that's my daddy!' 'He don't look like your daddy.' 'Well, that's daddy over there.' We were right in a circle. We'd all go swimming, then we'd go home.

"Fishing, the same way. Sometimes we used to go up to Canada, we'd leave like on a Friday, we'd stay Friday, Saturday, up till Sunday sometimes. We used to fish up around Pillsbury, all the way up. We used to even take their mother with us, sometimes. But she didn't want to go because she had to cook—coffee *all* the time. 'That's all I do, is cook.' And she's scared of bugs. We went fishing I don't know how many times. We used to love fishing. You know how boys like to roam, you know, and get out. And I used to take a neighbor's kid, if I liked the neighbor's kid, if he was an adjustable kid, a

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mannerable kid, an understandable kid, I'd take him, too, with mine. I'd take him right along, and we'd have a beautiful time!"

[8. LOOKED LIKE THEY HAD SOME MONEY]

Robert Pollard, whom I visited in prison, told me about one time, while he and Auburey were small, when he had drawn his older brother into trouble. "We were just walking around," he said, "and we saw a house, looked like they had some money in it, because it was real big, and they had a lot of stuff in there, so we just went on in. First we knocked on the door. If somebody come to the door, we was going to ask for somebody, a name or something, 'George,' or something like that. 'Oh,' we'd say, 'we got the wrong number.' Like that. 'Excuse us. Sorry.' Walk on away. Wasn't nobody there. The door wasn't open, we had to go through the back. We had two more guys with us, and they took a lot of junk home to their mother and gave it to her. The mother asked where he got that stuff, where all this junk come from, you know, perfume and checkers and stuff like that. His mother smacked him and made him tell. At first he wouldn't tell her, but she smacked him and made him tell. He told her about me and my brother Auburey and his brother, that we went and broke into a house. She called the police and brought the police over to my house. Said I had been a bad influence—*I* was, not my brother—said I was a bad influence on her son."

[9. IT'S WHO YOU KNOW]

"When he was small," Mr. Pollard said, speaking of Auburey, "he always wanted to box. Well, I used to box a little bit—never was a professional, but I was what you call every-guy-says-he's-good, and I had a hell of a left, I thought, which I did, pretty good for a hundred and forty-five pounds. I was supposed to be a professional after I came out of the service, but you know how guys are, they meet those big-leg girls, and that's *all;* you're through with boxing. No more boxing. You're boxing, but not like *that* no more. So this kid, he always wanted to box, so I shaped him up, I got him sweat pants, sweat shirt, gloves, all that; I used to run him, sometimes we used to go to Northwestern, polices seen us many a day, running. Lot of times, police would say, 'What you doing?' And I'd say, 'Training my son.' He was supposed to fight Golden Gloves, I went to see about him fighting Golden Gloves, but the guy wanted to tell me I had to go back over here somewhere, I don't know where it is, off Genese, so I never could find it, I'd find it when I wasn't looking for it. But I knew boxing was a dirty racket. I used to tell him, 'It's the dirtiest racket in the world.' It's not what you know in boxing, it's who you know, which"—and Mr. Pollard added this with great emphasis—"*is in everyday living*. It's not what you know. You can know too much, and then you're through. You can know just enough, and you won't make it. You don't have to know nothing, and if the right guy likes you, well, then they say, 'You've won the game!' So this boy, he was a good kid, so I used to train him. He started out, I guess, about fourteen or fifteen, I used to train him all the time. I used to have speed bags, I used to keep two speed bags; I built him a punching rack down in the basement. Then we all lifted weights; I used to have weights for them, too. We'd run maybe, sometimes at night maybe fifteen, twenty, twenty-five laps at a time. And my baby boy, he used to run along with us and laugh all the time. And the fellow, Auburey, it was kind of hard for him at first, because you got to run on your toes, see what I mean, flat-footed is no good for a boxer, and it builds up his calf of his leg, that's what it's for, so he can move at all times. When he loses his legs, he's lost everything. And when he's past twenty-eight, he's through; a lot of people don't know that. So I always told him, you got to keep your legs in good shape. And which he worked for, which he became where he could stand up and defend himself and take care of himself. I didn't have to worry about him taking care of himself, because I knew he had the moves and the stamina to do it."

[10. HE WOULD HELP THE OTHERS]

In time the self-sufficiency in the springy calves of Auburey's legs, and in the good left he learned to deliver, came to represent his main validity as a person. His friends admired it, feared it, and prized it. It was his pride, and it became his curse, as he began to wonder whether people kept him around because they liked him or because they liked having a bodyguard. "Do for yourself!" His father's ferocious drive for Auburey's independence of spirit and force of fist may have been—saddest irony of a short life—what brought him to the Algiers and to death.

"He was a nice person," Sortor said, as his total characterization to me of Auburey, "but he had a quick temper, you know. If somebody would push him around, he'd fight them." "He wouldn't start fights," Lee said, "but he wouldn't refuse a fight if it came to it. He would help the others in fights." "When something happened to me," his brother Robert said, "like be fighting or something, I'd go get him and he always helped me out. He just could box real good."

[11. SORTOR]

"Him and Sortor was old best friends," Mrs. Pollard said to me. There were, in fact, starting when they were all eight or nine, two pairs of friends, Auburey and Sortor, and Lee and Carl. The boys all called everyone by first names except James Sortor. He was plain Sortor, or sometimes Brother Sortor. "He don't sound like calling him James," Lee explained to me once. Of course, I did not meet Sortor until after Auburey was dead and Carl was dead—two of his oldest friends—and what had happened had "made Sortor kind of cold," as Carl's mother had told me. He sat, head covered—I never saw him in the house without a hat or headrag on—with a steady stare, almost a glare, his humor coming out in pushes of vocal energy which did not seem to touch his lips in passing but briefly fanned up the embers in his eyes. I came to admire his courage, as he broke himself of the dangerously serious drinking he had fallen into, in his mourning and numbness after the Algiers incident. He had two tones of articulation as he told a story, one straight-out and monotonic, the other, coming whenever he quoted dialogue, suddenly deep-throated, man-to-manly, and exaggeratedly animated; it was as if his words were expressed through two entirely different media. When I knew him, his father, laid off from Chrysler, was drawing unemployment compensation; his mother worked in a laundry; three of his four sisters lived at home.

[12. FIFTEEN DAYS IN DEHOCO]

"This teacher," Mrs. Pollard said to me, "his name was Mr. Sunday—I went to school to see about Auburey. He accused Auburey of things he wasn't doing . . ."

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"They said Mr. Sunday was a football coach, or something like that," Tanner, Auburey's younger brother, said to me, giving me what would have to be called hearsay. "He was big and fat, too. He wasn't a bad teacher, he was a nice teacher, but he always made jokes on people in school. And he'd smack people on the side of the head, you know, people who'd been complaining. And some of the students would get mad at him."

Richard Sunday, who was thirty-seven years old when this incident took place in February 1965, had for eight years been teaching "special education," a program for slow students, at Northwestern High School. He recently told Ladd Newman that in his time at Northwestern he has had three serious discipline cases, and that Auburey Pollard was the first of these.

Everything this teacher says about Auburey has to be measured against one statement he made to Newman—namely, that Pollard was known to be a black militant. If there was anything Auburey, and all of his friends, for that matter, Lee and Carl and Sortor and Michael, were *not*, it was "black militant." There was not a breath of politics in them; perhaps they would have been better off as men had they been able to attach themselves to a political idea. The indiscriminateness of this judgment by a teacher who had had eight years to develop the keenest of insights is exactly equivalent to the indiscriminateness of the executions of such diverse youths as Carl Cooper, Auburey Pollard, and Fred Temple, as if they were all black militants, which none of them was, or snipers, which none of them was, or pimps, which they were accused of being but which none of them was. If Auburey was a black militant in Mr. Sunday's eyes, then he was truly invisible to the man who had him in class every day.

Sunday was frank to tell Newman that he had been afraid of some of his students. "Some time when one of them is about thirty," he said to Newman, "down on his luck, out of a job, I wouldn't doubt he'll come back and try to kill me." Newman asked Sunday why he stayed at Northwestern if he was so fearful of young black militants. "I don't care about color," he said. "This is an inner-city school. I doubt if there's one white person here. I'm proud of my job; I'm not going to let anyone run me out. Our kids know they're getting more help than they could anywhere else. We're one of the few schools open twelve months. None of our kids was jailed during the riots. We had better attendance during the riots in summer school than our regular attendance."

Speaking of Auburey, Mr. Sunday said, "He probably had an IQ of 70, but I can't say that for sure. He was pretty high-strung. He was one of those whose veins and nerves are bulging."

"Auburey told me before it happened," Thelma Pollard said to me, "that he was going to get into a fight with him. He said the teacher accused him of things he didn't do. He called him a hoodlum and the leader of a gang. He said he wasn't the leader of that gang, period. The teacher just blamed that on him.

"See, Central came up to Northwestern—Central's a high school—and they started a fight, and somebody yelled to run and get Auburey, and in fact he could fight real good, and he was beating them all up, so the teacher called him a ringleader, and the teacher called him a punk."

Sunday said to Ladd Newman that 150 kids from Central High School had come to Northwestern "with guns, knives, and everything," looking for Auburey Pollard. "This is something like New York," the teacher said to Newman. "There's a gang for every street"; and it was known around school, he said, that one of the gangs was after Pollard.

"That day," Tanner told me. "Auburey was sick and he didn't want to go to school." "He had a headache," Mrs. Pollard told me, "because he had sinus, see, because I took him to a doctor."

"He said he had a headache in school," Thelma told me, "so he asked the teacher could he go home, and so the teacher said he wasn't sick, but he was, and so the teacher called him a punk, so he got mad at him and hit him."

"He accused Auburey of things he wasn't doing," Mrs. Pollard said to me. "Him and Auburey had a few words, so he hit Auburey, before all the classroom, so Auburey beat him up."

"When you're ill," Sunday said to Newman, "you have to go to the health clinic. At the health clinic, if there's no one home, they won't send them because you know they could go home and die. Auburey said he was sick. I sent him to the clinic. He called home and no one was home, so they sent him back. He got very angry and said, 'I'm going home and no one's going to stop me.' I told him to sit down at his desk and lay his head on his hands and stay there. Then I got careless. I usually don't turn my back—like the old gunman days in the old West. But this time I got lazy. This time I did, and I got hit across the back of my head. He hit me with his hands. He had four gold insignia rings on each hand. They worked just like brass knuckles." Sunday said he went down on his knees and could hear Auburey cursing him; and that Auburey went on hitting him on the arms, back, and head until he was nearly unconscious and another teacher came in and pulled Auburey away.

After this incident, Mr. Sunday felt that incarceration in Northwestern High School would no longer be sufficient for Auburey Pollard. "He went downtown," Thelma told me, "and took out a warrant on him. Auburey had to go to court for it." Sunday told Newman that his fellow teachers were surprised when he pressed charges. "They done took Auburey," Mrs. Pollard said to me, "and had a trial without even telling me. And when we were back in court, because he was up for sentence, and we'd gone back, and when the judge read out the ticket"—the judge, Mrs. Pollard told me, and this will be a matter of interest later in this account, was the Honorable Robert E. DeMascio—"he say he going to let the students know they couldn't fight with a teacher. And he said that Auburey was prejudiced, hitting him on account of prejudice. Auburey didn't hit him for prejudice. Auburey hit him for calling him a hoodlum. And Auburey had said, that teacher, the next time he hit him on the back, hit him before the class, he was going to hit him back. So when he hit Auburey on the back, Auburey started beating on him. I want to give it to you straight. They sent him up right away for fifteen days"—to the Detroit House of Correction. He was sentenced on March 10, 1965. "At Dehoco," Mrs. Pollard said, "he had to fire the furnace every day."

[13. NO MORE TROUBLE]

"After Auburey got fifteen days," Mrs. Pollard told me, "he never got in no more trouble. He said, 'Momma, I can walk

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over things now.' Said, 'Momma, I don't want to get in no more trouble, I ain't about to go out there no more.' Whatever they did to him out there, he never did want to go back no more. He didn't bother Mr. Sunday no more, he didn't bother no teacher, ain't bothered a soul since."

[14. LITTLE BROTHER, DON'T DO THAT WAY]

Robert, the youngest Pollard boy, seemed to be getting in trouble a lot. Once a fur hat was stolen from a J. L. Hudson truck, and the police suspected Robert.

"I remember when the policemen came to the house," Thelma told me, "and they came in and searched the house, without a search warrant, too. They just came on in, there was about three or four cars, looked like somebody had really stole something, or somebody'd been murdered, you know. But I don't know, Robert, he didn't take nothing off none of them, you know. They'd tell him to shut up, and he'd say, 'I don't have to shut up in my own house.' "

"Robert shouted at the policemen," Mrs. Pollard said, "'You don't talk to me that way in this house. This is my house. Don't you come in here swearing and yooping and yelling around. This is my house. You have no right in here without a warrant. Hit the door! Get out! I tell you, man, hit the door' "

"So," Thelma said, "they was getting ready to hit Robert, and Auburey ran down the steps like a light. He was going to beat them up if they hit Robert. Auburey'd been nice enough to let them in the house. But the policemen didn't really search around much, because there was two white policemen, and they had known Auburey and Robert and me, and they came downstairs and said they had searched, but they hadn't really. They were pretty good friends. But the hat wasn't anywhere anyway."

"After the police left," Mrs. Pollard told me, "Auburey, he said, 'Little brother, don't do that way.' He said, 'You shouldn't ought to do no policeman that way.' "

[15. WELDING ALL THE WAY AROUND]

Of all the young men who witnessed the Algiers Motel incident, I have only been able to find that one, and that was Auburey Pollard, was touched at any point by the $231 million spent on anti-poverty programs in Detroit under the Cavanagh administration. Some time after his fight with Mr. Sunday, Auburey dropped out of school, and on October 10, 1965, he enrolled in the McNamara Skills Center, which operated under funds provided by the Manpower Development Training Act and was supervised by the Detroit Board of Education. "He took up welding," Mrs. Pollard said, "and so he learned to weld all the way around, he got 348 hours of welding. He made twenty dollars a week while he was learning it, so after he learned it real good he was a arc welder. He wanted to go into commercial art, but my husband didn't approve of it, because he said you couldn't make no money as a artist. But I think he could have made money. But his father didn't want him to, he wanted him to take up a trade, so he took up welding."

The Skills Center records show that Auburey did not complete the course but dropped out on January 28, 1966, to take a job with the T. L. Gersack Company. "They first put him in a little bitty small place," Mrs. Pollard said. "He didn't like that."

Mr. Pollard made a comment to me one day on anti-poverty programs. "It's just pitiful how the Negro, just all the Negroes in Detroit, and the ones with money and without, they do not understand that without one ball you cannot bounce. Don't look for no pity. No sympathy. Nobody going to give you that. Know what I mean? Patting you on the back, that ain't going to help you none. If I can't run, you can pat me all day, and hell, I'll still be sitting here. But if I make up my mind I want to run, seeing everybody else run, I'll get up and go right along with them. I might be a little slow. A friend of mine says, you know, he says, 'I might not be a racehorse but I'm a Shetland pony running on the racetrack with all the racehorses. I might be way back here, but I'm still running.' "

[16. SUPPOSED TO BE A PRETTY GOOD JOB]

Employment records of the Ford Motor Company show that an Auburey Pollard was hired at the Rouge complex on October 20, 1966. "He was a arc welder at Ford's," Mrs. Pollard said to me. "Supposed to be a pretty good job. Sometimes his eyes were bothering him, because the first job they got for him, he burned his cuticles in his eyes, didn't have his mask right, probably. So he worked at Ford's on arc welding."

[17. DECIDE A WHOLE LOT OF THINGS]

Toward the end of his life, Auburey began to feel that he was something of an outsider with his friends; they were using him as a fighter, they didn't really like him. Part of the basis for this feeling may have been established in the fall of 1964, when all three of his best friends were sent as juvenile delinquents to the Boys' Training School, in Lansing. "They sent me up for B. and E.," Sortor told me, "Carl for B. and E., Lee for car theft. Me and Carl, we was in the same place. There was about thirty-six in a cottage; we wasn't in the same cottage, you know, his cottage was over further than mine, but we'd see each other when we come out to go to our details, used to talk to each other."

"At the Training School," Lee said to me, with a faint smile at his lips, "they showed you how you could get along without taking cars and without stealing and stuff like that. That you don't have to do anything like that. It was all right, though. You had a chance to study and decide a whole lot of things before you got out. I was office boy. I got out about a month before Carl, three weeks at the most. Sortor got out a week after I did."

[18. A LESS HAPPY CIRCLE]

"I don't hate no policemans," Mr. Pollard said to me one day, speaking of the kind of justice black men and boys get in Detroit, "don't hate no judges, but if justice is going to be—when *I* do wrong, I gets fined, I suffer for it, and I don't expect any more. I could ask for leniency, but I really don't expect it, because I'm poor. But as far as the Negro, he lives in the ghettos, he doesn't know anything else but the ghettos, his parents teach him that because he comes up that way from a little small fellow, to get what you can—grab, quick! The Negro is looked upon as a minority group. Anything that he does, everybody see it. If you think I'm lying, go down to court tomorrow. You'll see how many—now"—and he began to count white suburbs on his fingers—"out in Dearborn, they got their own court; Birmingham, they got their own court; Redford, they got their own court. Murder, regardless to *what* it is, unless there's a case where they bring it downtown, but they keeps it out. What does this do with the Negro? It puts

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him in a circle, puts him in one little circle. And every one of them, he got to go down in front of Judge DeMascio, Judge Davenport, and the rest of them. It's a racket, that's all it is! It's the politicians. They work in a circle. You can see the money moving. You don't have to be blind unless you're stupid!"

[19. SHE TAUGHT HIM ABOUT LIFE]

"This one time," Sortor told me, "I come out of the Training School, home leave, and I seen Auburey. He say he was staying with his older sister. I say, 'Come on, man! I know you ain't got no older sister.' It was a woman named Toni; she had a place of her own."

I asked Mrs. Pollard later if she had liked Toni. "Like her? How could I like her? She's older than I am! Her son was a friend of Auburey's. She liked boys, she taught him about life. Auburey wasn't but seventeen years old, and she took him in, her own children sleeping in the house and she's sleeping with Auburey. Once when a boy of hers had a burst appendix, Auburey took him in his arms and carried him to the hospital. It was right then, while they was waiting for news from the hospital, that she took Auburey. Auburey told me he loved Toni, told me not for me to break it up. I didn't break it up. She's the one broke it up!"

"When Toni wanted to break it up," Sortor told me, "she had two men, one named Mac and another one, up to her flat waiting for him when he come in, they was going to beat Auburey up. But Auburey beat *them* up. They went down and made a complaint against Auburey, and he got taken down there, and they made him put up a peace bond"—a device used by the Wayne County Prosecutor's Office, which has no legal force but is simply a warning to contentious persons to cease combat for a given time or face prosecution.

[20. EQUAL FRIENDS]

Sortor and Carl and Lee were back from Training School. "We was all equal friends," Sortor said. "Everybody liked the other guys. Whenever one of them got down to the police station, we'd go down and see what they got him for, and the police would say, 'Well, he got to go down to court for something,' so we'd leave him some cigarettes and candy. Carl and Lee had cars. But Lee's Bonneville was broke, so we'd drive around in Carl's—a '63 Grand Prix. We'd ride to the Twenty Grand, and go out to the White Castle, around there, go to after-hour parties. Sit around playing records, drinking a little beer. Where we was going, they used to know us, they was just a place where a guy liked to throw a little party, you know, after a dance."

[21. ON BEING BEATEN UP]

The Twenty Grand was the boys' favorite place. "It's one of the most popular spots as far as the Negro grass roots," Al Dunmore, editor of the Negro *Michigan Chronicle*, told me. "They have a bowling alley there. They have a hall which is available for quantities of dances, plus most of the blues and rock-and-roll outfits, the second-line Motown artists—this is the stepping stone to the top white places, like the Roostertail and the Elmwood. It's a place where you can pick up a girl. You go in the door, and you sit at a table, and shortly after you'll be sitting by a girl."

One night at the Twenty Grand, Sortor told me, "some friend went up to Auburey and said I was going to shoot him, you know. So he came over there to see me before I'd shoot him, we was talking. When I first went in the Twenty Grand I seen him and went up to him and shook hands, walked around and talked for a little while, so I said, 'I'm going on over here on the other side of the floor, man.' He said, 'Okay, I'll see you around here.' I said 'Okay' And so I went over there and set down and talked with two or three girls, you know, then I seen Pratt and some more girls talking with Auburey, next thing I know he ran over there and hit me on the side of my head, see."

"Him and Sortor was fighting," Auburey's younger brother Tanner said, "and the police turned around, and Sortor got away some way. Sortor had said something, told everybody Auburey was going to kick his butt, or something like that, so Auburey went over there and started fighting with Sortor, and so everybody was standing around watching, and the police, they came over and they grabbed Auburey and they started beating him up, and then they grabbed Sortor, and the next thing I know they let Sortor go, and so I was standing there, watching them beat up Auburey, and so everybody was talking about, 'That's your brother, you know, why don't you go on and help?' And I say, 'No.' So finally I just walked up there, and I say, 'That's my brother.' So the policeman turn and say, 'What? What?' I say, 'That's my brother.' So he turned around and hit me. So then some more policemen came over and started hitting me, and so we started fighting.

"There was so many polices, you know, they didn't beat me that bad, they just got in a couple of hits, but they was swinging so fast, you know, I was moving out the way, and they was hitting each other. I'd duck down like this, you know, and this one policeman's hand would just go on over and hit the other one. There was so many of them, you know how it is, hitting one person. There was so many policemen that they probably beat up they own self, beat up each other.

"And so anyway they took us down in the basement, to this little room. That's when they beat me up, when they took me down there. One of them was holding me, and another was talking about, 'Where do you get hitting me at?' I said, 'I didn't hit you.' And he say, 'Yes, you did.' Other one says, 'That's the one. That's the one hit you. Go ahead.' And then one policeman run up to you and hit you, and then another one run up to you and hit you. And then they'd hold you up, you know, and hit you in the stomach and stuff, you know, and hit you in the teeth, you know.

"This one big fat guy, he bashed my leg and my spine. And knots all over my head, broke my tooth off, and all that. I had a couple of cuts from the sticks.

"And so they asked, 'Anybody got to go to the hospital?' Took Auburey downstairs, too, they was beating him up, too. They put a big flash, like, a mark across his face. They let Auburey go. But I was beat up so bad they had to take me to the hospital, X-rayed my leg and my spine. They said it was just all bruised up, that's all. And they X-rayed my head.

"And so anyway, that morning that they let me go from the hospital, I went to court and asked the judge, 'Could you send me to a lawyer?' He said, 'No, if you got a lawyer, you'd have to have your lawyer right here.' So he said, 'Do you want to go to court or not? If you don't want to go to court, we'll just take you back to jail.' And so I told him, 'Yeah, I want to

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go to court.' Because it was my first time that I'd ever been in a courtroom, I didn't know nothing about courts, too much. So the judge, he asked me, 'What happened?' I told him that the polices jumped on me. So anyway the judge gave me a year's probation and a hundred-dollar fine. It was Schemanske"—the Honorable Frank G. Schemanske, who will appear again here.

Tanner's date that night was a little blond, white go-go girl named Lucy. In her version of the fight at the Twenty Grand, Tanner's mother told me, "Lucy ran out of there, and the police was after her. They tried to rape her, but she got in a cab and got away."

Following up on this accusation of attempted rape, I got this story from Lucy:

"When me and Tanner went in, we went there to have fun, you know. I paid my admission and Tanner paid his. And we went to dancing, and Auburey was there, and I danced once with Auburey, and then all of a sudden about an hour later there was some scandaling going on, you know, and I noticed there was two guys, you know, and it seemed like it looked like Auburey, but I wasn't sure. As far as I see it, Tanner wasn't in it. What I did hear but I didn't see was that when Tanner tapped the guy on the shoulder to tell him something, you know, the policeman just turned around and whammed him. When the policeman did this, and there was a couple of policemen on Tanner, and I guess Tanner had to try to defend himself.

"And so after the fight was over with, a policeman came over to me, you know, after everything was quieted down, and he says, 'Where's the guy?' I says, 'What guy?' 'They says the guy that you came with.' I says, 'Why?' He says, 'He was fighting and he got away.' I says, 'Oh, really? I didn't know they was fighting. I didn't see him fighting. I thought it was somebody else.' I was just a little disgusted, you know, so I went around and talked for a while, you know, some other guy I danced with, I says, 'You know that guy I came in with?' He says, 'Yeah.' 'Did he leave, or what?' He said he didn't know. So I went around looking for Tanner. So I didn't see him, so I thought I might as well go. So I went, and some guy started following me, talking to me; it was an elderly guy around in his thirties, you know. I was going to catch the Grand River bus, it was about two blocks distance, you know. So I walked across Fourteenth, just right across the street, and I started walking towards the first building, you know, and the guy kept begging me, you know, like if I would take a ride with him, saying all kinds of junk, you know, and I began to get jumpy-like, seems like he gave me the impression he would go *urph!* and pull me somewhere, you know. And so I started to walk back, so I crossed back to Warren, over back to the Twenty Grand parking lot, saying, you know, 'Okay, I'll take your ride,' because he did say his car was in the parking lot, you know. I thought I would just say that because I thought he would grab me. I was scared about that, you know. He's still walking. He started walking ahead of me, you know, and then he started talking to a couple policemen, and so I went into a telephone booth, and I was going to call a cab, but I see a cab coming, so I jumped in the cab and went over to Tanner's house."

[22. THEY THOUGHT HE WAS BIG]

"If anybody wanted to borrow some money from Auburey, you know," Tanner told me, "he'd loan it to them. When he was working, he'd loan me about twenty dollars, and my sister some money and my mother some money and my father some money, boy across the street some money, his friends some money."

"When Auburey used to have money," Thelma said to me, "when Auburey use to work at Ford's, he used to give one of his friends money to buy things, he used to give him money to get his hair did and get his clothes cleaned—and when the friend had money he wouldn't give Auburey a quarter. When Auburey used to get his whole pay, he used to make just about a hundred and twenty dollars a week, and him and his friends would split it up, and then when his friends would get paid, they would get long gone with their money, wouldn't give him a penny. I told him to stop hanging around with them."

"Auburey used to think the boys was plotting against him," Lee said to me once when I visited him in jail, speaking to me through the visitors' glass, "because sometimes we wanted him along and sometimes we wouldn't take him. A lot of people were scared of him, because when he drank he could really fight."

"All that crowd is heading for is trouble," Thelma said to me, in a fiercely maternal mood. "They think they're slick. I think, one thing, if Auburey never would have been with them, he'd have never been where he is now. What did he like about going with that crowd? They thought he was big, because he beat up everybody for them. He could fight real good, that's probably why they liked him. He'd do all the fighting, while they'd stand back and watch."

[23. CARL AND LEE]

One trouble was that the pairs of friends were diverging. Carl Cooper and Lee Forsythe were very close and daring; Auburey and Sortor were more on the cool side. Sortor, having shared the experience of a corrective institution with Carl and Lee, was fraternal with them in a way Auburey could not be.

Carl Cooper, whom, of course, I never met, because he was killed along with Auburey at the Algiers, was seventeen years old when he died. Like Lee, he was small of stature: five feet five inches tall, 122 pounds in weight. He apparently dressed with a fierce and iridescent bravado; as we have seen, he loved clothes so much that he wanted to take up the trade of tailoring. He was the brightest spirit, the craftiest, the funniest, the most charming of the friends. "I had to whip him one time," his stepfather, Omar Gill, said to me. "One time. Once Carl got whipped. I told him then, I said, 'You act like a man, I'll treat you like a man. If you act like a child, I'll treat you like a child.' And I never had to bother him. He was a guy, just a good, good guy. He was a good guy, always had a pretty smile. I mean, you can't imagine until if you'd seen him, you would have just liked the guy. You know how you see people and you just like them right off? That's the way everybody was with him. On Sundays, you couldn't get into this house, with the young guys waiting to take him to the Twenty Grand. Just everybody came right here to see Carl. Boys, ladies, girls came to see Carl. That's what kind of guy he was."

"Me and Carl," Lee told me, "knew each other about ten years—from we was seven, eight years old. We was just everyday friends, sort of like brothers. We first got together over on Airport Road, used to stay over there, by the side of Grand

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River. After that we just sort of come up together. We was just like brothers. Like if I got in the House of Correction, Carl told me he slept to keep my time away faster. If one of us got in a little trouble, the other one was there to help. During the winter I guess I was getting in the most trouble—driving without a license, tickets, stuff like that. No serious trouble. Thirty dollars' fine to pay my ticket off, and eight days . . ."

The outside world treated Carl, to a large extent, not as a man but as a bothersome child, and he responded in kind. He managed to keep fairly steadily in trouble. He was arrested twice in the autumn of 1966 for driving without a license; thirty dollars, five days the first time; seventy-five dollars, ten days the second. A week before Christmas he was arrested for violation of the state narcotics laws—possession of marijuana; he was not tried for this until the following May. In February he was arrested in Highland Park for "Investigation of Disorderly Person"; nothing came of it. Toward the end of April he was arrested for driving without a license again; he failed to appear in court. On May 2, he was sentenced to sixty days in Dehoco on the drugs charge, and he was released just three weeks before the riots. Three days before them he was arrested in an alley south of Outer Drive and east of Kentucky on suspicion of Breaking and Entering; he fitted a complainant's description of a prowler in the backyard of 18300 Indiana, and he had on him a gold ring with three stones and a Benrus watch, which may have been his and may not have been.

"Once," Mrs. Gill said, "a colored police talked to Carl, and he said, 'The boy dresses nice and all,' he said, 'I don't understand it.' He said, 'Carl,' he said, 'why do you go out in the white neighborhoods?' Carl said, 'I go out there because they have everything,' he said, 'we have nothing.' And they made him see a psychiatrist, and he said there wasn't anything wrong with Carl, but he said if Carl got caught, and if he had a friend, said he never was going to involve a friend. Just may as well get used to that, you know. So a lot of things he got in trouble about, he just took the blame for it, you know. In fact, he had just been home a month on the day he was killed. He did sixty days in the House of Correction for narcotics, which was he had come from the barbershop, you see, and this other fellow had left the stuff in the car. He was trying to make a U-turn, trying to give the stuff back to the fellow soon as he realized it was there. The police stopped him, you know, for making an improper U-turn, and so when they got him to the station and told him to put everything out, he did, he put the bag up there, and it had marijuana in it. So he wouldn't tell on the other fellow. I tried to get him to tell, I said, 'This is really going to go hard on you now,' and had to get him out on bond and lawyer's fee and everything, you know, but still he wouldn't tell."

Lee Forsythe, who was two years older than Carl and almost exactly his size, walked, when he was "going around," with a bantam straightness in fine wild clothes, under a high and slick pompadour, his eyes wise, his speech understated and soft, an ironic smile of detachment and fearlessness covering every speech that might be understood as earnest. Friendship was the highest prize of life to Lee, and Carl, above all others, was the giver of the prize. Riding around, picking up girls—that was his higher education.

"We three, Carl and Sortor and me"—and so in the mind of at least one of the friends, Auburey *was* an outsider—"we didn't ever fight. Tell the truth, we never did fight. Carl was the youngest, but he was sort of like the big brother. He'd tell me and Sortor when we do wrong—he didn't *do* wrong, if you listen to him. After he come from Lansing, we used to rastle a lot, and we even got some girls to rastle"—the ironic smile. "Once we was rastling, and he went in the door the wrong way, and we had to take him to the hospital for that. Other than that, he was just an old happy guy." Even with the punishments of life, there was a great deal of laughing; if not pure freedom, at least intermittent, wholehearted carefreedom.

"The House of Correction," Lee said to me, "that really make you want to drive without a license. You don't get the right amount of sleep; shoveling coal, you just don't like that. Since I was little, I couldn't shovel coal up into the burners. I had to go outside and throw it to fill up the cars. I worked midnights. They had all kinds of work—cow barnyard, dairy, kitchen."

Lee, who reached the tenth grade in high school—all three who had been to the Training School dropped out of public school after their release—had a job briefly with Ford and worked for a year pumping gas at a Standard station at Petoskey and Richton. He lived with his mother. At the conspiracy hearing he gave some extended testimony—during a passage when the defense lawyers were probing at the boys' sources of income, in an attempt to discredit them as pimps and criminals —that he supported himself as an artist, selling paintings to friends and "to the people in the neighborhood." I got to know Lee fairly well; he never mentioned art and never showed me a painting, and I honestly don't know whether this was truth or an elegant put-on, which might have occurred to Lee because of Auburey's unfulfilled talent.

[24. MICHAEL]

Michael Clark came late into the lives of the friends, and his was a disturbing influence—and, in the balance, most unsettling of all to Auburey. His presence broke the symmetry of the pairs.

Michael was a handsome and, by Thelma Pollard's standard, "slick" young man who said in court that he was twenty—though he lied so much under oath that I cannot assert that even that was true; an arrest report two weeks before the riot gave his age as eighteen. His style was bold, cocky, and elusive. When Michael dressed up in a dark suit, with a brightly striped cravat held in place by a tiepin, wearing at a calculated angle a white straw hat with a brim only an inch wide, he looked like many, many dollars; his eyes, the whites tinged with some of his hot blood, had a glint of scorn in them, and the left side of his mouth was slightly lifted, not quite in a sneer, for he was too charming to sneer, but in a dandy assertion of his worth.

Carl's mother told me once, "Michael, he was not actually one of the crowd. I think maybe Carl had been knowing Michael, but Michael had just started coming around." In court, Michael claimed a longer relationship with the boys than they said they had had with him. Carl and Lee were more attracted to Michael's daring ways than Auburey and Sortor were; all three of the others were somewhat jealous of Michael's hold on the man they considered their own stone champ, Carl; and Sortor's having shared the Training School time with Carl and Lee drew him, more than Auburey, into Michael's orbit.

A dropout from the eleventh grade of Chadsey High School, Michael had been working off and on for three years for an

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uncle, Robert Harris, "a painter and designer," as Michael testified. Early in 1967 he worked for two and a half months—earning, he testified, $225 a week—at the Chrysler Tank Arsenal, where he said his mother also worked ("I was putting a motor in the tanks . . . I was a tool man, rather"); he quit. Then he worked two months for Jones and Laughlin Steel Company ("I drove a high-low, and I used to clean out furnaces"); he was laid off. Two convictions were on his record, both in 1967: Carrying Concealed Weapon and Larceny from Building.

[25. GOOGY-GOOGY AND GO-GO]

Tanner Pollard married Lucy, the little white go-go girl, not long after the fight at the Twenty Grand.

Tanner was eighteen, Lucy was nineteen. Lucy's mother had died in childbirth with her third baby when Lucy was about six; her father had brought her up. She and Tanner had met at a bus stop. "I was coming from downtown, you know," she told me, "and I always had to catch the bus like usually, so I catched the bus to Plymouth Road. At the bus stop where you catch the bus for Plymouth, Tanner asked me for my telephone number. And Tanner, he went to Plymouth Road with me, and he started calling me." Lucy had already then mothered a baby girl by a black man; the child had been taken away by the authorities and had been put in a home. When she married Tanner, she was able to have the child again; not long afterward she gave birth to Tanner's daughter, for whom Tanner made up a name, Palarena.

Tanner and Lucy rented a small house in a mixed (for they were mixed) neighborhood, and they lived there, in almost unimaginable slovenliness, with Lucy's two babies and her two teen-age brothers. A supermarket shopping cart sat parked eternally on their front path, and the yard was strewn with folded newspapers thrown by a newsboy and left to rot in rain and snow. Once in a while Tanner's mother, outraged beyond speech by the mess in the house, went in like a storm with powders and detergents; but it took only a few days for the litter on the floors to get deep again.

For a time both of them worked, Tanner as a waiter and busboy at a place called the Black Knight Supper Club, where he told them he was twenty-two; he looked it—tall, brown-skinned, with a narrow and mischievous face. As his father had told me, "he's always googy-googy," full of pranks and teasing. Once I sat down with him, his wife, and his mother, in a small eatery, and when a prim, elderly, white waitress came to take our order, Tanner looked up with big eyes and asked, "Hey, got any fried rat today?" The woman almost fainted. At the end of our meal, Tanner picked up everyone's plates and licked them. "Awful hungry," he said, deadpan. His education left something to be desired. Once he asked me, "Where do you stay?" I said, "The Statler." "No," he said, "I mean home." "In Connecticut," I said. "Where's that at?" he asked me. "Is that in Indiana?"

Lucy worked from place to place, nights, as a go-go girl, earning five or ten dollars a job, in small night spots in the northwest part of town. "I have a lot of guys following me, see," she told me. "You know, they think that since I'm white that I'm supposed to be doing something for Tanner, because he's colored, and they're jealous, you know. So they telling Tanner, 'Here you got a white girl, why don't you put her out there.' Stuff like that. They're always following me."

Between their two jobs, Tanner and Lucy saved up enough money to buy a car—"an old Cadillac," Tanner told me. "It was filthy, been setting out there, you know, had mud all in the seats, real dirty all over. But I cleaned it up and shined it up till it didn't look too bad, you know." It cost $595, plus another $150 for a new (secondhand) engine.

[26. BIG BROTHER]

"Chaney was Auburey's hero," Mrs. Pollard told me. "He was all wrapped up in Chaney, called him Big Brother. When Chaney left, Auburey adopted Chaney's best friend, Bobby Harris, as his new brother; when Ford laid Auburey off, Bobby helped him get his compensation. He was closer to Sort of after Chaney left, too. Chaney used to make every one of the other kids do chores around the house; he assigned the work, and they done the work. When Chaney left, Auburey, he took over. He cleaned my whatnots in the picture window on the glass shelves, washed the woodwork, painted around. He kind of did it for Chaney."

[27. ON MONEY AND JUSTICE]

In the country where Auburey and his friends and brothers lived, there were (and there still are) two perceptions, black and white, of justice. This is such a crucial fact—crucial to all racial violence, central to the Algiers Motel incident—that I shall ask you to get acquainted, at some length, with the most wounded and bitter spirit in the Pollard family, Auburey's "Little Brother," Robert, who articulated to me all that need be said about the black perception. I visited Robert in prison; we sat in a pew in the prison chapel, and he talked.

Things had gone badly for Robert for a long, long time. He was in a hurting place in the family: at the bottom of a totem pole of brothers, and with a baby sister who was the cynosure of all.

School authorities had reported him as "uncooperative." The B. and E. with Auburey took place when Robert was nine. Two years later he was taken in for another breaking-in; two years after that, for Robbery Not Armed. When he was fourteen, he was arrested for violation of a knife ordinance, for larceny from the mails, and for theft. At fifteen, he was taken for breaking a bus window, and for halting traffic in a residential street and shouting obscenities. Once he was found unconscious on a street—drugged, his mother thought—and "in the hospital he woke up abusive," she told me, "called the nurses 'white bitches' and the doctors all kinds of 'bastards.' "

Robert had just turned sixteen when, one May evening, he was charged with stealing seven dollars from a twelve-year-old newsboy. He was found guilty and sentenced to from three to ten years in the Michigan State Reformatory, which is really a prison.

"Robert was beat up so bad when they took him in," Mrs. Pollard told me, "that the polices told me he tried to commit suicide. When I saw Robert, he told me, he said, 'Momma, I didn't try to kill myself. They tried to kill *me*. ' "

"Justice," Robert Pollard said to me in the prison chapel, "is a way of keeping a person from getting any more than he's got. Railroading is just sending a person to prison, it's taking advantage of a person. They take advantage of a person when

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a person knows that he don't have anything. This is what they take advantage of, see."

Perhaps I should say here that Robert, a short, stocky youth, the blackest-skinned of the Pollard brothers, talked to me in the presence of Tanner, who, with their mother, had vouched for me, and he spoke in a low but strong voice with sustained and absolute conviction. By the time I saw Robert, I had had quite a little experience both of being put on and of being trusted; I was convinced that Robert was telling me things as he saw them.

"Actually the crime they got me for, actually I didn't do it, see. First they had me on another charge, something that I didn't do, one of my friends did it, but the man said I did it; this was a larceny from a house. So then I went to court on it, and while I was in court on that one, they arrested me in court on this other one. They said I had robbed somebody. They arrested me, the man jumped on me up there in 1300 Beaubien, when I was in Recorder's Court. They took me out of court and took me upstairs and jumped me.

"My lawyer, he tricked me, see. He told me to cop out, told me to tell them that I did it, and he'd get me a probation. And I did this, and I ended up with three to ten. I plan on getting my money back from him when I get out, anyway. He owes me two hundred and forty-some dollars. The judge asked me did anybody promise me anything. I told him no. And that was wrong of me to tell a lie to the judge, because that just made my time more harder. They didn't find no knife on me, they didn't catch me with no money on me, they didn't catch me on the scene, or nothing. They just arrested me in court and put it on me."

[28. PAYING OFF]

"They don't have no type of justice in court," Robert said, "because there's a whole lot of peoples up here that's railroaded. They're railroaded paying off the judges with money. If you can pay off so much money, they get your time cut, see. Every judge down there would do that. Money, it sings. If you got enough money you can do just about anything you want to do in the world. You can buy the judge, you can buy the lawyer, you can buy the prosecutor. This is happening every day. Railroading people. They give them so much time for something that ain't worth it. Like this guy, he was sitting in a car with a white broad. Now, he wasn't doing nothing wrong, and they give him three to ten. But he had a state lawyer, they throwed a state lawyer on him, see, and state lawyers, they get paid sixty dollars, see, that's in court costs, see, there's a whole lot to it, see. It actually ain't nothing but a racket, you know, just like I go out there and I steal a whole truckful of TV's, and I sell them, all, every one of them I got, and I get good prices for them—it's the same way as down there in court, see. You got the money, you can buy your time. But all I had was two hundred and forty-some dollars, and court costs cost some sixty dollars, I think. Justice is all connected with money. I don't think it. I know it. If you talk with any convict in here, he can tell you, he done paid off. There's some convicts in here done paid out five thousand dollars to just get two years, but they could have had life. It's many convicts in here would tell you that."

Then he added: "The railroading, it's worse for colored, because there's a lot of prejudice. Mostly be down to the court they's white."

[29. PREJUDICE]

"If it had been the other way around down there at the Algiers," he said to me, "colored policemen killing white boys, I don't think they'd get off! Because there's so many white peoples that's prejudiced. I would say the policemens are prejudiced. Because they have called me names. I have been in McGraw Station, and a man throwed a sandwich on the floor, throwed it down there and say, 'Git it, Dirt.' They have called me all types of names. 'Black boy.' They have throwed black coffee on me. I was cussing at them, and stuff; I was calling him names—'Peckerwood,' like that, and one of them come and throwed black coffee on me, partly in my face and partly on my shirt, and he say, 'Shut up, black boy,' just like that. McGraw Station. They were questioning me about a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar mink hat, it come off a J. L. Hudson truck. I don't actually know who took it off the truck. The man say I had taken it off, but he had me mistaken. I was talking about, 'You all are always trying to get somebody.' They been after me a long time, too. Since I was eight. Because I used to get in a whole lot of trouble. They knew my name, because I'd been down there so many times. One detective, he was questioning me down there, he was kind of fat and heavy-set, he told me that he wish he could have caught me breaking in that house, he would have shot me. This was when I was sixteen. I used to come down to the station on little misdemeanors, he used to read off my record to me, tell me what I had been doing and all like that. It says in the law book that they're not supposed to look back on your juvenile record.

"I could be waltzing down the street, and the guy, he'll pick me up and take me down to the station, trying to say I snatched somebody's purse or trying to say I B.-and-E.'d some place, and tell me, 'Bobby, you want to tell us about it, you know you pulled that B. and E.' So I say, 'What you talking about man, I ain't pulled no B. and E.' He say, 'Aw, come on! You know, kid, you pulled that B. and E.'

"You know, they pass out sandwiches in the morning before you go to court, and they passed out some baloney sandwiches, and they supposed to set them up in the bars, or other than that, down on the bench, and he throwed it, and he said, 'Git it, Dirt.' I was waiting to go to court about a knife."

[30. YOU DON'T ACTUALLY HAVE NO FREEDOM]

"Money, that what makes the world keep going," Robert said to me. "Money. Without no money, wouldn't nobody—if you didn't know nothing about no money or wonderful things to have or anything, you wouldn't care nothing about no money; you wouldn't want nothing. You'd be doing just like peoples in Africa, or somewhere, sitting up and eating dead things and going 'round, don't want nothing but a old house or something, just a shelter to keep the rain off of you. Go 'round and kill wild animals and eat them, you know; you're free to kill what animals you want.

"But here, it's against the law to kill animals. You kill a animal and eat him, you'll go to jail for serving that kind of animal.

"Everything have a law to it, see. Every time you walk out a door, anywhere you walk, you break a law. See, because they got so many laws. Actually if people really look at it you don't actually have no freedom. Because anything you do, you've broken a law. I mean the least little thing, you know. You

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can't even spit on the sidewalk; if you spit on the sidewalk, that's a ticket. They done covered the earth with cement and you can't spit on it.

"If people got a better job and was making more money, and they got in trouble or something, then they'll worry about something like spitting on the sidewalk, see, but a person that never had anything, they don't even let it bother them. I mean, he cares that he's in jail, he cares about his freedom, see, just like a wild animal running out there in the woods or something, you know, you lock him up, he's going to want to get out, although he don't have anything, he still want to get out.

"Something that you were never taught and raised up to, you know—what I'm trying to say: what you want to know won't hurt you. What you don't know, you don't want it."

[31. ANTI-POVERTY PROGRAMS]

"As long as there's money in the world," Robert said, "won't hardly anything will change. The *people* won't change. The buildings and the cars and the clothes and stuff, and shoes would change, and different products, and trucks and boats and stuff like that would change, but the people wouldn't change. If you can bring them more money, they'll take it.

"In a certain extent, there's always going to be somebody over you. All peoples are not the same. Somebody's always going to have a little bit more than you. Somebody else is always going to have a little bit more than *that* person, and over and over and over, see. Like it might be this little boy's got a penny right here, and this other boy might be a little bigger, he's got two cents, or they might be the same size, two cents, and three and four and five and six, and all up to a thousand dollars.

"People is very evil against other people. It's just like your next-door neighbor. Okay, you got a '65 Cadillac, and you been living good all the time, and your next-door neighbor, he sees, and you been having yours about two or three years, and he's going to try to do better than you is, see, he going to get him a '67 or '68. Because he have always been better than you, and he want to keep on.

"Just read history. You can see this, see, because ever since the world has been here, ever since money has been discovered, people always had more money than other peoples, see."

[32. HOW IT WORKS]

"What would be the best thing to do is to see if I'm really telling the truth. Just have a person picked up for a certain thing and tell him to just sit in the bull pen with a whole lot of prisoners downtown and watch lawyers come by and say, 'Will you cop out to a certain sentence? Would you cop out to ten years? I can get you two to ten.' And a guy, he'll say, 'Well, yes, how much would this cost me?' And he'll say, 'Well, it might cost you four hundred dollars.' And the guy say, 'Well, Okay,' he'll say, 'you get me off and I'll give you the money.' 'Okay.' The lawyer takes the money, he'll go to the judge, he'll pay the judge maybe two hundred in cash right there, and he'll pay the prosecutor a hundred, and then he'll keep the rest; a lawyer's always going to keep something for hisself. And then you go in court. Now sometimes they pay the jury off, too, see. The jury gets paid, too. This is just a front to make society, sitting out there, you know, make this man seem like he's not guilty. That's if he's got money. But if you don't have no money, they'll just railroad you."

[33. PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE]

"This is not me. I'm just saying what happens to some people, and, I know, most people. They are very cold-hearted after they been here. Some people get out there, and they don't care about nobody. And sometimes when they do come back, they come back with a real sentence. Maybe like the first time they been up here, maybe they got two years, maybe one, or three or something; then they'll come back with maybe life or something like that, or twenty-five, or fifty, or natural life, or something like that. There are quite a few lifers here. Quite a few guys with twenty-five to fifty, ten to twenty. I know some guys got the same time I got, and they just thinking, most of them say, when they do come back, they'll be doing life or twenty-five years or something. That's what just about all of them say when they're leaving. They say if they do go out there and do wrong, they're going to do something big, and bring them back lifers, because it ain't worth it for that little stuff."

[34. LAID OFF]

During the winter, early in 1967, Auburey was shifted from welding to laboring at Ford. "He had to do labor work," Mrs. Pollard told me. "They change him up, you know. When he started doing the laboring part, it gave him sinus from the dust, so he got sick for a while." Ford records show that he took a medical leave, beginning March 1, 1967; his employment was terminated on April 12, 1967, because he had not notified the company of his whereabouts or of his intention to return to work.

Thelma was a bit disenchanted about his quitting. "You know how boys get," she said, "after they work for a while. They don't want to work any more. Especially Ford's—they give you a lot of compensation and stuff."

But something more complicated was at work. "When he was at Ford's," Mrs. Pollard told me, "Auburey gave his father money to put down the payments on Chaney's car; it was a '63 Catalina. Sixty-seven dollars a week, but for some reason his father didn't make the payments. This was a big hurt to Auburey. A big change took place in him after that."

[35. THE LAST FAMILY PARTY]

"Thelma," Mrs. Pollard told me, "works for a lawyer. He taught her how to file his cases for him, and she types for him, and he's very nice to her. Because she's awful young, because he give her the job when she was fifteen years old, because she was coming out of high school."

One evening after supper Thelma gave me some of her views.

On the Vietnam war: "That's foolishness. I think the United States should take care of their own. They're having a war between themselves. I think they should take care of themselves first."

On what should be done at home: "Let everybody be equal. Let everybody get justice, you know. Like policemen, they do something to somebody and won't get any time for it, but let somebody do something to them! I think the police force is prejudiced—against people altogether. They think they know everything, that everything they say is right. They could have made a mistake, too. Some of them just get on there because they like to shoot. Most of them just like to wear that uniform, make them think they're big. Lots of times they just stop you for the fun of it. I try to stay out of their way. And a lot of

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times white policemen, they'll stop colored people for the fun of it. If they see a white person doing something wrong, they let them go. It's more colored people that's got criminal records than white people, and white people do just as much dirt as the colored people do."

On integration as against separation: "I think everybody is equal, you know. Shouldn't nobody be better than anybody else. All the schools should be the same, and I think all the neighborhoods should be the same, too. If people have got enough money to buy a certain house, they should be able to buy it. All the schools should be integrated. I think the races should have more social experience and everything together, they should communicate more, you know."

Thelma's graduation was the occasion for the Pollards' last family party. Chaney sent money from Vietnam for a new dress and a tiara with rhinestones in it. Auburey cleaned up the house from top to bottom.

[36. AWAY FROM HOME]

Early in June, Carl, Lee and Michael all took rooms at the Algiers. Carl was in A-14 on the third floor, Michael next to him in A-13, and Lee was downstairs in A-5. "We just decided we wanted to stay around down there," Sortor, who, with Auburey, often slept in one or another of these rooms at the motel, told me. "You know, we'd go to the Twenty Grand, pick up a lot of girls, you know, didn't want to bring them to our house, you know, so we went on down there." "Maybe," Mr. Gill said to me one day, "they figured they could do more away from home."

The Algiers Motel Incident

[1. ABOUT A GUN]

NOW BEGAN A NEW PHASE of the incident—a series of individual interrogations. Foreshadowing the gruesome "game" to come, the officers began to take people from the line, one by one, into rooms, for what might have been called—and might strictly not—questionings.

A warning should be posted, at this point, as to chronology. There was so much confusion in the hallway, with so many uniformed men acting independently, spontaneously, and dangerously, that the record is unclear; memories of officers and witnesses alike were shaded or distorted later by guilt, fear and bewilderment. We have seen how some have tried to emphasize the lateness of their entry into the annex. I am continuously aware that my reliance in this narrative on the statements of witnesses tends to fragment the story; it is not so much written as listened to, in bits and pieces. The sequence of these fragments follows, as far as it is possible to follow, my sense of the run of the actual events, but I must emphasize that I cannot vouch for many minor and some major points of chronology.

Lee Forsythe, I am quite sure, was first to be taken. He was at the head of the line, and several witnesses agreed that he went first. He testified that Paille took him into room A-4, the door which was more or less across from the fountain in the hallway. This room, with a large bay window looking out, by day, on the elm-lined avenue of Virginia Park, contained a double bed, a kitchenette against the wall opposite the bay window, and a television set by the window across from the foot of the bed.

"He was going up and down the line," Robert Greene, the veteran, said of one of the officers. "Two boys were standing there, and they were living on the top floor. So one of the guys said, 'I was up in my room, but I don't know who was shooting. All I heard was bullets coming through the window upstairs.' So then he said, 'This guy here, he was in the window.' So he took this guy here in the other room, A-2"—if Greene was referring to Lee, I believe he got the room number wrong—"and they talked to him a little bit. . . . You could hear blows being thrown."

Lee told me how Paille "started questioning us, asking us where the gun was. And I kept telling him I didn't know, so he pulled me out of the line and took me into A-4, I think it was, and began beating me and tried to make me tell where the gun was. I was the first one in the line. The biggest one was the one took me in the room, Paille. I remember him from the dimple on his chin. When he took me in the room, he told me he was going to find out where the gun was. 'You black bastards, you been giving us a whole lot of trouble.'

"He just asked me about a gun," Lee testified. "I told him I didn't know anything about a gun. . . . He knocked me on the bed. . . .

"And then," he told me, "he just picked me up and put me back in the line."

[2. A FURTHER SEARCH]

Sortor was next. He told me about what happened on the line after Paille brought Lee back out. "So he said, he asked us which ones he brought from the third floor. So Michael and Auburey said he brought them from the third floor. I didn't say nothing. So he started beating us, so he pulled Michael, to tell him who the other one was, or he was going to kill him, you know. Michael told him it was me. Then Paille said he was going to kill me. So he took me in this room, busting me on my head. He hit and tripped me, so I fell on the floor, you know. So I got up, you know. He pulled the trigger right"—cocked his pistol, in other words—"and he say he should blow my head off. He was going to blow it off if I didn't tell him where the gun was. He held his gun to my head and he said, 'I'm going to give you a count of three.' But I said I hadn't seen no gun."

"I could hear them beating Sortor," Michael testified.

"They told us a wagon was coming," Lee told me, "so Sortor pretended to go find a gun, to pass the time till the wagon came."

"He said," Sortor told me, " 'You go on with me to find this gun.' I told him I didn't know where no gun was. So he took me upstairs, and around the rooms, looking for a gun."

"An officer forced Sortor to accompany him," the police synopsis on Sortor said, "while he searched Apts. 5 and 14, and another apartment with a fire escape, for the gun."

"And when I went upstairs I looked into a few rooms," Sortor testified. "He told me to look around up under the beds and stuff upstairs where I was on the third floor.

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"He told me to pull some of the beds loose and stuff," Sortor told me, "made me look in the closets, pull some of the clothes out. So he brought me back on downstairs, told me to get up against the wall."

"And when he come back," Lee told me, "they started beating us again."

[3. PLEADING FOR MERCY]

For some reason Auburey seemed to attract more blows than anyone else. Roderick Davis, who stood not far from Auburey in the line, told me that Auburey had begun to weep as he begged for his life after the officer broke the gunstock over his head.

"They come and got Auburey," Michael testified, "and they beat Auburey all the way from the wall all the way in there and beat him some more. . . . He was still telling him he hadn't seen no gun and that he hadn't did anything."

"He got another guy," Greene said to Prosecutor Eggleton, apparently, in the sequence, speaking of Auburey, "and took him in there. You could hear blows being thrown also. Then he said, 'No, I don't know anything about it.' And he pleaded for mercy. Then they brought him back and put him against the wall."

[4. SEA CHANGE]

Up to this point all the physical and mental torture in the hallway and the rooms had been in the guise of a search for a sniper's weapon. It was now that a final sea change toward horror occurred, spreading subtly from the loins of some of the men of law and order.

"They took the girls into A-4," Robert Greene told Eggleton. "That's the room right across the hall. You could hear blows being thrown and you could hear the girls screaming. And then he called me in there. I had my hands up when I went into the room. He told me to put my hands down to my side."

"Greene was then called in," the synopsis of Greene's statement to the police said, "and saw that Julie was bleeding about the forehead, a mattress on the floor was bloody, and Karen's clothing had been torn. Greene was questioned as to his relationship to the girls."

"He started asking questions," Greene told Eggleton, "and asked whether I had intercourse with any of the girls. I told him, 'No.' Then he asked me what I was doing there. I told him, 'I just got discharged. I came here looking for a job. I arrived here Friday.' And told him what was what, the reason I was there. Then he said, 'Okay,' and told me to move out. Prior to me going out, I noticed one of the girls' clothes was ripped."

"Questioned them one at a time," Karen Malloy told Allen Early. "Who had the gun, who was the sniper, whose camera was it, did they live there? Pushed her out the door and ripped her dress from the back. Pushed her back up against the wall."

[5. NEW LANGUAGE]

"So I came out from A-4," Greene told Eggleton. "This warrant officer, he spoke up then. I told him that I'd like to go back in the service. He told me, 'We don't need niggers in the Army, like you.' . . . So I didn't say any more, and I received another blow. And I was struck behind the head. . . . This was with a rifle butt."

Then, according to an account given to me by Charles Moore, a policeman approached Greene and began to rant at the black man who had been discovered with two white girls in his bedroom. Since Moore could not name the speaker, we must guess—and we can guess—which officer would have used language of the sort Moore reported; which officer had begun to dominate action that was shaded now toward some unthinkable finality.

The officer said to Greene, "You sure you're not one of these black-ass nigger pimps?"

Greene, an ex-paratrooper, a veteran of Vietnam, reached in a pocket and pulled out papers warranting his honorable discharge, and held them up for the officer to see. "I just got out of the service," he said.

The officer hit him and said, "We're going to kill all you black-ass nigger pimps and throw you in the river. We're going to fill up the Detroit River with all you pimps and whores."

[The Knife Game]

[1. DEFEND YOURSELF]

"THREW A KNIFE," Early's notes on Karen's story said, "and told him, 'Here, defend yourself.' The knife landed on the floor. Cop told him he'd kill him if he picked it up. Cop told him to pick it up."

"So they kept on going up and down the line," Greene told Eggleton. "So they tried to make this youth pick up a knife. He told him, 'Pick it up so I can blow your goddam head off.' . . . The boy wouldn't pick up the knife. He said, 'I said, pick it up.' The boy picked it up and dropped it immediately."

"Then they took me off the wall," Michael testified, "and one of them told me to pick up a knife off the floor, and I told him that I wasn't going to pick it up. So then they made me pick it up . . . and he hit me, and then he . . . hit me again, and oh, he told me he could shoot me right then and say that I tried to kill him. I told him, 'Yeah,' so he told me to drop the knife, so I dropped the knife, and he told me to turn around and get back against the wall, and I got back up against the wall."

"The policeman dropped a knife," Roderick said to me, "and he said, 'Pick it up.' The boy said, 'I won't do it.' The policeman beat him till he slid down the wall slowly and picked it up. The police said, 'Now defend yourself.' The boy dropped the knife back on the floor and said, 'You might as well kill me.' "

[2. STAB ME]

"So then," Michael testified, "they called Auburey Pollard off the wall and told him to do the same thing. . . . And they told Auburey to do the same thing, but he started—he wasn't going to do it, then they started beating him. Then they made him pick the knife up, and they started beating him again, and they told him to drop the knife. When he put the knife down, they took him and put him back up against the wall and were still beating him. Then they came down to Lee. . . ."

Roderick Davis told this part to a reporter from the News: " 'Pick the knife up.' 'No.' 'If you don't, we're going to kill you.' So the boy reached down . . . and picked the knife up and the police told him to stab him with it. The boy started crying and said, 'No,' and dropped the knife. That's when another policeman hit me in the head and told me to keep my face toward the wall."

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[Skin Show]

[1. ALL OF THEM PULLED]

"ONE OF THE OFFICERS," Lee told me, "he said, 'We're going to get rid of all you pimps and whores.' They asked the girls did they want to die first or watch us die."

"Questioned them up against the wall," Early's notes said, "& ripped all K's clothes off & half of Julie's. Policemen said, 'Hey, you broads, do you want to die first or see the others & then go?' "

"One of the policemen," Roderick said to me, "told the girls to take off their clothes. Senak pulled them out to the center of the room. Tore one of them's dress off—hooked it with the thing on the end of his gun—and made the other one pull her dress off. He said, 'Why you got to fuck them? What's wrong with us, you nigger lovers?' "

Sortor testified in court that both girls had their dresses torn. "I seen one, had her clothes—uh—off. . . . I seen the officers pull them off. . . . The policemen . . . and some Army men. . . . All of them pulled, pulled her clothes off her." The girl, Sortor testified, wound up naked except "just her panties."

"The officers," the police synopsis on Sortor said, "had pulled their clothes off and all they had on were their panties."

[2. WATCHER'S FEAST]

The girls were returned to the wall. "The girls' dresses were torn from behind," Dismukes told me. "The dress had fallen off one and was lying around her feet. The other was holding hers up in front."

A handful of airborne troops had arrived shortly before this. "The soldiers came in," Karen told Early, "and everyone stood around as if they were waiting for something."

The police synopsis of the statement of Wayne Henson, who had entered with Thomas and never advanced beyond the front doorway, said "Henson observed . . . 4-5 airborne police watching."

"When they'd stripped the girls down," Sortor said to me, "they told me and Lee and them to look at them. Said, 'Ain't you ashamed?' "

The men in uniform who were not hitting people at the wall, Sortor testified, were "just standing back. Just standing there laughing, you know, all like that."

[The Death Game]

[1. ONE AT A TIME]

"THEN," LEE SAID TO ME, "they started killing us one by one."

"They were going to shoot us," Michael testified, "one at a time."

[2. IT WAS ALL RIGHT]

"One of the Detroit officers," Thomas told the police, "pulled the 'big man' "—Roderick Davis—"out of the line and took him in A-4." In court Thomas was more explicit. "Officer Senak," he testified, "took the first man out of the line . . . into the front room, one to the left in front." "When they went in," Greene told Eggleton, "he closed the door." Roderick Davis said to me, "They told me, 'Lie on the floor face down, and if you make a move or say a word we'll kill you.' " "I followed them to the doorway," Warrant Officer Thomas testified, "and Officer Senak told the man to lay on the floor and he fired a round through the wall. I seen him point the gun to the other direction. He didn't shoot him. He scared him. . . . He winked at me. He didn't say nothing." "I thought," Roderick testified, "he shot in the floor because I felt like vibration reaction by my feet. In the floor or through a chair or something," Roderick said to me.

Attorney Kohl: "Now, you were in a room with David Senak when he took a prisoner in there?"

Warrant Officer Thomas: "Yes, sir."

Kohl: "And is it not true that he told the man to lie down on the floor? He fired a shot but he didn't shoot at the man, did he?"

Thomas: "Definitely not."

Senak fired, Thomas testified, "right in the corner."

"He looked at me," Thomas testified, "and winked, indicating it was all right. . . . When we took the first man in I realized what he was doing. And it was better than letting these people be beaten; seriously. I felt somebody was going to really get hurt seriously, and I felt this was the best thing at the time."

"Then," Roderick told me, "they said, 'Don't budge an inch or you'll be dead.' " And the men left him alone in the room.

[3. WANT TO KILL ONE?]

"The warrant officer," Greene told Eggleton, "came out, and the policeman asked the other officer, 'Did he kill him?' And the officer said, 'Yes.' " This was for the ears of the people in the line.

"This officer . . . " the Thomas synopsis said, "asked Thomas if he wanted to kill one. Thomas said, 'Yes,' and took one of the men"—Michael Clark—"into A-4 and fired a rifle shot into the ceiling, forcing the man to remain in the room."

"I also took one person into that front room," Thomas testified. ". . . I used my M-1 rifle. . . . I also told the man to lay on the floor, and fired a round through the ceiling . . . toward the corner so that anybody upstairs wouldn't get hit. I didn't think there was anybody upstairs around at the corner of the house."

"Let's see," Michael testified, "August"—once again he seems to err; even Senak's lawyer placed Senak in this role—"told the soldier to shoot me or something. Anyway, the soldier told me to lay down. Then he shot. I think he shot out the window or in the hall somewhere. Then he told me just to lay there and be quiet. And he said if I make any noise, he going to come back and shoot me for real."

[4. ANNOUNCEMENT]

"Clark and an unknown man were taken into Room A-4," the Sortor synopsis says of this first phase of the death game, "shots were heard, and the officers returned, saying, 'We killed those two.' " Telling me the story, Sortor said, "And so they said they were going to kill us, you know. They said they were going to kill us niggers, you know, so they picked Michael and this other guy out, so they said they were going to kill these two niggers, so they took them in this room in there, we heard two shots, so the police come out, so he said, 'I killed them two motherfuckers.' "

Karen told the detectives "she believed the police killed Michael Clark." From the synopsis of Julie Hysell's statement: "They . . . made Hysell believe Clark was dead."

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[5. RATIONAL, REASONABLE EXPLANATION]

Thomas testified, "Immediately after the officer shot into the wall, into the floor, or corner, or wherever you want to call it, and laid the man down, they"—the people against the wall—"thought this man had been shot and they were willing to talk. . . . I believe it was one of the girls—I wouldn't swear to it—said, 'Why don't you tell him about the gun? Carl is dead anyway.' And this is one of the statements I specifically heard to this effect."

"One boy spoke up," Julie testified, "and said that the boy that was dead was the one that had the pistol, and that's the only thing that was said to my knowledge about the pistol."

"One of the persons," Karen told Allen Early, "who had been in A-2 & come up to A-4 said, 'Go on and tell them anything because they've already killed him.' This was with reference to the blank pistol. This other person then said, 'The guy in there on the floor' [referring to Carl in A-2] 'had a blank pistol.' Policeman said, 'Why didn't you tell us that before we killed the other guy?' "

Having elicited from Julie, in the conspiracy hearing, an estimate that the ordeal in the hallway had been going on for about twenty minutes before this first mention of the starter pistol, Attorney Kohl asked her, "Now, if in fact there was simply a blank pistol that had been fired, will you advise this Court, please, what rational, reasonable explanation there could be for not telling the police who would have the gun and who had done what for a period of twenty minutes?"

Julie answered: "Because everybody was scared."

[6. NEXT?]

Karen told Early, "The talking policeman then said, 'Who shall we get next?' "

[The Death Game Played Out]

[1. WANT ONE?]

"THEN THE FIRST OFFICER," the Thomas synopsis said, "asked the officer with the OCD type helmet (who was dark complx w/m), 'Do you want to kill one now?' He said, 'Yes,' and the first officer gave the shotgun to the second officer, who took a Negro youth from the line. . . ."

"He said it," Thomas testified, "loud enough for everybody to hear in the room, 'Do you want to shoot one?'—or to this effect."

Thomas testified that August had not been particularly active along the lineup. "Patrolman August," he said, "was very refined. He didn't say anything that I can recall." But it was August to whom Senak now turned; Thomas testified that Senak handed his shotgun to August and told him "to take a man into the back room or into a room."

"Then the guy next to me," Greene told Eggleton, "they took him to A-4. The officer told him not to take him to A-4. He said, 'Take him to another room,' And he took him to A-5, I think it was A-5, that's the back room there." (It was A-3.)

"The game was going on," Thomas testified, "and I said, 'You can't kill any more in here. There are too many now.' And that is when I believe the other policeman handed Patrolman August the gun."

[2. A THING TO SCARE PEOPLE WITH]

Assistant Prosecutor Avery Weiswasser asked Thomas: "Did Senak hand a gun to August?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say when he handed him the gun?"

"To the effect this was a game. I mean, this is a thing to scare people with."

But in other testimony Thomas said, "I can't recall what was said. I know there was a conversation. I won't deny this. The idea was to give the impression that these people were being shot."

Yet again Weiswasser asked, "Did you know if anybody bothered to tell August it was only a game?"

"No, sir," Thomas replied.

[3. DON'T SHOOT]

From the Michael Clark synopsis: "Clark then heard someone take Pollard into Apt. No. A-2 and heard Pollard yell, 'Don't shoot. Don't shoot.' He then heard a gunshot."

From the Lee Forsythe synopsis: "Forsythe stated he heard Pollard yell, 'Don't shoot,' and a door slam, Forsythe believes in room A-3. A few seconds later, Forsythe heard a shot fired."

[4. A BRUSH OF CLOTHING]

"Then I believe Officer August took this man to the rear of the room," Thomas, who followed August into the room, testified, "and I heard a shot. And Officer August had his back to me. I seen a brush of clothing, and I heard something fall. At this time I got scared.

"Did I see him fall? . . ." Thomas asked himself in testimony. "I won't say that. I seen movement. Officer August was standing between myself and him, and I seen a flash of clothing, what I thought was a flash."

Prosecutor Weiswasser asked at one point: "Did you hear any struggle going on prior to that time?"

"No," Thomas answered, "I can't say I did."

"I want to be honest with you," Thomas testified later on. "I have seen the pictures of the room after the two bodies were discovered in there. And I believe the man that Officer August took back there had a shirt on, dark gray shirt. And the pictures don't show this. And this is why I was confused on this point. You can see something or think you see something and think about it, and you don't know if you've seen it or not. And I thought I seen that flash of clothing. And it looked like a gray shirt."

[5. ANNOUNCEMENT]

From the James Sortor synopsis: "A shot was heard and an officer returned, saying, 'That one didn't kick.' "

From the Robert Greene synopsis: "Then a shot was heard and the Warrant Officer returned, saying, 'That nigger didn't even kick.' "

Sortor said to me, "Auburey didn't lose his temper in that room; he was too scared. I figure if he would have lost his temper, he would have lost it when they was hitting him with the rifle. It was too quick for him to be in there tussling with the guy. It was too quick. He went in there, I heard the shot, and the guy came out, and he said, 'That one didn't even kick.' "

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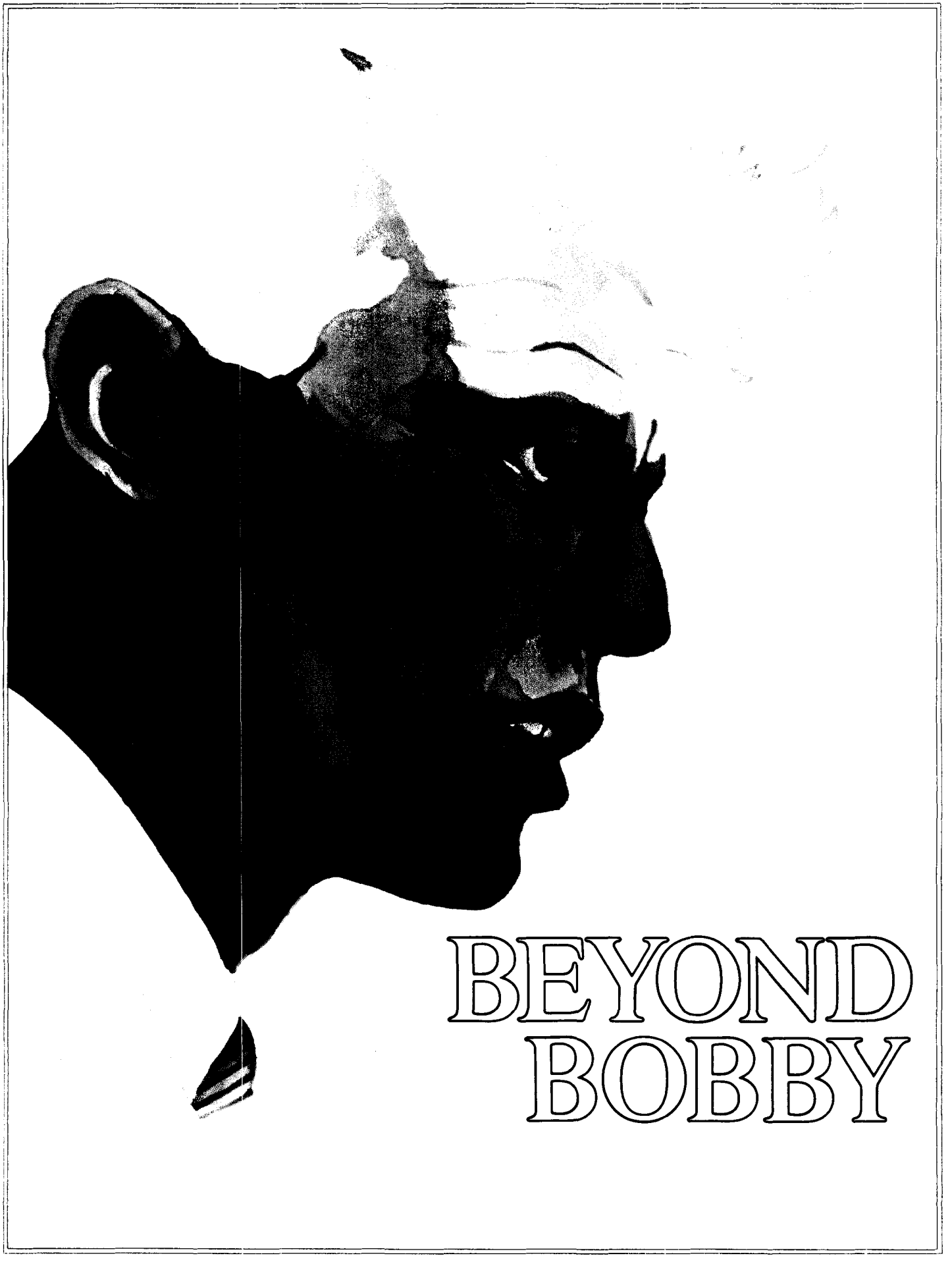

BEYOND BOBBY

Portraits by Dugald Stermer

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The Night Bobby Died

by Robert Scheer

I ARRIVED at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles about six p.m. and headed upstairs to a room shared by Adam Walinsky and Jeff Greenfield, Robert Kennedy's "left-wing" speech writers. The security was tight in the hallway on the fifth floor, and even with several California police press passes and one from Kennedy headquarters, I couldn't get through to the rooms occupied by the senator and his staff.

Ironically, my first thought was that the security around Kennedy had improved since he launched his campaign a few months earlier. At that time—on his first campaign trip to Los Angeles—I was so struck by the lack of police protection that I asked him about it. "I feel safer without them," he had replied. Many of the people he hoped to reach considered them racists, he added. And he himself regarded their boss, Mayor Sam Yorty, as a symbol of much that was wrong in America.

I returned to the lobby and phoned the room. Greenfield came out to usher me through the police guard. Various members of what the news media calls the "Kennedy clan" floated throughout the four or five rooms that make up the Ambassador's Royal Suite. The left-wing speech writers have always wanted to be plugged in to "what's happening," and a newsletter from Black Panther Kathleen Cleaver lay on the desk next to Adam's typewriter. It was partially covered by pages of the half-finished victory statement that was eventually used later that night.

I wandered across the hall and found the other side of the Kennedy team—Ted Sorensen, Larry O'Brien, and Bobby's brother-in-law Steve Smith—chortling over how the Mexican-American vote had been sewed up. It seemed that things had reached the stage where the Walinsky/Greenfield faction was barely talking to Sorensen and company. Although the younger staff members had been in charge during the first months of the campaign, after Johnson's withdrawal and Bobby's turn to the right in Indiana, the older "Irish Mafia" of JFK's campaign had taken control.

Pete Hammill, the former New York Post columnist, had written a few speeches during Bobby's first swing west, but then he left the campaign to complete a novel based on the life of Che Guevara. He had returned for the final days in California and—while he remained personally close to Bobby—he was unhappy about the campaign's new emphasis on law and order. During the course of the evening, he occasionally denounced Richard Goodwin's recent New Yorker article on Guevara, but Goodwin, indifferent as ever, didn't enter into an argument.

These little spats were misleadingly jocular. Hammill vs. Goodwin, press aide Pierre Salinger vs. Frank Mankiewicz—their rivalries pointed to the inherently schizoid character of the Kennedy operation. All the Kennedy men were preoccupied with power, and all liked Bobby because he was a winner; but the old JFK crew—Sorensen, O'Brien, Larry O'Donnell and Salinger—wanted political power for its own sake, while Mankiewicz, Walinsky, Greenfield and Fred Dutton talked of social reform. The tensions thus created were already beginning to split the group, and at some point Bobby would have had to decide between them.

The mood early that evening was not overly optimistic. Bobby had been slipping in the California polls even before the Oregon primary, and the defeat there shook him badly. As far back as mid-August, eastern Kennedy people had been brought out to renovate the California campaign which Jesse Unruh had pretended to construct. Unruh had turned out to be one of those "professionals" who couldn't deliver, and the Kennedy men were forced to start from scratch to set up a precinct organization and a get-out-the-vote drive. Unruh had even neglected to inform Bobby until three days before the registration deadline on April 13 that California had such a cutoff date, with the result that Kennedy hardly mentioned the need for people to register. (A registration drive is particularly important to a candidate relying on the votes of minority groups.) Although he stayed very much in evidence right up to the assassination, Unruh's early incompetence made him virtually powerless in the campaign.

BOBBY HAD BEEN FORCED to work feverishly through the final days of the campaign to hold the various elements in his coalition together. He was trying to keep the black vote with talk of more jobs, while promising the white working class that he would end welfare and violence in the streets. It is no small feat to keep former SNCC chairman John Lewis and 20 California district attorneys in one camp, and the effort hadn't been completely successful. Mervin Dymally, the popular black state senator, was sitting out the last days of the campaign somewhere in Michigan, and most of the college students who originally had supported Kennedy had long since switched to McCarthy.

A defeat in California would have put an end to Kennedy's presidential drive, and the early unfavorable returns from the northern part of the state were all that were available when Bobby wandered out into the hall about 9:30 p.m. Everyone asked him how he was doing; his replies were vague and imprecise. I felt a little sorry for him. Bobby was so clearly born to care about winning elections that he couldn't really cope with the still-present prospect of defeat, and when he asked me if RAMPARTS supported him, I vaguely regretted having to say no. When I answered in the negative, he repeated the question, maintaining his familiar uncertain smile. This time I added that while we didn't support him, we felt that his talk about the need to stop Humphrey was helpful. I had liked Kennedy's remark that night to Jack Newfield and N. Y. Post columnist Jimmy Breslin: "I'm going to chase Hubert's ass all over the country. Wherever he goes I'll go." It was Bobby at his best.

The waiting lasted another two hours; then the victory was in and a more exuberant Robert Kennedy took the elevator down to the Empire Ballroom to do the one thing that made him the most uncomfortable: meet the people who claimed to love him. He was accompanied by United Auto Workers leader Paul Schrade, whose participation was one of the best things to happen to the Kennedy campaign. As they moved down the hall, Schrade—who is one of the few labor leaders who has consistently opposed the war—called out that Kennedy's victory in California meant an end to the violence in Vietnam. Schrade himself was shot less than 30 minutes later.

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Most of the staff stayed behind to watch the victory speech on television, but somewhere in the middle of the speech Village Voice columnist Jack Newfield and I decided to go downstairs. We arrived in the ballroom a few moments before the shots were fired. It's difficult to remember exactly what happened. Suddenly people were crying hysterically and shouting, "He's been hit! He's been hit!" And although the usual reaction to something so shocking is disbelief, Newfield and I not only believed that Bobby had been shot, we felt certain that he was dead.

The word passed through the crowd that the assassin had been caught in the kitchen. The people all around us were crying, and many were screaming, "Kill him! Kill him!" as they brought the suspect out of the kitchen and outside to the police car.

It was still too early to know what actually had happened. When we got back upstairs to the Kennedy suite, the staff clustered around the television set knew only that both Bobby and Schrade had been hit. Everyone was in a state of shock and most were crying. George Plimpton, who had been in the kitchen and assisted in the capture of the suspect, was back in the suite frantically asking for news. John Lewis was sitting on the floor saying, mostly to himself: "The violence in the country is too much for us to continue to exist."

When the news commentator announced that Kennedy had been removed to Good Samaritan Hospital, most of the staff left for the hospital. The similarity of Bobby's wound to that of his brother left little room for hope.

From about 12:29 a.m., when the shooting occurred, until 7:00 a.m. Newfield and I waited in Kennedy's suite for news, helping with the routine tasks of arranging for the children to return to Washington, packing clothes and informing family and friends around the country, many of whom were asleep, of what had happened.

About 7:00 A.M., Kennedy came off the operating table and we received a call from the hospital to bring cars for Ethel Kennedy and her staff. We arrived at the hospital in time to meet Jimmy Breslin and Jeff Greenfield. They looked beat, and when Jeff said wanly, "Well, he's got a chance," it was clear that it was all over.

The next morning the Kennedy people wandered through the Ambassador's lobby in a trance. Some went into the kitchen where Bobby had been shot. On the wall almost directly above the spot where the assassin had waited was a handmade sign which said: "The Once and Future King." The headwaiter said that it had been put up some weeks before by a social group which had met to discuss T. H. White's book. A few feet away, on the spot where Kennedy had fallen, someone had thrown a few red and yellow flowers on the floor.

Going through the Empire Ballroom, we passed a meeting of the Motion Picture Mothers Association just as it was announced that Mrs. Helen Schwartz, the mother of Tony Curtis, had bought three tickets for the annual raffle. Someone interrupted the scene to refer reverently to the senator's worsening condition. It was the sort of bizarre setting that would have brought on the Bobby wince. Clusters of Los Angeles politicians began to appear in the lobby and the talk turned to Humphrey's much improved chances, at which point Jack Newfield observed that in America, electoral politics has become the pornography of power.

It was Bobby himself, rather than his ideas, that had kept his people together; and when the moment of his death was approaching, they quickly separated. The family went back to Virginia. Press aide Dick Tuck went downstairs to give an exclusive interview to the Washington Post. Jack Newfield returned to New York to finish his biography of Kennedy. And most of the delegates went off to Humphrey. Bobbyism had died as an ideology.

And Then There Was Gene

by Sol Stern

[I. THE CIA MAN AND THE POET]

For days after the death of Bobby Kennedy, the McCarthy campaign was in a state of near collapse. McCarthy himself, according to one of his aides, had "gone underground." Frantic campaign workers in New York, where there was a primary to prepare for, were told to "cool it"; not to do anything further until some word had come from the candidate. There was even concern among high ranking campaign aides that McCarthy had been so traumatized by the assassination that he might pull out of the race altogether. Characteristically, during the crisis McCarthy was closeted with such spiritual camp followers and close friends as poet Robert Lowell and columnist Mary McGrory in discussions that undoubtedly were far removed from the tactical crises at hand.

Back in the days of the Oregon primary, McCarthy used to drive from one personal appearance to the next in a big black limousine. And there, sitting in the back seat with him as the car rolled up, were Lowell and a CIA man named Tom McCoy. The combination of poet and spook was no more incongruous than the rest of the politics that had brought McCarthy to Oregon.

McCoy is an honest-to-god agent, a career man who had joined the campaign only shortly after his retirement from the Agency at the age of fifty. A distinguished-looking man, tall and thin, with gray hair and horn-rimmed glasses, always wearing light-colored summer suits, he looked as if he might have just emerged from the bar of the Caravelle Hotel in Saigon. But perhaps appearances lie, for in conversation McCoy came on like Benjamin Spock as he talked about the necessity—indeed the desirability—of nationalist revolution in the underdeveloped world. He waxed ecstatic as he described the good work that the Agency was doing with the Meo tribesmen in Laos, building that "nationalist alternative" to the communists. Still, McCoy did agree—he said—with McCarthy's criticism of the CIA: whatever its aims, it had grown too big and unmanageable.

In contrast, there was the haunting presence of Lowell everywhere McCarthy went. His hair in disarray, glasses constantly slipping down his nose, eyes glazed, dressed almost always in a pair of chinos and a rumpled sports coat, his function in the campaign entourage seemed like that of some philosophical comic figure in a Beckett play. On one plane trip he draped himself all over the back of his seat to talk to McCarthy, who was in the seat behind him. With a drink in

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one hand and the other gesticulating wildly, he mused about Yeats' poem, "The Second Coming." One of them commented that Robert McNamara was reputed to be fond of the poem, and they wondered out loud whether the former secretary of Defense was not in fact that rough beast slouching toward Bethlehem.

A few days before, when McCarthy's hotel in Portland was already filled with journalists clamoring for a few words alone with him, and campaign aides were pushing him to make important decisions about the last three days of the primary fight, McCarthy closeted himself in his suite with Lowell, Jason Epstein, vice president of Random House, and Peter, Paul and Mary, to talk about poetry. McCarthy and Lowell discussed a poem McCarthy was writing about wolverines, and pored over a book titled *Mammals of North America.*

James Reston was in the lobby asking for an interview, and a reluctant McCarthy agreed to suspend this more satisfying dialogue for a few moments, but his heart wasn't in it. Reston is probably the one journalist in the world for whom kings and Presidents willingly change their schedules, but this would-be President tried to usher him out as quickly as he could so he could get back to his *Mammals of North America.*

The bright, committed young aides who worked for McCarthy all the way from New Hampshire to California could never really be certain whether he preferred to be President or write one great poem. When you asked why they were so passionate about him, many were forced to come up with something like, "I just trust him," or "He had the courage to take on Johnson first," or "He has all the right instincts."

But who was the real Gene McCarthy? Perhaps the most instructive clue was a piece of self-revelation from the candidate himself. During a television interview with David Frost, McCarthy was suddenly asked who his historical heroes were. He answered spontaneously, "Thomas More . . . Edmund Burke . . . and Harry Truman."

There may well be a little of each of those disparate historical characters in Eugene McCarthy: the Catholic upholding his private faith against the demands of politics; the conservative wishing to preserve what is historically best in our civilization while remaining aloof from mass politics; and the middle-class, small-town, midwestern, Democratic politician stung and rankled by the attempts of the eastern establishment to deny him a place in history.

[II. TO LIMIT AN EMPIRE]

ONLY A CONJUNCTURE OF unforeseen historical circumstances—a losing war, an immensely unpopular President, a reluctant Kennedy—pushed this aloof and private man, who had never done anything politically unorthodox in his life, into the role of leader of a popular crusade against an entrenched Party machine. McCarthy was more than anxious to serve as Lyndon Johnson's Vice President in 1964, and who can confidently say that, except for the peculiarities of Lyndon Johnson's mind, the roles of Eugene McCarthy and Hubert Humphrey might not today be reversed?

Yet for all of its accidental qualities and the candidate's early diffidence, the McCarthy campaign clearly stamped itself with a political identity. In New Hampshire he had concentrated his attacks on "Johnson's war" while identifying himself with the Kennedy Administration. Later, pressed by the need to distinguish his own anti-Vietnam campaign from that of Bobby Kennedy, and prodded by his young speech writers, McCarthy became the first major candidate for President in 20 years to discuss seriously the roots and implications of America's global intervention.

It was during the Wisconsin primary that McCarthy first spoke of the processes of decision making that got the U.S. into Vietnam in the first place and made possible the ensuing escalation. He suggested that such involvements were a result of the overblown influence on foreign policy of the military bureaucracy, the CIA and an establishment-encrusted State Department. By the time he reached Oregon and California he was attacking the world view of those who had made U.S. foreign policy during the '50s and on into the '60s. He committed the heresy, for a Democratic politician, of linking the anticommunism and the globalism of John Foster Dulles with the more sophisticated concepts of "counterinsurgency" and "internal aggression" that had become staples of the two most recent Democratic administrations.

In his best and most critical foreign policy speech of the campaign, delivered at the Cow Palace in San Francisco at the end of May, McCarthy said, "America in the period of the '50s and '60s built up for itself a mission in which we were to take upon ourselves the duty to judge the political systems of other nations—nearly all the nations of the world—accepting that we had the right to interfere with all of those systems if we found them to be wanting."

He then attacked the belief that American foreign policy had taken a turn for the better with the Kennedy Administration: "It wasn't changing and it wasn't being reformed. Its foundation has remained the same as it was in the early '50s and in the '60s—containment and a continuation of the Cold War; some new language; some new sails on the ships; some new rhetoric; instead of containment it is counter-insurgency—but no differences in policy—essentially the same diplomacy assuming for itself the role of the world's policeman." He had, it seemed, begun to develop a language and an analysis which were quite close to those of the peace radicals.

On the day after the Oregon primary I asked McCarthy whether he thought one might call American foreign policy "imperialist." McCarthy answered, "Well, yes, it is a kind of imperialism, but a new kind. It is almost an ideological imperialism. It is an idea we seem to have of the world as our imperium."

Was there any place where American involvement was justified in Asia? Did he, for example, think we had something to defend in Thailand? "Not in Thailand," he answered. "We are already in trouble there with our military involvement. What you have there is a dictatorship against the people and it is a dangerous involvement on our part." However, he said, "In Korea we do have a clear obligation and it is a legal one and a justifiable one that dates out of a continuation of World War II."

The reference to Korea (which I had not asked about) suggests the blind spot in McCarthy's analysis of the Cold War. It is his treatment of the historical role of his hero, President Truman. When McCarthy talks about containment he makes it sound as if it were something dreamt up by the Republicans, and not by Truman, Acheson and George F. Kennan (now a McCarthy supporter). It is as if McCarthy accepted the view that there was a legitimate American Cold

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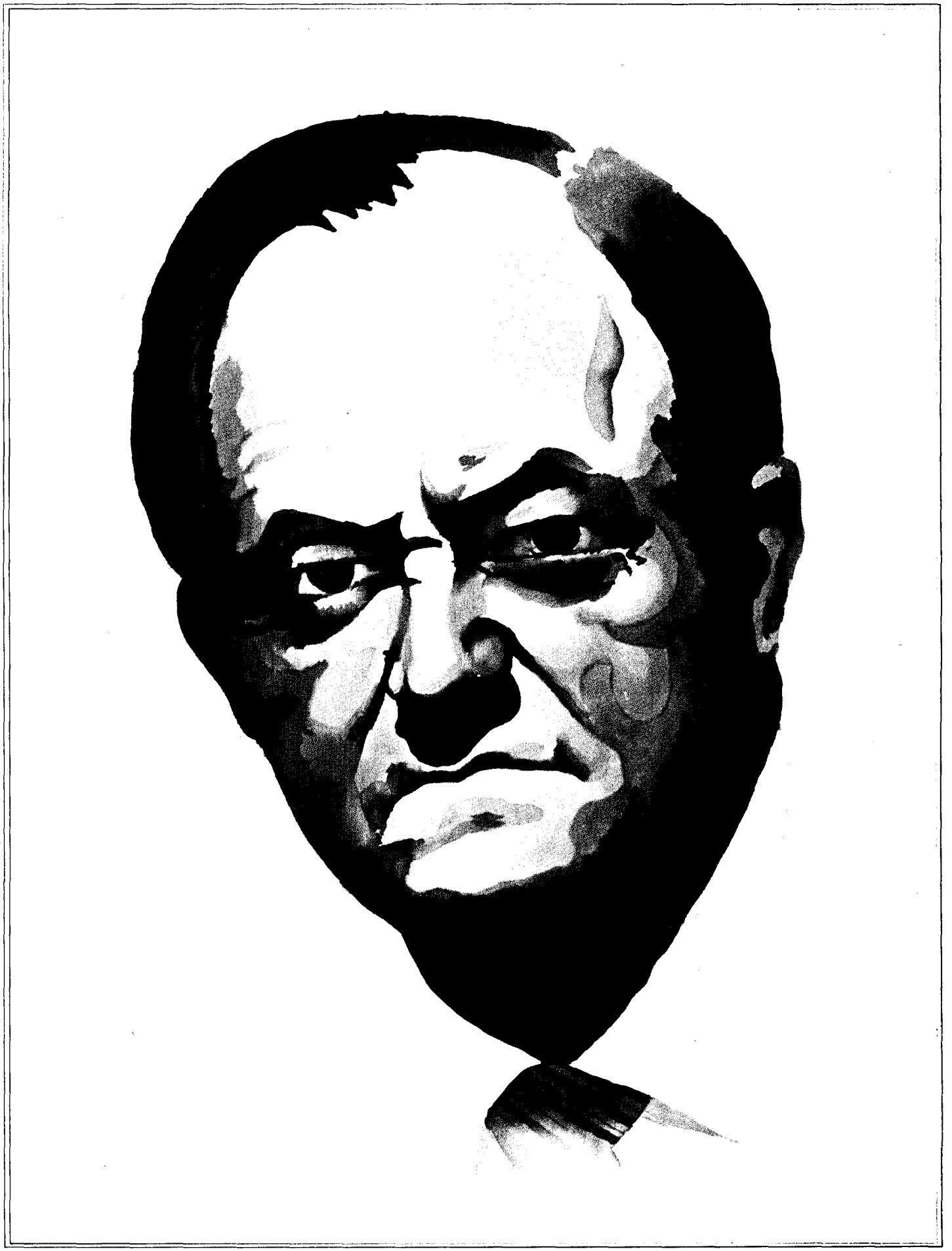

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War posture that was interrupted only by John Foster Dulles and Dean Rusk. Nowhere in his speeches, for example, does McCarthy mention the Truman Doctrine as the first instance of the kind of intervention and policing role that he has been denouncing. Nowhere has he suggested the obvious parallels between America's intervention in the Greek Civil War and its intervention in Vietnam.

McCarthy's thoughts on foreign policy were, of course, influenced by his years on the Foreign Relations Committee, where thoughtful but conservative men tried to limit and cut back on an American Empire that was growing like a cancer and endangering all of the best values of the Republic. This viewpoint certainly suggests the great distance between McCarthy and the aggressive missionary rhetoric of a Humphrey. A McCarthy Presidency presages no sudden emergence of an America in ideological solidarity with the forces of revolution in the world, but at this stage it does suggest an America far less prone to impose itself on other peoples' desires to make their own history.

Unfortunately for McCarthy, the qualities of mind that make him so attractive a candidate in the area of foreign policy—the aloofness, the suspicious attitude toward moral judgments, the Burkean distrust of power--do not stand him in good stead on the issue of race. McCarthy's program said all the obvious things about housing, jobs and education. And in some respects his positions were even more advanced than Kennedy's. Where Kennedy's response to riots was an emphasis on "law and order," McCarthy, sounding a little like a black militant, often put the matter in the context of what he called "a colonial relationship" between black and white America.

But in an area where no single program could promise hope to the hopeless, where Lyndon Johnson had already said "We Shall Overcome" to the Congress, some greater sense of urgency and existential concern was required, and Kennedy captured it with his personal, shirt-sleeved plunge into the heart of the black ghetto.

McCarthy on the other hand was never able to shake the widely-held suspicion that he felt uncomfortable when confronted by the black ghetto. Deeply resentful of the Kennedy charisma with blacks—which he felt to be unearned, won only by demagoguery and family name—McCarthy could never really develop an alternative style and appeal. It was not until late in the Wisconsin primary that he even did any personal campaigning in the ghettos, and that came only after he had been stung by the needling of the press and the resignation of his own press secretary, Seymour Hersh, over the issue. McCarthy had always spoken with scorn of Kennedy's 26 different ethnic and professional committees. There was only one kind of American he was appealing to, he claimed: the intelligent voter concerned with the issues to whom no special ethnic appeals were necessary. Having delivered well-thought-out and decent proposals on the race question, he thought it was sufficient that everyone could now come to listen and make a choice—but of course no one came but the great white middle class who had been with him from the beginning.

What brought those white middle-class cadres together? At the start there seemed almost no hope of a McCarthy Presidency; but there was a kind of hope written on the banner that covered the entire back wall of McCarthy's Portland headquarters. It read: "To Build a New Politics."

[III. A NEW POLITICS?]

FOR MCCARTHY, REALIZATION OF THE "New Politics" seemed to hinge on that mythical "intelligent voter." He placed great stock in the prerogatives of Congress and kept pushing issues such as congressional control of the CIA and reconciliation between Congress and the Presidency, because he felt that to the extent that his kind of people were involved in policy making through their representatives, America would be less inclined to get into disasters such as Vietnam. The people who voted and worked for him, the largely white, middle-class suburban types allied with their children—McCarthy's student cadres—were, he thought, a new and progressive political force. "The middle class has always been the greatest force for change," he once said to me, and he could at times become downright arrogant about this belief. In Santa Monica a few days before the California primary, he told an auditorium full of his supporters, "You're the best, that's all. You're the best and you're the ones who are most needed."

It has been said, of course, that McCarthy had merely inherited the old Stevenson constituency, but that constituency itself has changed. The intervening years have made its members tougher and yet more disillusioned. Indeed, they are considerably more radical than their candidate. One indication of that came in Madison, Wisconsin, where an anti-Vietnam referendum appeared on the ballot at the same time that McCarthy was running in the primary. The referendum was a radically worded statement advocating immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops. McCarthy refused to endorse it and the McCarthy campaign officially took out ads discouraging people from working on the referendum campaign. Yet the referendum got nearly as many votes in Madison as McCarthy did.

The really new and dynamic element in the constituency is, of course, "the kids." They were not, for the most part, campus radicals. Many of them had been recruited originally through the National Student Association (NSA); others had been personally brought in via persuasive recruiting by Allard Lowenstein—an ex-NSA president and one of the founders of the "dump Johnson" movement. But they were the kind of kids who could just as easily be led by a Tom Hayden if the circumstances were right. Their commitment was not so much a personal loyalty to McCarthy, but to a vague, often unarticulated "thing" they had created.

Perhaps the most important "young" person in the campaign was twenty-five-year-old Paul Gorman, who by the time the campaign reached Oregon had become the senator's chief speech writer. Gorman had spent the last few years as a research director for the remnants of the old Democratic Study Group on Capitol Hill. Deeply committed to radical change and with close personal ties to many of the people in "the movement," Gorman became something of the candidate's left-wing conscience. He was constantly torn by doubts about where it was all leading, as he tried—sometimes successfully, more often unsuccessfully—to get the candidate to say the radically relevant thing.

Musing in Oregon one night about all the things that were wrong with the campaign, Gorman said he thought that nevertheless his efforts were worthwhile. "I think we have created a new constituency here, of a middle-class politics which wants moral courage and conscience and sees these almost as material

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interests. I think something can be done with that constituency and it ought to be supported."

If Gorman symbolized the "New Politics" in the campaign, the "old" was clearly represented by Thomas Finney, an experienced political hand who had been personally brought into the campaign by McCarthy and given almost full authority to pull everything together after the debacle in Nebraska.

Also an ex-CIA agent, who left the Agency in the mid-'50s, Finney went back to his native Oklahoma and got into politics as an aide to Senator Mike Monroney. He first became prominent in national politics in 1960, the year he met McCarthy, when he organized the last-minute drive in Los Angeles to win the nomination for Adlai Stevenson (some cynics still suggest that it was really a Johnson-Stevenson drive to stop Jack Kennedy). Since then Finney has become a law partner of Clark Clifford in a firm that represents a good number of the nation's defense contractors. He also served a short stint in the Johnson Administration as a White House aide. He has been known to have visited the White House several times since the campaign began, in connection with business matters for some of his clients.

It is unusual that a man so well ensconced in the Washington establishment and with intimate ties to the White House should suddenly feel impelled to try a last-minute salvage effort on a "children's crusade" that looked like it was on its way to political oblivion. Finney did have the blessings of the secretary of Defense for his venture, and it does not seem unreasonable that the lure for Finney and some of the men he brought in with him to beef up the campaign was as much a desire to defeat Kennedy as it was to elect McCarthy.

One of the new people Finney brought with him, a New York writer who had worked with him for Stevenson in Los Angeles in 1960, told me that he regarded Kennedy as even more dangerous than Humphrey. That sentiment may well have been shared by the candidate. "Look," an unhappy and exasperated high ranking campaign aide said one night in Oregon, "he just likes Humphrey better. It's a personal thing."

WHATEVER THE REASONS for such feelings, it is clear they helped give the campaign a strange air of unreality—as if Kennedy were the real enemy and moral superiority meant more than electoral majorities. Thus as the election returns started coming in to the Beverly Hilton Hotel on that fateful evening of the California primary, 3000 of the McCarthy faithful packed the main ballroom to greet their candidate. Even though they were losing heavily, the entire audience cheered him wildly with V-for-Victory signs and sang their "anthem," "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

Perhaps the most significant result of that election was that the well-financed pro-Humphrey delegation got only 12 per cent of the vote. But the McCarthy people that night were getting their solace from moral victories over Bobby Kennedy. Thus they went wild when one of the few black workers in the campaign mounted the podium and put Kennedy down, saying, "The rest of the black race is going to get hip to what that other honkie is up to." When a Mexican-American campaign worker got up and shouted, "McCarthy is macho," there was pandemonium. Considering that Kennedy had rolled up eight- and nine-to-one majorities in the black and Mexican-American communities, they were an unusually ecstatic group of losers.

A few hours later those awful shots rang out in that other hotel, and they wept.

The bullets that killed Bobby Kennedy also shattered the McCarthy strategy of trying reasonably and quietly to win over delegates in a deadlocked convention on the basis of his own low-keyed appeal. They also demonstrated the shifting sands on which Kennedy's own politics of change were built, as most of his delegates started to move toward the candidate of no change—Hubert Humphrey.

The only thing that will now unlock Hubert Humphrey's tight hold over the Democratic Convention will be something like a popular convulsion, and it is quite meaningless for McCarthy to say, as he has through the campaign, that he will continue to fight all the way to the convention. Before the assassination, when Kennedy had several hundred delegates to deny Humphrey in a three-way race, that was a plausible strategy. Today, when McCarthy has nothing more than his 500 delegates and nothing to up the ante with but his own speeches, it is quixotic. Undoubtedly, many people want McCarthy to continue to run a campaign of polite political opposition because they dread the image of an America stumbling to a controlled convention without any debate. (The New York Times, for example, has been giving the McCarthy campaign more coverage than ever before.) One can guess the scenario these "responsible" people have in mind. McCarthy would wrest some concessions from a Humphrey anxious to consolidate his left, support Humphrey in the election and go on to play the role of leader of the left wing in the Democratic Party as an elder statesman in the Adlai Stevenson mold.

McCarthy's supporters, however, are ready for a tougher and more radical crusade which begins to question the legitimacy of the Democratic Party. Jules Feiffer, who is now a McCarthy delegate to the convention, once told me he could eventually support Kennedy as a second choice but could never, never reconcile himself to Hubert Humphrey; while he regarded Kennedy as a "cop," Humphrey was "the good German." Arthur Miller, a McCarthy delegate to the Connecticut State Convention, said, "If I'm a delegate to the convention I would never vote for Humphrey. If Humphrey is nominated, I think perhaps that is the time to start thinking of starting a third party."

When asked about the possibility of a sellout at the convention, Murray Kempton, a McCarthy delegate from New York, said, "Listen, if I ever get elected to this damned convention, I might have to vote for Stokely Carmichael."

It is hard to imagine McCarthy himself contemplating such heresies. For all of the qualities of independence so romanticized by the journalists, he has still been very much the traditional politician who plays the game according to the rules laid down in Senate cloakrooms and Democratic Party caucuses. And yet he has shown a capacity to be moved along by the urgency felt by his own constituency. If the establishment backers of McCarthy have their scenario, there is another one that is improbable, though not implausible. It projects the McCarthy campaign assembling a hundred thousand outraged Americans in Chicago and demonstrating to the assembled delegates that if Hubert Humphrey gets the nomination they will break with the Democratic Party and take to the streets, if need be, to deny it its legitimacy. For all of the ambiguities and weaknesses of the McCarthy campaign, that would indeed be a "New Politics."

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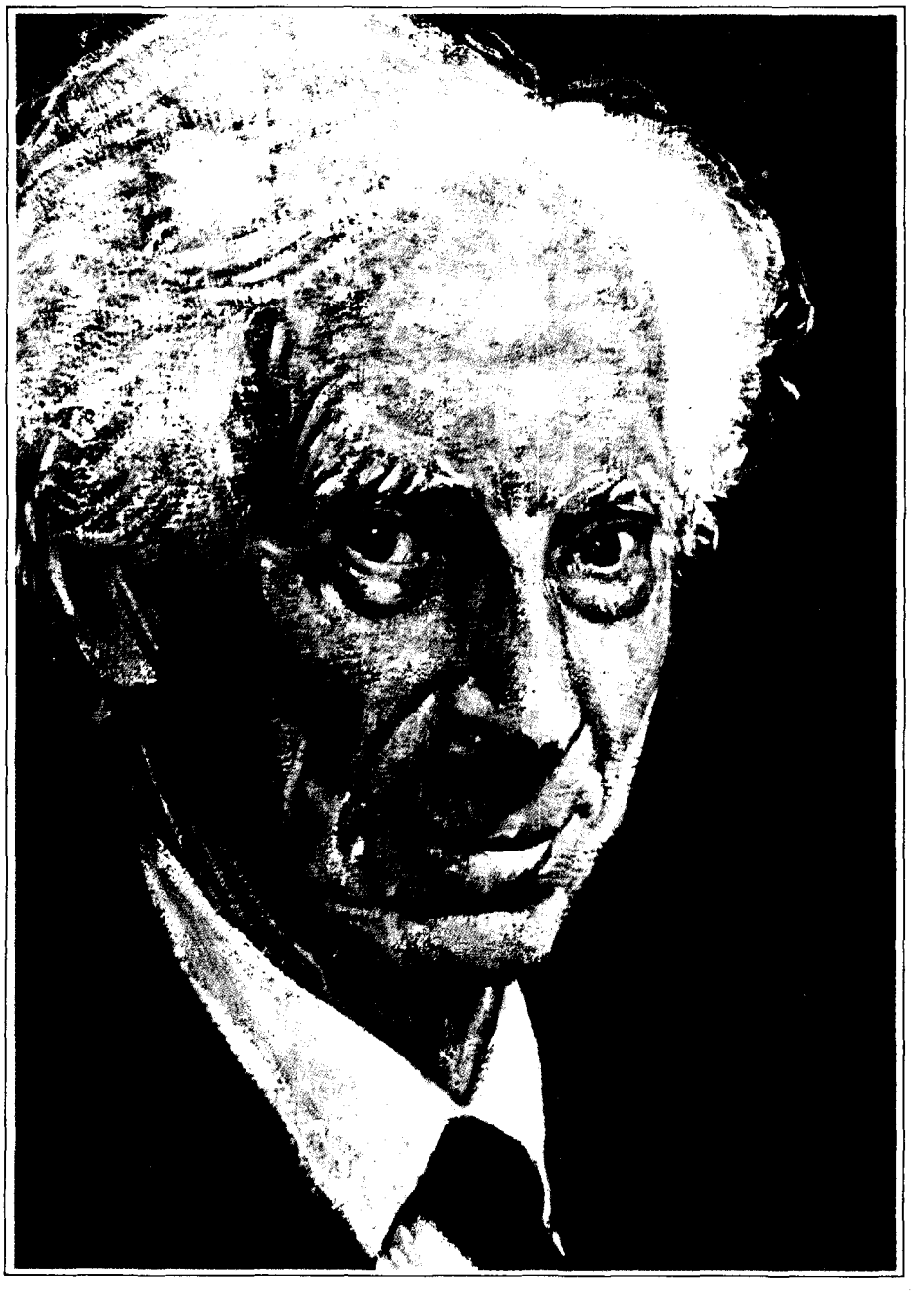
Back-of-the-Book

I.F. Stone on Bertrand Russell on Bertrand Russell

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL, 1914-1944. *Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown. 418 pp. $8.95.*



THE SECOND VOLUME OF Bertrand Russell's *Autobiography* covers a tumultuous period for both Russell and mankind. During this time he moved from solitary contemplation of the most recondite problems in mathematics and logic to the heat and dust of controversy over the most pressing social issues. The philosopher became a secular preacher, the rationalist a moralist.

These fresh pages tell of his opposition to World War I, when he was jailed as a pacifist; of his discovery of love, after a bloodless marriage; of his disillusionment with Soviet Russia. The book describes Russell's visit to China, where—before Mao's Cultural Revolution swept away culture—he found a civilization more exquisite and a national wit more subtle than anything in the West. It details his never-ending struggle to make a living as a journalist and lecturer, mostly in America, and includes an account of the witch hunt conducted against him at New York's City College in 1940. The prose is a joy; Russell is a master of the simple declarative sentence, and his love of nature and of man are distilled with a purity of expression seldom achieved in the English tongue.

Much of the turbulent story is of urgent relevance again today, for our own antiwar movement and for the universal revolt of youth against a bureaucratic dehumanization of the sort which Russell sensed even in his early years of enthusiasm for the Bolshevik Revolution. He was one of the first to see that Lenin and his energetic colleagues were—paradox of paradoxes—

Illustration of Bertrand Russell by Norman Rockwell

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"Americanizing" Russia, i.e. creating the habits and values of a mass production industrial society. But the reader's main interest, as in a first-rate novel, is in watching the agonies of self-creation in the unfolding life of one of the greatest men of our time. The very unfinished character of the *Autobiography*, pieced together in Russell's nineties from letters and memoirs dictated at various periods of his life, gives an added intensity to the reader's empathy: as with a piece of sculpture left deliberately unfinished, we can see the conception struggling to free itself from the stone.

Some of the ground covered will be familiar to those who have already dipped into Russell's astonishing output; there are no less than 61 books listed in the title pages. In 1915 his *Principles of Social Reconstruction* (published in the United States as *Why Men Fight*) set forth his opposition to World War I with unforgettable passion; *Practice and Theory of Bolshevism*, written in 1920, anticipated a generation of disillusion. But the notes and letters in the *Autobiography* preserve the impressions he had at the time with a fresh immediacy; they have a quality the more formal books cannot quite match.

Russell was a premature anti-Communist. The Russian Revolution had aroused his hopes, and he had sought to dispel the tissue of falsehood and half-truth woven about the Bolsheviks by hostile propaganda. But his 1920 visit to the Soviet Union with other British sympathizers, as guests of the new regime, was a shock, and he hesitated to publish a book about his reactions. "To say anything against Bolshevism," Russell recollects, "was, of course, to play into the hands of reaction, and most of my friends took the view that one ought not to say what one thought about Russia unless what one thought was favorable."

This was the inhibition which proved more powerful than any Iron Curtain in hiding the truth about Soviet Russia from the world: its enemies were our enemies—at home in a generation of witch hunters from A. Mitchell Palmer to Joe McCarthy and abroad in the rise of fascist regimes which threatened all civilized values. To criticize Moscow would give these enemies aid and comfort in a time of war—the very definition of treason. Thus for years, the monster in the Kremlin was pictured as a benevolent father figure; those who knew the truth shrank from joining hands with the professional anti-Communist. Those who dared tell the truth were cast into outer darkness as Trotskyites, a term that aroused the same superstitious horror among liberal intellectuals as accusations of heresy did among Christians in the Middle Ages. But Russell felt "that in the long run no good purpose would be served by holding one's tongue." He had, he recalled, been "impervious to similar arguments from patriots during the War." He decided to tell it as it was.

ONE COULD EASILY HAVE predicted that Russell would not like the Soviet Union. Always the skeptic, he was unable to accept wholeheartedly any creed or credo. "How I envy those," he once wrote, "who *always* believe what they believe." He cared more about injustice and cruelty than about the political theories which so often excuse them at least temporarily—just one more blood bath, and we will be in Paradise! He had doubts about socialism and was less ready than the true believer to dismiss as passing imperfections what might be basic defects.

On the eve of his departure for Russia, Russell tried to steel himself for the experience. "I know," he wrote his beloved Lady Constance Malleson, "that no good thing is achieved without fighting, without ruthlessness and organization and discipline. I know that for collective action the individual must be turned into a machine." But in such observations, he said, "Though my reason may force me to believe them, I can find no inspiration. It is the individual human soul that I love."

Russell wrote Lady Constance, a few days later, that his first day in Russia had "chiefly afforded material for the imp of irony." He said that he had come prepared "for physical hardship, discomfort, dirt, and hunger, to be made bearable by an atmosphere of splendid hope for mankind." But, he mused, "our Communist comrades, no doubt rightly, have not judged us worthy of such treatment." Since crossing the frontier, he had enjoyed two feasts and a good breakfast, several first-class cigars and a night in a sumptuous palace bedroom "where all the luxury of the *ancien régime* has been preserved." It seems, he added, "I am to live amid the pomp of a great military empire." He found himself "troubled at every moment by fundamental questions, the terrible insoluble questions that wise men never ask."

He met Lenin and was not impressed. "I was chiefly conscious of his intellectual limitations," Russell wrote home, "and his rather narrow Marxian orthodoxy, as well as a distinct vein of impish cruelty." He was not allowed to see Kropotkin; no doubt the regime was afraid of what the grand old anarchist prince might tell him. "I felt," Russell said of his Soviet experience, "that everything that I valued in human life was being destroyed in the interests of a glib and narrow philosophy, and that in the process untold misery was being inflicted upon many millions of people."

Russell tried to argue against these misgivings. To Lady Constance (whom he called Colette), he wrote in another letter, "I reflect upon the destruction and cruelty upon which the ancient splendor was built: the poverty, drunkenness, prostitution, in which life and health were uselessly wasted; I think of all the lovers of freedom who suffered in [the fortress of] Peter and Paul; I remember the knoutings and pogroms and massacres. By hatred of the old, I become tolerant of the new, but I cannot like the new on its own account."

Yet he reproached himself for not liking the new Soviet state. "It has all the characteristics of vigorous beginnings," he recognized. "It is ugly and brutal but full of constructive energy and faith in the value of what it is creating."

In creating new machinery for social life, Russell admitted, there is "no time to think of anything beyond machinery." He was assured that when the body of the new society had been built, there would be time to think about giving it a soul. But he could not keep himself from wondering "whether it is possible to build a body first, and then afterward inject the requisite amount of soul." This is in essence the same question which obsesses the best of the younger generation in the Soviet Union bloc today, as they seek a return to freedom within the context of socialist society. They will read Russell's words with gratitude—when and if the book gets to them through their literary underground railway—for Russell, theorizing long before they were born, speaks for them too.

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Russell's internal dialogue culminates in a passage of pure Hamlet: "I am infinitely unhappy in this atmosphere—stifled by its utilitarianism, its indifference to love and beauty and the life of impulse. I cannot give that importance to man's merely animal needs that is given here by those in power. No doubt that is because I have not spent half my life in hunger and want, as many of them have. But do hunger and want necessarily bring wisdom? Do they make men more, or less, capable of conceiving the ideal society that should be the inspiration of every reformer? I cannot avoid the belief that they narrow the horizon more than they enlarge it. But an uneasy doubt remains, and I am torn in two."

He fell nonetheless under Russia's spell. One letter is a vivid account of a trip down the Volga. "Our boat travels on, day after day," he wrote, "through a mysterious and unknown land. Our company are noisy, gay, quarrelsome, full of facile theories, with glib explanations of everything. . . . And all around us lies a great silence, strong as death, unfathomable as the heavens. It seems that none have leisure to hear the silence, yet it calls to me so insistently that I grow deaf to the harangues of the propagandists. . . ."

Late one night the boat stopped "in a desolate spot where there were no houses, but only a great sandbank, and beyond it a row of poplars with the rising moon behind them." When he wandered ashore, he came across a strange group of semi-nomads "wandering from some remote region of famine." Small twig fires illuminated the "gnarled bearded faces of wild men, strong patient primitive women, and children as sedate and slow as their parents. Human beings they undoubtedly were, and yet it would have been far easier for me," Russell wrote, "to grow intimate with a dog or a cat or a horse." He knew they would wait days, perhaps weeks, for a boat "in which they could go to some distant place where they had heard—falsely perhaps—that the earth was more generous." Some would die by the way, "all would suffer hunger and thirst and the scorching midday sun, but their sufferings would be dumb."

To Russell, they seemed to typify the soul of Russia: ". . . unexpressive, inactive from despair, unheeded by the little set of westernizers who make up all the parties of progress or reaction." Russia, he mused, "is so vast that the articulate few are lost in it as man and his planet are lost in interstellar space." He could not believe that happiness would be brought to these semi nomads "by a gospel of industrialism and forced labor." When morning came, Russell, back on shipboard, found himself again involved in "the interminable discussions of the materialistic conception of history." The others had not seen those sleeping wanderers. "But something of that patient silence," Russell wrote, "had communicated itself to me, something lonely and unspoken remained in my heart through all the comfortable familiar intellectual talk. And at last I began to feel that all politics are inspired by a grinning devil, teaching the energetic and quick-witted to torture submissive populations for the profit of pocket or power of theory." Even Berdyaev has not surpassed the intensity of this passage on Russia.

It is difficult to tell which he hated most—this maverick aristocrat, this radical offshoot of one of England's noblest Whig families—the Soviet Union or the United States. Russell's first wife, like the countess, was an American. At the time he met his first wife and his in-laws, Russell says that for him, as for Goethe, "America seemed a romantic land of freedom." He found among Americans "an absence of many prejudices which hampered me at home." When the First World War came, his hope of peace rested on America. In 1915, he wrote an open letter to Woodrow Wilson in which he insisted that the American government "has the power, not only to compel the European Governments to make peace, but to reassure the populations by making itself the guarantors of the peace," through a League to Enforce Peace. Nothing is stranger in Russell's record than this early espousal of a Pax Americana, albeit as the enforcing agency of a world government.

This faith disappeared when America entered the war on the side of the Entente, and it was for an anti-American passage in an article against the war in 1918 that Russell was prosecuted and sent to prison. He had written that an American garrison would soon be occupying England and France, and added nastily that whether or not U.S. forces "prove efficient against the Germans, [they] will no doubt be capable of in-

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timidating strikers, an occupation to which the American Army is accustomed when at home." This was a reference to the recent use of troops to break the Colorado Fuel and Iron strike. The prosecution of a leading British philosopher for expressing anti-American opinions hardly conformed to the propaganda that America had entered the war to make the world safe for democracy. Russell hoped at one point that the U.S. Embassy would magnanimously intervene in his behalf, but this hope too was disappointed.

AFTER THE WAR, the United States became a major source of Russell's income. Before the war he had inherited a fortune of £20,000 from his father, not as small a sum in those days as it may seem now. As long as he was writing the *Principia Mathematica*, he felt justified in living on inherited money—especially since by the time this masterwork was finished in 1910, the decade of labor had brought him and Whitehead (as he wryly notes) minus £100, a loss of £50 apiece, despite publisher advances and help from learned societies. Subsequently, Russell gave away all that he had inherited because he did not think it right to live on unearned income. To earn a living, the philosopher became a journalist and lecturer.

In 1924, 1927, 1929 and 1931, he made extended lecture tours in the United States. His book earnings, too, depended largely on the American market. "My income is precarious," we find him writing to H. G. Wells in 1928, "since it depends upon the tastes of American readers who are notoriously fickle." At one time he earned £1000 a year by writing a weekly article for the Hearst press. But when he refused to stay with Hearst at his castle in San Simeon, California, Russell's pay was halved and then he was dropped altogether. One sample of his work for Hearst is reprinted in the *Autobiography*. Called "Christmas at Sea," it shows that even Russell could be wearily banal on occasion. Journalism doth make dullards of us all.

Sometimes Russell's recent attacks on the United States seem downright unphilosophical. He seems, under the stress of our barbarity in Vietnam, to exempt us alone from that compassionate view which sees mankind as the prisoner of its own compulsions and of tragic circumstance. We too are the tools of fate. We may indeed deserve summary judgment but it does not accord with that Olympian discernment and Sophoclean pity we have come to expect from Russell.

If there is an undercurrent of prejudice here, part of it may be due to Russell's painful experiences on his last visit to the United States in 1938-44. During this tour he first taught at the University of Chicago, where he was repelled by the neo-Thomism of its president, Robert Hutchins; the dislike was mutual. He then went to the University of California in Los Angeles, where taxpayers were "protesting against their having to contribute to the salary of an infidel" and the University's president marched in on faculty meetings "as if he were wearing jackboots, and ruling any motion out of order if he did not like it."

Russell resigned when offered an appointment as professor at the City College of New York, only to learn that the mother of a girl student had filed suit to cancel the appointment on the ground that his presence would corrupt the morals of the young. The Tablet, organ of the Brooklyn diocese—and in those years the shrill mouthpiece of clerical fascism—led the pack in crying out against him. The final touch of injustice was the refusal of the court to let Russell defend himself, on the ground that the suit was against the City of New York, which was more fearful of the Roman Catholic clergy than it was of the verdict of history.

The suit attacked Russell as "lecherous, libidinous, lustful, venerous, erotomaniac, aphrodisiac, irreverent, narrow-minded, untruthful and bereft of moral fiber," and an Irish Catholic judge duly found him guilty. The appointment was canceled. The suit precipitated a boycott of his books and lectures. He was reduced to such poverty that on one occasion when he did get an out of town lecture date, he had only enough money to pay his railroad fare one way and had to depend on immediate payment of his lecture fee to get back.

These humiliating episodes did not make Russell pro-American. He even disliked the Americans who came to his defense. "In this country," he wrote to Kingsley Martin of the New Statesman, "the decent people are terrifyingly powerless and often naive." To Gilbert Murray he wrote from a farm house in Pennsylvania where he had taken refuge,

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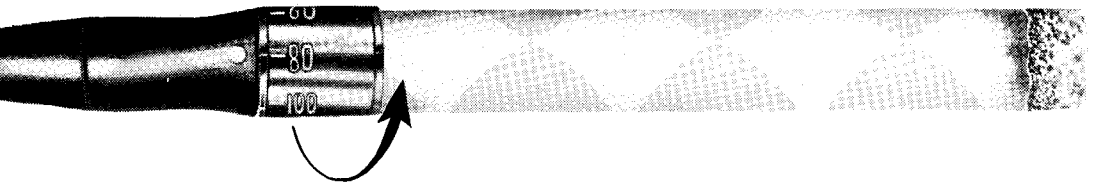

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"It is not growing fanaticism, but growing democracy that causes my troubles. Did you ever read the life of Averroës? He was protected by kings, but hated by the mob, which was fanatical. In the end the mob won. Free thought has always been a prerequisite of aristocracy." The Whig had come out. Russell was not one to drink his hemlock quietly.

RUSSELL'S PRIVATE IMAGE—to adopt a Madison Avenue neologism I find revolting—was miles from his public image. No man's inner life ever differed more than did Russell's from the general impressions created by the controversies in which his free views on life and love enmeshed him. Russell at heart is a mystic. There has always been a curious affinity between mathematics and mysticism, though they seem poles apart—one exact, the other inexpressibly vague. Perhaps this is because the exactitude of mathematics on closer exploration dissolves into the most tenuous metaphysics, while mysticism becomes, as one penetrates into it, as austere as numbers.

The earliest mathematician-mystic was Pythagoras. Russell once described him with delicious disparagement as a combination of Einstein and Mary Baker Eddy. Another example of this strange affinity was Nicholas of Cusa, the medieval cardinal and humanist, whose effort to demonstrate the unknowability of God led to the first anticipation of the calculus. Bertrand Russell is in the same mold. The second volume of his *Autobiography* reveals—more strongly than do such early essays as "A Free Man's Worship" (1902) and "Mysticism and Logic" (1914)—the depth of the strain of mysticism in the coauthor of the dry and recondite *Principia*. The *Autobiography* shows him in his inner life to be close kin to the poet and the saint, searching for something even less tangible than a bedrock of certitude beneath the quicksand of assumptions which underlie mathematics and logic.

When Russell tries to sum up his life, he invokes Spinoza, whose contemporaries also thought him godless. "What Spinoza calls 'the intellectual love of God,'" Russell writes, "has seemed to me the best thing to live by, but I have not had even the somewhat abstract God that Spinoza allowed himself to whom to attach my intellectual love. I have loved a ghost, and in loving a ghost my inmost life has itself become spectral. I have therefore buried it deeper and deeper beneath layers of cheerfulness, affection and joy of life. But my most profound feelings have remained always solitary and have found in human things no companionship. The sea, the stars, the night wind in waste places, mean more to me than even the human beings I love best, and I am conscious that human affection is to me at bottom an attempt to escape from the vain search for God."

The zest, energy and sense of fun which communicate themselves to readers of the *Autobiography* and make Russell, even in his nineties, seem an elderly Peter Pan to visitors, are only a wondrous cover for this sense of the inexpressible. "In some way I can't put into words,"* he wrote Colette in 1916, "I feel that some of our thoughts and feel-

* It was not, if the philosopher will forgive a little joke at his expense, for lack of trying. Of the sweetheart to whom this letter was written, Russell writes, "The first time that I was ever in bed with her (we did not go to bed the first time we were lovers, as there was too much to say) . . ." The first nuptial bed seems to have been—so to speak—a kind of private lecture platform, and the first love union interstitial.

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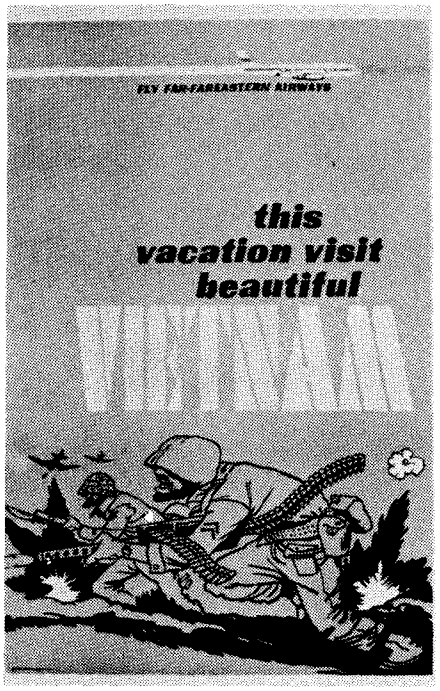

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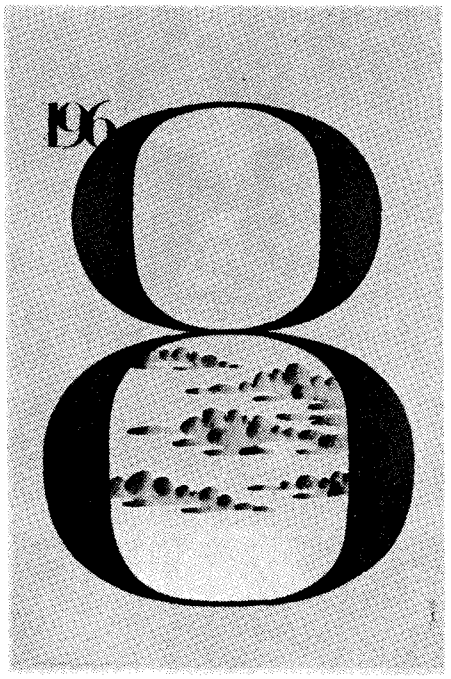

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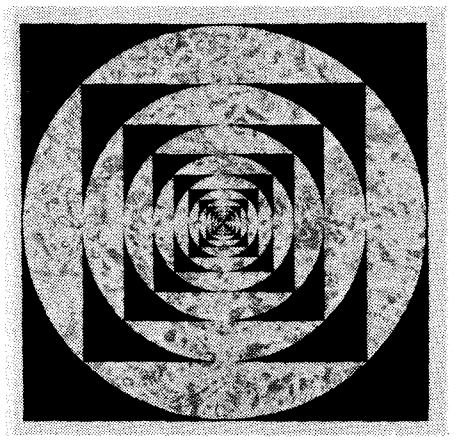

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ings are just of the moment, but others are part of the eternal world, like the stars—even if their actual existence is passing, something—some spirit or essence—seems to last on, to be part of the real history of the universe, not only of the separate person." This resembles the Hindu doctrine of a universal Mind, of which the individual is but a part. Lovemaking was never so metaphysical since Abélard seduced Héloise.

"The centre of me," Russell wrote in another letter to this same sweetheart, "is always and eternally a terrible pain—a curious wild pain—a searching for something beyond that the world contains, something transfigured and infinite—the beatific vision—God—I do not find it, I do not think it can be found—but the love of it is my life."

In a passage of another letter which makes one think of Rilke's *Duino Elegies*, Russell writes, "Even when one feels nearest to other people, something in one seems obstinately to belong to God and to refuse to enter into any earthly communion—at least that is how I should express it if I thought there was a God. . . . I am haunted—some ghost, from some extra-mundane region, seems always trying to tell me something that I am to repeat to the world, but I cannot understand the message."

This is the stuff of which prophets rather than philosophers are made. The difference becomes clear when one compares Russell's reaction to the First World War with that of his friend Santayana. As philosophers, the two men were much alike, being ultimately concerned —like the ancients—with the problem of achieving the good life. Santayana's view of World War I was as detached as if he were watching it from outer space.

"Looking at it calmly, as a philosopher," Santayana wrote Russell in 1917, in a letter reprinted in the *Autobiography*, "I find nothing to be pessimistic about. . . . The young men killed would grow older if they lived, and then they would be good for nothing; and after being good for nothing for a number of years they would die of catarrh or a bad kidney or the halter or old age—and would that be less horrible?" Santayana even saw the war as a way to deal with the population explosion. He was ready for penury provided the war "made an end of living on lies." But Santayana was "afraid the catastrophe won't be great enough for that, and that some false arrangement will be patched up—in spite of Lenin—so that we shall be very much as we were before." The conclusion Santayana drew was smug, grim and wry: "People are not intelligent," he wrote Russell. "It is very unreasonable to expect them to be so, and that is a fate my philosophy reconciled me to long ago. How else could I have lived for forty years in America?"

HOW DIFFERENTLY RUSSELL reacted to the war. The guns of August mobilized him for peace, in a mood of resolute and almost ecstatic despair. This was the despair of the prophet who would like to change people, as contrasted with the philosopher who is resigned—like Santayana—to taking them as they are. "I have at times been paralyzed by skepticism, at times I have been cynical, at other times indifferent," Russell writes of the war's onset, "but when the time came I felt as if I heard the voice of God. I knew that it was my business to protest, however futile protest might be." This is the same quasi-religious fervor which drove Dr. Spock and William Sloane Coffin Jr. and their colleagues to their confrontation with the American government over Vietnam. As the lyric poets speak for lovers in every age, so the Russell of 1914 already spoke, as he does again now, for the opposition to our war.

There is, however, a difference which is at once a ground for hope and cause for a deeper pessimism. To read Russell's account of the coming of that war is to see how we and the world have changed. The scenes and feelings Russell describes seem those of a vanished age. Cheering London crowds welcomed the declaration of war and Russell discovered, to his amazement, "that average men and women were delighted at the prospect of the war." He had "fondly imagined what most pacifists contended, that wars were forced upon a reluctant population by despotic and Machiavellian governments." Now he discovered (as Freud soon was to do also) "that the anticipation of carnage was delightful to something like ninety per cent of the population." The learned and wise were caught up in the same homicidal excitement as the ignorant and foolish. "My best friends, such as the Whiteheads," Russell relates, "were savagely warlike."

Gilbert Murray, one of the handful of Englishmen who had resisted jingoism during the Boer War, now "went out of his way to write of the wickedness of the Germans and the superhuman virtue of Sir Edward Grey," who had consistently lied to the British public to hide the intrigues which led to the war. Even poets were inspired by the war. Rupert Brooke, the romantic and beautiful young man, hailed the war in memorable verse as a relief from "all the littleness of love" and soon lost his own life in the conflict.

To the present generation in America and the West, this enthusiasm must seem as alien as that of another race on another planet. It is impossible to conceive of anyone on our side writing romantic poetry about the Vietnamese war. No crowds cheer it here. The only traces of lyrical enthusiasm to be found are in the military trade journals where General Dynamics, Boeing and General Electric boast of the machines and weapons specially designed for the Vietnamese conflict. Even the hawks want to get this war over with. Something has happened in the intervening years.

I was a politically conscious schoolboy of nine when America entered the First World War. A young Irish Catholic friend and I, in a country school otherwise all WASP, had been the only opponents of intervention. I had been for Wilson because, as he boasted when running for reelection, he had kept us out of war. Yet I remember—and was myself caught up in—the general enthusiasm which greeted the declaration of war, when frankfurters were patriotically renamed "liberty sausages" and no decent American would play Bach or Beethoven. I learned from later reading that in Vienna and Berlin and St. Petersburg and Paris men felt the same way. Every war since has had less and less of that mindless enthusiasm. The anti-Germanism of the First World War was absent in the Second.

Though many, Russell among them, who were pacifists in the First World War supported the Second World War, and the menace of Hitler was no figment of propagandistic imagination, men entered upon that conflict as a duty, without joy. In 1914, war was still an adventure men welcomed; in 1939-41, it became an unavoidable necessity. When Korea came, even the deafening indoctrination of anti-Communism failed to make it popular. The Vietnamese war is a trap in which we are caught, and the real

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For a conspiracy "there doesn't have to be a formal meeting; A MEETING OF THE MINDS IS ENOUGH, and which can be proved by circumstantial evidence."

John E. Wall, Asst. U.S. Attorney 4/18/68

HAVE YOU EVER CONSPIRED WITH DR. SPOCK?

Have you ever THOUGHT
that the war in Vietnam is illegal, unjust or immoral?

Have you ever SYMPATHIZED
with those men who, in conscience, refuse to fight in such a war?

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that America would turn her resources towards solving her divisive domestic crises and away from wasteful military interventions abroad?

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to share worst fears and best hopes for America with your fellow citizens **in public** as well as private?

You may wonder, if these are considered the thoughts and acts of conspirators, how would a free man think and act?

You may wonder how free men can defend themselves, if in trying citizens for conspiracy, the government claims it need not prove that the defendants actually committed any overt illegal acts; or if, in trying them for conspiracy to counsel, it claims that it need not name those counseled by the defendants, nor prove that they influenced the activity of any other persons. Constitutional rights of free expression and due process of law can thus be abused.

The conspiracy trial in Boston has received much public attention. However little notice seems to be given to the hundreds of other cases which are now before the courts. These are the cases of conscientious young men, often standing alone in hostile or unsympathetic communities, facing the threat of up to five years in jail. Support MUST be obtained for these men, so that they may have the adequate legal defense which they, too, justly deserve, and which is their right.

To provide this defense, even if lawyers volunteer their time, an ample reservoir of funds must be created: funds for extensive legal research, transcripts of court proceedings, appeal fees and secretarial costs, all of which are essential elements of adequate legal defense. This is especially so in the complicated area of selective service law in which few lawyers have had extensive experience.

To meet this need the CIVIL LIBERTIES LEGAL DEFENSE FUND has been established. The Fund, an independent, non-profit, non-political organization is now engaged in a nationwide campaign to raise money for the legal defense of conscientious resisters and their supporters in the Coffin-Spock case and all other cases; to serve the legal profession by aiding in the formation of panels of attorneys experienced in selective service law; and to facilitate the initiation of affirmative legal actions in the area of civil liberties.

The Fund has already contributed not only to the defense of Coffin, Ferber, Goodman, Raskin and Spock, but to many others as well. Regardless of the outcome of the presidential campaign or the attempts to begin peace talks, these cases will continue to be prosecuted. For some young men the work of the Fund can mean the difference between liberty and five years in prison.

YOU CAN HELP MAKE THAT DIFFERENCE. PLEASE GIVE WHAT YOU CAN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

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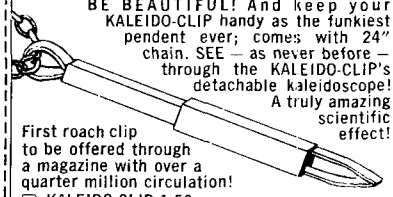

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division among us concerns how best to get out of it. This is a momentous difference.

But the difference, though it shows we are a little more mature and sober, has another side which is deeply disquieting. Perhaps Russell will focus his gifts of insight upon it in the next volume of his *Autobiography*. This aspect is the inability of an advanced industrial society to control the momentum of the very military bureaucracy and the technology which has made it seem so fearsome. In some ways we are more helpless than the nonindustrialized "backward" people in Vietnam on whom we rain death so thunderously. They seem in their way to resist the finest products of modern technology better than we do.

It is as if we have become appendages of the machines we have created and are by some strange compulsion forced to fight on against our will, lest it be said that our most widely advertised machine products failed. The impersonal, the nonhuman, the mechanical aspect of this war—the very absence of hate—is in some ways more horrible than the drunken mobs thirsting for blood in all the capitals of the civilized world which so appalled Russell in 1914.

MUSIC

Janis Joplin: The Voodoo-Lady of Rock

JOHN COOKE HAD A PARTY a couple of months ago in an iron lung factory in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The factory belongs to J. H. Emerson and Company, that's his uncle. Picture all these people, say a hundred odd, following little red arrows through three floors of hospital supplies, artificial limbs, pleural suction pumps and special rocking beds (they're for people with polio, John explains), now and then picking up a straggler who has lost his way, counting out ten paces in accordance with the sign stuck to the micro-manipulator, and turning left up tiny wooden staircases. It's like sneaking in and out of all the doors you ever saw that say "Do Not Enter"; you keep looking over your shoulder and you talk in whispers if at all. Finally you come to a door with "Spider Man" on it, and that's where John Cooke lives when he's in Boston. Inside, there are deviled eggs and chili beans and booze and everybody Jim Kweskin knows in town.

John Cooke, Harvard '62-'63, sometime photographer, weekend moviemaker (he was on the Pennebaker crew at Monterey), refugee guitarist from the Charles River Valley Boys (he's the one who used to sing "Yes, It Is"), has a new gig. He's the gentleman road manager for Big Brother and the Holding Company. Which means he wakes up the boys in the band and gets them on a plane to Detroit in time for their show, makes sure everybody has a television in his room, and explains to Albert B. Grossman, the group's manager, just how surprised you feel when you wake up in the morning on a sunny Boston day and find $5000 worth of equipment was heisted the night before from the Psychedelic Supermarket and there's two sets to play that night and a concert tomorrow afternoon and you can't even get into the club because there's a symposium on the "Boston sound" going on. And it also means getting in some Southern Comfort for the party, and then Janis Joplin grins that San Francisco grin. She grins all the way home when she's feeling good.

At John Cooke's party, I was trying to get the last butterscotch out of a Callard and Bowser's package, but my finger kept slipping on the silver foil and I finally had to tear it open, and Janis Joplin came in, wearing a not-so-brand-new fur pillbox hat, with a fur handbag on her arm and bells jingling against the tight blue silk on her thighs, a quart of Southern Comfort under her arm and beads around her ankle.

"It's 100 per cent proof," she said to

Photograph by Bob Seidemann

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someone at the door. Her voice rasps, like she's got sand in her throat. She'd just come from a concert in Providence, and she was weary, but she was grinning.

"It was groovy. All the kids were, like, hippies."

Her face is pale, almost chalky, but she looks as though she spends a lot of time outdoors; her forehead is furrowed and her cheeks are plump, her hair is raggedy—it's the kind of face to catch the eye of whoever it is draws Li'l Orphan Annie, except that Janis' eyes roam too far and stare too hard. She looks like a beautiful barmaid with beads. She cackles when she laughs.

"We were playing in a club in L.A. (and, you know, we don't know *anybody* in L.A.), and we walked into the dressing room, and there's thousands of empty beer cans and Southern Comfort bottles and whiskey bottles all over the place, and drunks sitting all over the floor, and Leary sitting cross-legged in the middle with his beatific smile. And Peter came lurching over and drunkenly talked to him for about 30 minutes, incomprehensible, and Leary sat there just like a bird, sweet and clear. He was real nice. Did I ever say he wasn't nice? He didn't drink, though. But then, we didn't take acid, did we?"

That's Peter S. Albin, Gemini, bass player for Big Brother, who wrote a song that begins:

I'm a pterodactyl,
I'm a pterodactyl,
I'm a pterodactyl,
Flying for your love,
Flying for your love,
Flying for your love,
For your love. . . .

He's always the most gregarious. It was he who somehow got himself locked into an iron lung at the party. A big wooden box it was, like an electric chair with a lid and a plexiglass helmet on top. A bunch of people came to look, one or two blew smoke down his air hole; he looked pretty bashful after a while.

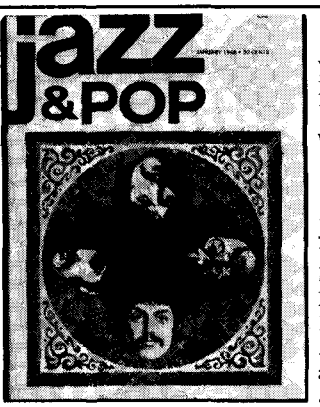
I FIRST SAW BIG BROTHER more than a year ago; it was the first time I'd ever been to San Francisco and the first time I'd been to the Fillmore. It was before the hippies became a middle-class phenomenon and a national embarrassment, and Haight Street was not yet the Atlantic City boardwalk of the underground. It was when, if you'll forgive the rank nostalgia, a hippie was a hippie and not a Time magazine stringer with a borrowed flower in his hair. It was when the Fillmore still had a little fresh air.

I went to see Howlin' Wolf in his overalls. But before he came bebopping out with his soulful broom, while I was still trying to find a good place to sit on the floor and take in the light show, Big Brother came on, and somebody I knew from New York gave me the warning: I wouldn't believe Janis something, he promised; *he* couldn't believe her and *I* wouldn't believe her, she was *fantastic.*

Country Joe's famous last words:

Into my life on waves of electric sound
And flashing light, she came . . .
Janis. . . .

Now, the band was ragged, the music manic, overblown and incoherent most of the time; they played fast and loud but nothing much went anywhere—it was an anarchic psychedelic jerk-off. But Janis something was, truly, something else. She sang like a rock and roll banshee and leapt about the stage like a dervish. It was the raunchiest, most at-



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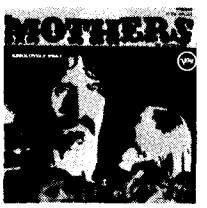

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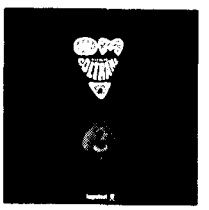

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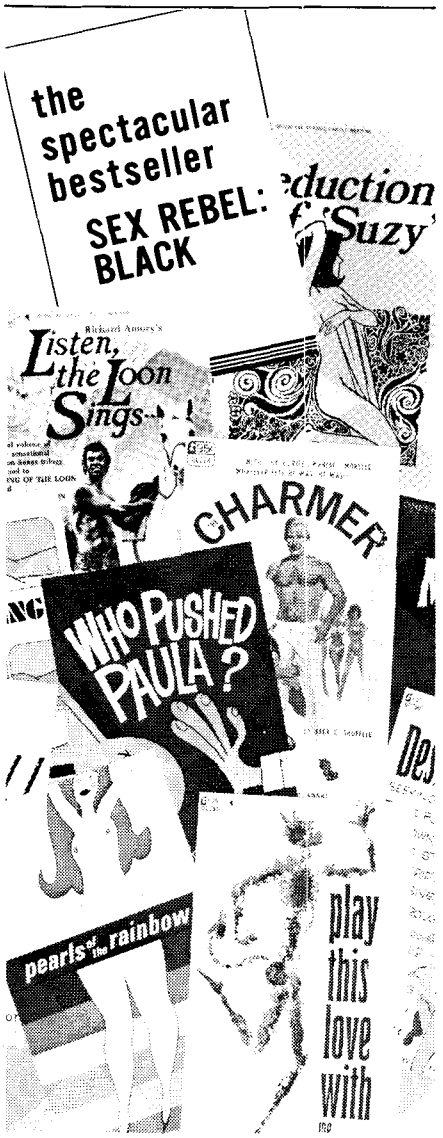

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tacking rhythm and blues singing I'd ever heard; it made the fifteen-year-old kid next to me feel so good he spilled a bottle of orange DayGlo all over my shoes.

"Who's that?" I asked him.

"Oh, it's Janis Joplin," he said. "Look at your shoes."

She sang like a down-home psychopath. She threw the microphone from hand to hand, she straddled it and threatened to eat it whole; she tossed her head and stamped her foot and punched her thigh and shook her fist at the audience, and she shivered all over. She wasn't pretty, she was just plain shake-that-thing erotic.

("A sex goddess," said John Cooke.)

("You're fired, John," said Janis.)

"*Gonna knock ya, rock ya, sock it to ya now!*" she sang. It wasn't a promise, it was more of a threat.

"I think the way that you're *good* at anything, I mean I can't say for anyone else, but I know for me, when I'm singing, I can't be thinking about my *motivation*, you know, I can't be thinking about any kind of bullshit idea like that. I've gotta just close my eyes and get inside my head and sing. And when I'm singing, it's really like a *rush*, do you know what I mean, it's such a *heavy* moment. When it's gone, it's, like, you can *remember* it, but you can't ever be aware of it again until it happens again. And then it's all there again, and then it goes. It's, like, just a great moment, you know? It's like an orgasm, you can't *remember* it, but you remember it."

THE BAND CAME TOGETHER in 1965, the way bands did in San Francisco that year. Peter spoke to Sam and Sam called Jim, and everybody knew Chet Helms (because a Family Dog is a band's best friend), and David gave up painting for awhile, and they all got together at somebody's house, and what else would they choose to be called but Big Brother and the Holding Company?

"The name is just a head trip," says Janis. "It doesn't mean anything. Before I joined the band it was called Big Brother and the Holding Company, and we said as a joke I was Big Brother because I was the girl and the least likely one to be Big Brother. Now people think that it's really true."

Says long tall Sam: "First time I ever met Peter, he had this weird idea for starting a rock group which would speak to all the children of the nation in their own language. I thought, what's this nut trying to do, what trip is he on?"

They'd all been playing a little rock and roll, a little bluegrass, a little folk music; Sam had even played classical guitar, and Janis was singing a little blues in the bars round about.

"I went to California at a very young and fucked-up stage, about eighteen. I used to sing in a little bar outside of Austin, Texas. Fantastic bar. All kinds of real live hillbillies come in every Saturday night, and everybody brings their guitars and sits around a big wooden table and drinks free beer and plays. I sang Rosie Maddox songs. But I didn't really sing hard until I got with this band."

They began playing in the ballrooms and the parks, rabid blues-country-freak-rock, if not for all the children of the nation, at least for all their friends and neighbors in the California sun. They even cut a record for Mainstream about that time, but it didn't get released until after the Monterey Pop Festival. It's a funky kind of record, it sounds like it was recorded on a six-transistor portable—not too loud so as not to wake the neighbors. Nobody takes any risks, but still, it's ballsy, you can tell what was going on and there are suggestions of what it might have been.

"The reason that the record is so bad is because we were young and naive and we were misproduced and we had no manager and we were, if not ill-advised, not advised at all, and we didn't know what we were doing and they took advantage of us. They gave us three days to do that whole album, and, like, if we tried to do anything creative in the studio, they would have thrown us out. Then they just held it until, you know, our name got to be big after the Monterey Festival, and then they released it."

BIG BROTHER IS A BETTER BAND NOW than they were at Monterey—they play better and Janis sings better; and they were better at Monterey than they were when they made their first record. And, with luck, they're a better band than they were the Friday night in March when Bill Graham decided to bring some San Francisco charisma to New York and christened the Village Theater the Fillmore East. Big Brother got up and set out to fight the

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battle of Jericho right there and then—and lost. They fell victim to their own reputation. What I'm trying to say is, they're getting better all the time, but, unhappily, they're getting louder, too, and there's not much a good old girl can do but scream to be heard, so that Big Brother, at best, walks a thin red line between music and noise. And that night, when the sound was on (and lousy sound it was), they were appalling. She hollered like a fishwife.

"*I wanna show you, baby, that a woman can be tough,*" she sang. I felt like the Feiffer character who goes up the mountain with a flower and a bell and a joss stick and a pair of crystal spectacles and a Ravi Shankar tape cartridge, all prepared to glimpse eternity in a snowflake, only to find that the pill in his hot little hand is, say, 750 micrograms of Compoz. It was a rude awakening. Any good band plays a down set now and then, but Big Brother does it with what seems like vengeful glee.

"At the beginning of the year we each bought two pounds of speed, see . . ." says Sam, but they all cry nay. Janis says:

"Like, at a point, it seems to me, at some tenuous point, I wouldn't be able to say when it was, our attitude towards, like, how we were going to do the songs changed. Where *my* head is at is that I don't like to improvise a whole lot. Improvising vocally is very hard, we do put some of that into our songs, I have parts where I improvise, but I'm not going to go on stage for a 45-minute set and just improvise, man. So I want what we play to have, like, well, possibly, you narrow down your range from how good you can be down to where you're better every time, and you don't have such a variance. I think the music ought to get to where, like, at your worst, you're good, and when you're inspired, you're much better, you know what I mean. And, in order to get to where you're at least good, you've gotta learn the tune. You can't rely on inspiration every night."

Janis Joplin, her eyes closed, her nipples hard under her silver knit shirt, singing "Love is Like a Ball and Chain" at Monterey, wrenching it out of some deep dark nether region of her Texas soul: one of the very, very heavy moments in rock and roll. It was then she stopped being the girl who sings with Big Brother and became the voodoo-lady of rock.

Big Brother is in steady hands now, none other than the ever so nimble fingers of Albert B. Grossman, the Big Daddy of managers. They'll get all the time they need for their next Columbia record, and all the advice they could possibly want. They get their photo taken by Richard Avedon these days.

"He's just mashed potatoes," says Janis.

And John Cooke may be host of the year.

—MICHAEL THOMAS

CORRESPONDENCE

BLACK ANTI-SEMITISM

SIRS: I was very much impressed by Mr. Cleaver's article ["The Land Question," RAMPARTS, May 1968] and especially encouraged by his positive attitude toward Zionism (although he did not use the word)—a rare enough thing among militant black leaders these days.

While Mr. Cleaver erred in calling the World Zionist Congress by the wrong name and in describing the Zionist movement as a kind of government-in-exile which created institutions that could be set going as soon as a territory was available—things were much more chaotic than that—the essential thing is that he completely understood the Jewish problem and its solution.

Since Mr. Cleaver has understood it so perfectly, I have become increasingly puzzled and not a bit distressed to see how many other black militants have abysmal misconceptions about Zionism, the state of Israel and its relations with the Arabs, and the Six-Day War. What is so troubling is not so much the ignorance shown in their statements, but the sick hatred in them that spills over into anti-Semitism.

Let me just quote from a not atypical broadside now being circulated in Harlem and other New York ghettos, this one dealing with the undisputed need for black educators for black children: "It is impossible for the *Middle-East murderers of colored people* to possibly bring to this important task the insight, the concern, the exposing of the truth that is a must if the years of brainwashing and self-hatred that *has been taught to our black children by these bloodsucking exploiters and murderers* is to be overcome." (Italics mine.)

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Published every other Tuesday

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 2 AUGUST 10, 1968

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While it is not anti-Semitic to charge that a certain Jew is a racist, a creep and a lousy teacher who hates black kids, to charge that *all* the Jewish teachers and *all* the Jews—and not the system—are responsible for the educational crime perpetrated on black children is definitely anti-Semitic.

AVIVA CANTOR ZUCKOFF
New York City

BOUQUETS

SIRS: The May issue of RAMPARTS is the meatiest, the most treasure-packed you have so far published. It is as intellectually rich as any prewar copy of the Mercure de France. Morally, it is eminently rewarding to every right-thinking American seared by the obscene rape of Vietnam and the nauseating quagmire of politics at home.

Very special mention must be made of Michael Hudson's essay, "The Sieve of Gold," a timely, masterly piece of research and writing.

The only exception is "Marginalia." All those letters are irrelevant, insignificant, asinine, out-of-place in a publication of such high caliber. Otherwise, from cover to cover the May issue is a precious jewel, a collector's item.

VIVIAN DECARY
San Francisco, California

MORE ON COLUMBIA

SIRS: You are to be congratulated for "The Siege of Columbia" [RAMPARTS, June 15, 1968] which captures the character of her authoritarian regime and her near totalitarian community. The article particularly recalled my dealings with the Columbia administration while I was a lowly instructor in the department of government five years ago. In a survey course I taught, the son of a most distinguished Columbia philosophy professor plagiarized a paper. Rather than allow the matter to be treated in the usual way—probably because the son's progress was part of the father's fringe benefits—David Truman and his cohorts shook the administrative hierarchy until the boy received the necessary dispensations.

I shall never forget the meetings that I had with then Dean Truman over the matter. He first told me to wash my hands of the matter because the boy's father, who was an expert on plagiarism, didn't think that the paper was stolen. When I told him that the paper was copied directly from a book by Sidney Hook, Truman struggled to make a distinction between "innocent copying" and plagiarism, though the boy had taken a course where he was taught the methods of research. In talking to Truman, I had the strong impression that he would say and do *anything* to achieve his purpose—i.e., pacify the father.

Truman certainly did that. Here is an excerpt from a letter that the father wrote to the chairman of the department in which the course was taught, after the matter had been resolved: "I cannot begin to thank you enough for your beautiful letter to Bob [the son]. It says everything that needed to be said and does so with wisdom and compassion. You have delivered him from his hurt and put him in a state of mind to learn what he must learn in the writing of a paper . . . you have removed every trace of despair and renewed his eagerness to get on with his work at Columbia. For all this, you have my deepest gratitude, all the more since I have reason to know of the great exertions that were required to get things settled. . . ."

Needless to say, while Truman and his gang were scoring, I got nowhere in trying to get the boy treated like other students. The head of the Columbia AAUP brushed aside my story as unbelievable. The faculty members I knew either avoided the issue or told me to go along with the administration because it could hurt me. One faculty member even went to the trouble of writing me a long letter in the latter fashion, and I guess that I should see poetic justice in the fact that someone burned up his research notes in the recent disturbance because he was considered a "strike-breaker."

In short, my experience supports your analysis. I found Columbia a place without principle where everything is sacrificed for success. For those successful, there is wealth and power. The less successful must shape up, and the least successful are shipped out.

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Department of Political Science
College of the Holy Cross
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In a Time of Torment

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